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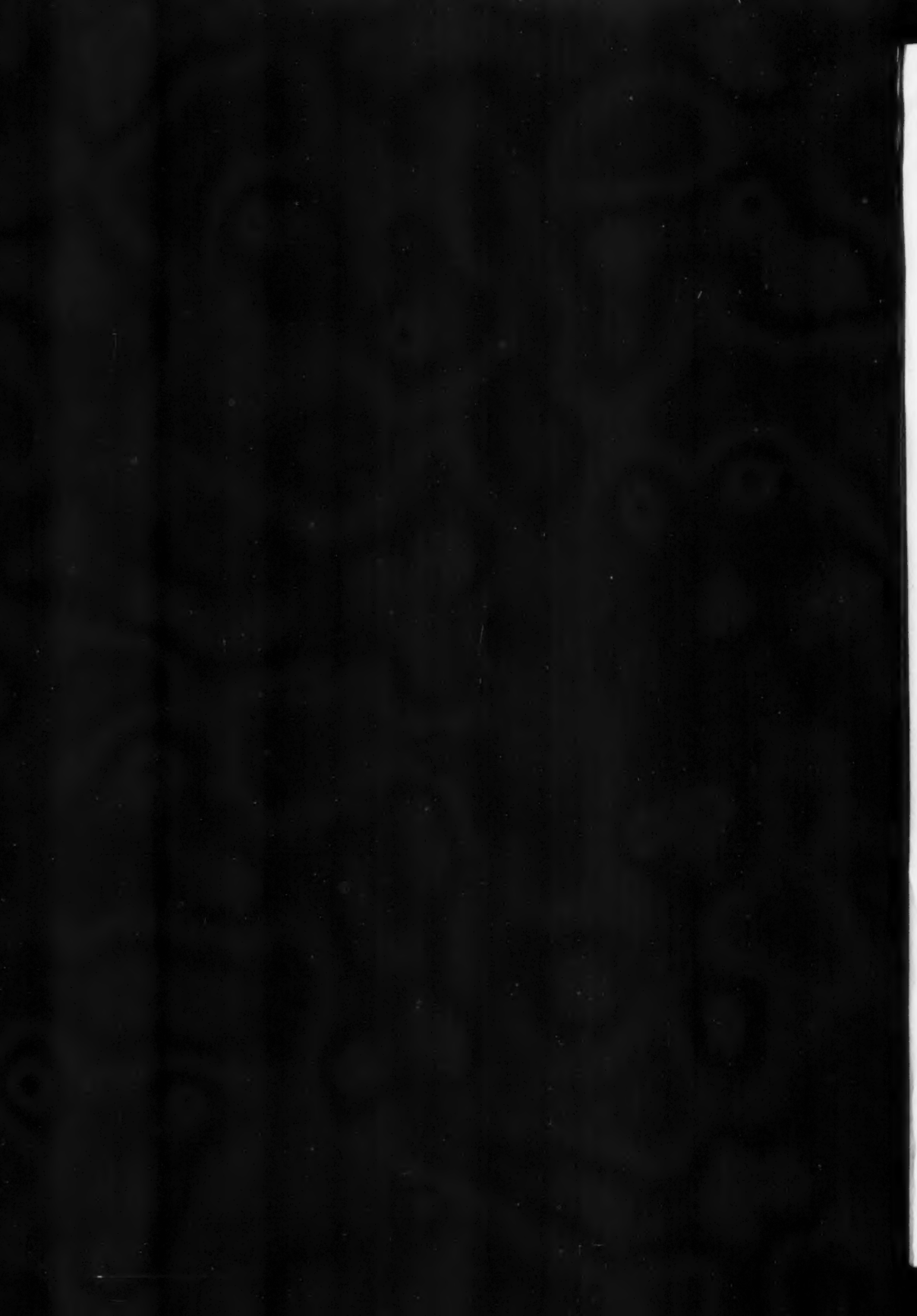
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No. 1.

THE ETHICS OF EMPIRE.

BY H. F. WYATT.

IN an article appearing in last month's number of this Review the Chief Justice of the Orange Free State labors with much ingenuity to show that the dealings of the Imperial Government with the two Dutch Republics have been consistently void of good faith, and that the citizens of those States are much injured innocents whose wrongs might well excite the blush of shame or the tear of pity in any honorable and self-respecting Briton. Into the details of Chief Justice de Villiers's indictment of this country I am not concerned here to follow him. That task, it may be hoped, will be undertaken by some more competent authority than myself. But since his article does in fact raise, though without apparently any express intention, points of fundamental importance, which lie at the very root of the questions at issue, it is proposed to make some effort here to discuss these. He appears, for instance, to suppose that no treaty, even though extorted from the other contracting party by threat of war at a time of desperate difficulty, as the Sand River Convention was extorted from England in 1852, can ever afterward be rightfully altered, nor does he seem to recognize that wide change in circumstances and in encompassing conditions always have led, and while the world lasts always must lead, to a rearrangement of the specified terms of relationship.

That conversion of the armed States of Europe into world Powers which has been the chief feature of the political history of the world during the last twenty years has, in fact, had the effect of bringing to the front, as matters of immediate and momentous import, certain ethical considerations of which the interest must previously have been academic only.

These questions may be briefly described as those which refer to (1) the morality of the acquisition of empire, (2) the morality of the retention of empire, (3) the morality of competing with other nations for extension of dominion, or for the gain of points of vantage, even at the risk of war. Twenty years ago such questions as these would have attracted the attention of very few. To-day it is not too much to say that the fate of the British Empire and of the British people—intending by that phrase the men and women of British blood and speech who inhabit it—depends upon the right determination of this subject of inquiry.

Although the questions named are not usually formulated, they yet meet us at every turn. In the press, on the platform, in periodical literature, and in casual conversation, they are everywhere to be found. And this clashing of diverse ideas, this ambiguity of moral belief, are reflected indirectly, but not the less surely, in the conduct of public affairs. When Mr. Gladstone

accomplished the famous surrender that followed Majuba Hill, the acquiescence of England was largely obtained on the ground that it was immoral to coerce a people—namely, the Boer farmers—who were rightly “struggling to be free.” When Gordon died at Khartoum in 1885, when the troops of England were withdrawn from the Sudan, when by that withdrawal a whole population were handed over to fire and the sword, the same argument was used, the same moral compulsion was applied. To coerce the strong, to save at the point of the bayonet, to incur the sin of “blood-guiltiness”—these were acts from which the sensitive conscience of a large part of the United Kingdom shrank with horror. Nor are there wanting now similar instances to which the same train of thought applies. The conquest of Matabeleland, the treatment of the Matabele, England’s policy in South Africa—all these afford matter for the moralist on which to base his philippic against the growth and the predominance of the British people.

If this be so, there is evidently ample justification for some endeavor, however imperfect, to examine the abstract question which lies at the root of the controversy—that is to say, the question of the ethics of empire.

Before, however, proceeding to make this attempt, it may be well to have clearly in mind the external causes which have made the consideration of this problem so imperative. A very brief retrospect will suffice for this purpose.

When the peace which followed after Waterloo closed at last our age-long rivalry with France, Britain was left in a position of actual power and of potential greatness such as no other country known to us in the recorded history of mankind has ever reached. The sea was hers. Because her navy had proved stronger in the game of war than the navies of her opponents, therefore her merchant fleet had waxed while theirs had waned, and the ports and coasts of all the uncivilized portions of the earth lay open to her, and there was none to say her nay. What she willed, that she could do. We all remember, in Macaulay’s famous essay

upon Clive, his account of the visit paid by that conqueror to the treasure-house of the ruler of Bengal, when he is related to have walked between “heaps of gold and silver crowned with rubies and diamonds,” entreated by Meer Jaffier to take what he would. And we remember how Macaulay also relates that when, in later days, the founder of British power in India was reproached in the House of Commons with the spoils which he had then acquired, he replied, with an emphatic expression of wonder at himself, “By God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation.”

Even so, in like manner, the British people might reply, when they are reproached with being thieves and land-grabbers, that they stand aghast at the contemplation of their own self-restraint. For, out of those treasures which her mastery of the sea—the truest of all Aladdin’s lamps—offered to England, she took nothing save what was forced upon her by the irresistible course of events, or by the individual energy of her sons, which oftentimes transcended and defeated the slowness or the ineptitude of her statesmen and politicians.

It is not quite a barren endeavor to recall those gigantic opportunities which Britain has had and lost. Half a century ago, there can be little doubt that it was open to her, without fear of European rivalry, to conquer and annex the whole of Southern China, and thus to create an Anglo-Chinese Empire, to rival that great dominion which we actually possess in Hindustan. Nor was there at that time—namely, in the early forties—any European Power which would have been likely seriously to challenge our right to proceed as we would in the Far East. Again, in Africa, the whole continent was, practically speaking, open to our approach, save only in its Northern shores and those territories on the Eastern and Western coast which lay in the hand of Portugal. Nor can it be doubted that in the Pacific we might have annexed any islands or groups of islands which we chose. I recall these points not at present as an argument to prove that we should

have used the opportunities which we did not use, but merely in order to show (1) that, though the extension of our empire since Waterloo undoubtedly has been great, this actual extension is insignificant beside the expansion which was possible; and (2) to point the contrast now existing between past and present opportunity. Assuredly the temptation of a too facile extension of dominion is not now presented to us. The teeming millions of China, groping in the darkness of a semi-barbarism and a spiritual torpor which have endured for thousands of years, are not now likely to be awakened to a new and more vigorous life through impulse communicated by men of British blood. The Russian, not the Briton, has his grasp upon China, and unless the force of England, exerted whether in diplomacy or in war, be sufficient to loosen that grip, the vast potential wealth which the undeveloped resources of the Celestial Empire offer to mankind are likely to enrich, not the British, but the Russian people.

In Africa, again, we have now mighty rivals. Since 1884 the armed hand of Germany has been thrust into that continent, and it challenges to-day not merely our advance, but our maintenance of our present position. France and Russia in Abyssinia, where their influence is already powerfully felt; France in Northern and Central Africa; France in Madagascar; France in the Indo-Chinese peninsula; France in Siam; Russia on the Afghan border—confront us over half the world. Even our brethren under the Southern Cross, in the far south of the Pacific, are not free from the menace of foreign proximity; for—to take no other instance—in New Guinea, Mr. Gladstone's repudiation of the intended act of annexation by the Queensland Government has left the German the master of a position which, in future days, too probably may be the source of dire difficulty to our Australian Colonies.

Thus, then, in regard to the more recent acts by which our empire has been increased, the choice has not lain between the extension of our dominion and the maintenance of the *status quo*, but between such an extension and the abandonment of the regions concerned

to a foreign rival. As in South Africa, as in East Africa, as in Siam, as in Burmah, this has been the alternative presented to our Government. But if the competition of rival nations be so great and so keen, all the more necessary is it that our action should be unfettered by the haunting presence of unnecessary moral doubt. It does not appear that the action of France, or of Russia, or of Germany has been restrained by any such considerations as those to which I refer. When France wished to take Madagascar, it is not known that any cry of moral reprobation was heard from the French press. When M. Ferry, fifteen years ago, resolved to give France a colonial empire, he entered upon the necessary course of action untrammelled by any doubts proceeding from the conscience of France. Economic objection there may have been, but moral objection there has been none, or, if any, its voice has been so weak as to remain unheard. Nor do we know that in the case of France's present great ally, or in that of her old German rival of twenty-seven years ago, the determined effort to secure increase of dominion has been hampered by any moral scruples. But if in a struggle for empire, in which the whole energies of the four nations involved are required to win success, three of these nations act with the full force of a settled purpose, unhindered by any conscientious doubts, and the fourth nation—that is to say, the British people—act in a half-hearted, broken, hesitating way, because at every step moral scruple intervenes, it is perfectly evident that the difficulties in the way of the latter's success are enormously increased, and that the handicap becomes so serious as to be likely to put them out of the race.

In the course of the last two or three years it has been my lot, as a member of the group of lecturers upon the unity of the British dominion and cognate subjects, founded under the auspices of the late Sir John Seeley, for the purpose of spreading the Imperial idea among our countrymen, to go into a large number of clubs and other institutions of all political denominations in and around London. And whenever opposition has been manifested, as

has of course been frequently the case, I have found that doubt, real or affected, of the morality of empire has been put forward as a part of the ground of objection. In fact, the turns of thought and of speech have usually been so similar that, as soon as a speaker has disclosed the bias of his mind by his open-cast remarks, it has been easy to forecast the arguments which he would use, and even to a large extent the language in which he would clothe them. I am speaking now, I should say, more particularly of working-men's clubs. The British Empire, past, present, and prospective, is commonly assailed by the same speakers with arguments derived from a violent selfishness and also from as violent an altruism. With the argument from selfishness I have nothing to do in this article. It runs something like this: "What use is the British Empire to me? What does it matter to me what's being done out in Australia, or among the blacks anywhere? All I want is victuals. What's the British Empire? Damn the British Empire!" The argument from altruism, on the other hand, may be paraphrased thus: "The British Empire is simply the result of a long course of fraud and robbery. Just as a man picks pockets or robs on the highway, so have the people of Britain during generations past been filching or violently robbing the lands of other nations. The making of the empire has been, as it were, one gigantic theft." This is the argument with which I now propose to deal.

In the first place, it proceeds upon the assumption that every nation has a vested right to the territory which it inhabits, similar to the right that an individual has to his watch or to the clothes which he wears, and for which he is presumed to have paid. Who gave to a nation this right, or by what means was it acquired? The history of the great nations of Europe shows that, as a matter of fact, they acquired the territories which they now own by one means only—namely, force. In the case of the European peoples, the exertion of this force has been an event long anterior to their present condition. During many centuries their national character has been taking shape,

formed by their national circumstances, and with every increase in the sense of national individuality, derived from that character, has grown *pari passu* the sense of national ownership of the soil which they inhabit. This ownership has come to be recognized as a prescriptive right by their compeers; yet, if we examine into the original title-deed, we shall find in fact that this is the sword alone. By the sword each nation of Europe came to the possession of the territories which it holds; by the sword it now stands ready to defend what it claims.

If we now turn our regard to the history of uncivilized peoples, we shall find that that appearance of right, so called, which long ownership appears to confer is utterly wanting. The title-deed, instead of being concealed under the dust of ages, is in full view. The edge of the naked steel still glitters. By what right, for instance, did the Matabele, or the Zulus generally, hold the wide territories which they occupied, and of which we are reproached for having dispossessed them? By the right only of force, applied as ruthlessly, as savagely, and as murderously as was ever known in the history of the world. And this force was exercised, not in a remote epoch, but almost in our own time. It was in 1783 that the great founder of the Zulu power, Chaka, was born. It was during the first quarter of the present century that his armies overran and almost depopulated the regions now called the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. It was even later than this—*i.e.*, in 1837—that Moselekatse, when defeated by the Boers at Winburg in what is now the Free State, marched across the Transvaal, and proceeded in due course to massacre, or enslave, the unhappy Mashonas. And this history of the Zulus and the Matabele is typical of the history of barbarous tribes both in Africa and elsewhere. Like waves of the sea, so successive waves of invasion have passed over and submerged the territories held by weaker clans.

By what moral right, then, does some victorious race of savages hold the domain of which it has recently violently dispossessed the previous owners, whose own claim had been proba-

bly established in the same way? The prescriptive right appearing to arise from long ownership does not exist. Is there in reality any similarity between the claim of such a tribe to the lands it has conquered and the claim of a member of a civilized community to his private property? If we consider it, it will appear evident that the latter has no natural right at all to that which he owns. Natural right of this kind at any rate, if of any kind, does not exist, and the proof that it is felt to be artificial is the fact that a not unimportant section of civilized communities—namely, the Socialists—fiercely impugn the justice of the institution of private property and desire its abolition. The claim, then, of the individual to the property which he has obtained by labor, purchase, or inheritance is based solely on the agreement of the fellow-members of the community to which he belongs that such a claim shall be valid. Without that agreement, his claim would be instantly void, except so far as he might be able to make it good by his own personal prowess. In the case of a tribe of savage conquerors there has been in the nature of things no corresponding agreement. The tribe is, by hypothesis, an independent entity, having no source of protection but itself, which is indeed the condition of all the great civilized nations also.

But we must apply our argument much more closely than this if we wish to show the inherent absurdity of the objections with which we are dealing. The British Empire beyond the seas may be broadly classed under two categories, the first containing all those territories, which were sparsely inhabited, if inhabited at all, when we first took them, and the second, those which were already occupied by an extensive population. Under the first head would come the great continent of Australia, with its three million square miles of land surface and its wandering bodies of Bushmen as the sole tenants. Under this head would come also English North America, including under that term both Canada and the United States. In Bancroft's *History* of the latter it is stated that toward the close of the seventeenth century the total

number of the various tribes of Indians who roamed the vast regions lying between Hudson's Bay on the one side and the Mississippi valley on the other did not exceed one hundred and eighty thousand. Is it to be seriously contended that the ethical sentiment inherent in man, the conscience of mankind, should have forever restrained both our ancestors and all other civilized people from establishing themselves on the other side of the Atlantic? Greater cruelty, greater barbarity than was exercised by the North American tribes toward one another could not easily be conceived. Wandering over enormous realms, of which the vast potential wealth was unknown to them, and would have been, if known, useless, these tribes scalped and slaughtered according to the natural promptings of their tiger-like hearts. Was it then the intention of the Universe that these fair regions should be forever possessed by a few scattered savages? Has civilized mankind sinned in finding, in that vast expanse of fertile soil, new outlets for millions of its members whose whole lives must otherwise, if they had been born at all, have been "cribbed, cabined, and confined"?

Hardly, surely, can any sane being answer those questions in the affirmative, for the spectacle of the civilized portion of the human race voluntarily "stewing in their own juice," to use the classic phrase of Sir William Harcourt, in those small areas of the world's surface which they first came to inhabit, while resigning enormous dominions to be prowled over forever and a day by a few ferocious tribes, is too ludicrous for mental contemplation. Not by these means has it been ordained that the evolution of human affairs should proceed.

But, turning from that part of the British Empire of which, when we first came to possess it, the population was scanty in the extreme, to that other portion of it which, when conquest gave it to us, was already thronged with many millions of inhabitants, we have now to ask whether here at least the objection taken on the ground of robbery may not be valid. Suppose, then, the argument urged to have been accepted by the nations of Europe, and

to have held good thenceforth for all time upon this planet. Then would that welter of chaos and bloodshed which existed in Hindustan when the arms of France and England contended there for mastery have continued so far as human eye can see into the centuries to come? War, slaughter, the countless barbarities, the unspeakable infamies which prevail under Oriental rule, would have remained unchecked by the strong hand of England; there would have been no gleam of a brighter day. And not merely would those miseries have continued which have actually been arrested, but for that still greater mass of human suffering, for which as yet not even English rule has provided a remedy, there would have been no hope of a brighter morrow. The condition of women in India, as in most if not all Oriental countries, is one of infinite misery. There, one-half of the population suffer disabilities and restraints amounting to slavery at the hands of the stronger being, man. Child marriages, with all the subsequent horrors which early widowhood there entails, have not yet been put a stop to. But the touch of our civilization upon the mind of India has not been wholly without effect. Here and there are symptoms that the chains of a convention which has endured for unnumbered ages may be broken at last. Surely, if we believe that the order and sequence of human things tend ever upward, we must see that it is necessary that the higher civilization should have power to dominate the lower.

Yet even these considerations do not quite reach the real heart of the question. What is the moral justification for the conquest of the nations of India, by England? The best way of answering that query is to put another. What was it that enabled the English to effect that conquest? Evidently it was their inherent superiority. How, then, did that superiority arise? It arose because through many centuries the ancestors of the Englishmen of the time of Clive had made a better use of their opportunities than had the ancestors of the various nations in India whom they subdued. A nation is, as Mr. Flinders Petrie has pointed out, only after all a certain section of man-

kind having certain characteristics which have become stereotyped in the passage of generations. That section of mankind which dwelt in Britain had acquired, doubtless through the compulsion of heredity and environment, a far stronger and more energetic temperament than that which obtained in the Indian peninsula. As a result, they were the stronger people. It is related of the late Mr. Louis Stevenson, that he once summoned the native chiefs of Samoa to a banquet, at which he made them a speech something to this effect:

Now, you chieftains of Samoa have got a great opportunity, and upon the use you make of it, it depends whether you will continue to exist or not. You must grow yams, you must make roads, and you must do whatever other work ought to be done. And if you do that, you will continue and be prosperous; but if you do not do it, then some other persons who do use their opportunities instead of neglecting them, and who will do the work which they ought to do, will come and take your place and will own what you own now.

This is precisely the process which has taken place in the world at large. Nations which use and do not abuse their opportunities grow strong and expand; those which neglect them wither, and, in the long run, become subject peoples. This is the law of the universe, and we cannot alter it.

"But," say the humanitarians, "this brutal law of which you speak may prevail and does prevail in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and it has doubtless prevailed among mankind. But now we have reached to a higher code of morality. Now the ethical sentiment has been evoked; the principle of altruism is superseding the principle of competition." Yet the ethical sentiment, as the late Professor Huxley showed, in his Romanes Lecture, is itself the product of evolution—that is to say, of biological law—and it merely modifies the latter: it does not supersede it. It has modified it, for instance, in our own case, by making the practice of justice and of humanity, and the lofty ideal of raising great subject populations to a higher condition of being, the law of English rule in India. But the supersession of biological law by ethical sentiment would mean, as has been already shown,

the arrest of the natural development of the human race. In the case of China, to take another example, this rule of conduct, if acted upon by other more civilized nations, would mean that for hundreds of years to come, as for hundreds of years in the past, corruption, infanticide, and the barbarous savageries of the Chinese penal code would continue unchecked.

The point, however, which the British people have especially to realize is that, whether or no they allow this imaginary obligation of morality to drive them from the paths of common-sense, there is not the remotest chance that their three great rivals, France, Germany, and Russia, will subject themselves to the dictates of this peculiar theory of morals. If a tree, or a blade of grass, were to arrive suddenly at a conviction that competition was immoral, and were therefore to cease to contend with its compeers for the nutriment of Mother Earth, that tree, or that blade of grass, would perish. In a strictly analogous manner, if the English people under the British flag become so altruistic as to withdraw from the ceaseless competition for national existence and the means of national growth in which for centuries past they have been engaged, the result must be that sooner or later, and probably sooner rather than later, they must wither away and cease to operate as a moving factor in the affairs of men.

Would that mighty disappearance tend to the advantage of mankind as a whole? Has the British people, in common with the children of its race in the United States, no appointed work and function in the life of the world? To that question history supplies an emphatic answer. Freedom, justice, the spirit of humanity, representative institutions—all these have had their origin among ourselves. From us the Western nations of Europe have derived whatever is best among them. As the English Revolution of the seventeenth century is admitted to have been the parent of the French Revolution in the eighteenth, so has the English Parliament been the great pattern which Continental peoples have striven to copy. Among us, as the anti-Turkish agitation, however

otherwise futile, sufficiently proves, sympathy with the distressed is more poignant and more powerful than it is elsewhere. In his poem upon Nelson, Mr. Swinburne has given noble expression to this thought:—

As earth hath but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories, till the sun be dead,
Supreme in war and peace, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read,
Since first the soul that gave her strength grew strong
To help the evil, and to right the wrong.

And not by example alone has the British people helped mankind, but by the might of its sea power and by the sinews of its wealth. Those very European nations which now revile and deride us owe their freedom from the yoke of Napoleon to the blood and the treasure which our great-grandfathers unstintedly poured out, in the days when a bastard and spurious altruism did not obtain. And if the work accomplished by Britain in bygone time has been vast and important, not less certain is it that labor as mighty and as noble awaits her in the future, if only she look not back from the plough. In India, and in Africa, the life-history of innumerable millions of as yet unborn human creatures will depend upon whether the task of shaping their destiny shall be carried forward by us, whom the course of our history has fitted for that great duty, or shall pass to other and to harsher hands.

Of that which comes to pass when the obligations of empire have been evaded and national duty has been shunned the British people have unfortunately in their own recent record a terrible and vivid instance in the horrors occasioned by that withdrawal from the Soudan which has been already alluded to. As the direct result of that abandonment a multitude of human beings perished, whose exact number will never be known, but which certainly exceeds by ten times the whole number of the victims of the Armenian atrocities, taking as the basis of this estimate the statements made by the two most competent witnesses whom we have—namely, by Father Ohrwalder in his narrative entitled *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp*, and

by Slatin Pasha in his more recent work, *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*. From the latter's calculation, it would appear that "at least seventy-five per cent. of the total population has succumbed to war, famine, and disease" since the rise of that ferocious combination of Moslem fanaticism with slave-owning rapacity which has constituted Mahdism. By far the greater number of the millions of people who have perished must have died since the British force was recalled from the Upper Nile in 1885. Speaking broadly, they appear to have passed from life under every circumstance of agony and misery which the imagination is able to depict. The happiest lot has doubtless been that of those who were massacred outright. In the swiftness of death lay mercy. Nay, better, perhaps, even a death of torture applied by man, than those long, slow, lingering torments of starvation, which have been the fate of most of all these countless dead.

At whose door then lies the responsibility for this mass of human pain, to which not Bulgaria and not Armenia offers a parallel? To answer that, let us consider what were the causes which led Britain to draw back from her task in the Soudan, to leave Gordon unavenged, to leave her work undone. The causes were two. They were, first, the cry in England of the humanitarians whose tender hearts could not bear the thought of striking down what they represented as the nascent freedom of a people, and, secondly, the fact that we were at that time so deeply involved in foreign complications that our Government feared to risk an English army in Africa. The existence of the first of these two causes becomes clear to any one who either remembers or takes now the trouble to re-read the feelings expressed in the press and in Parliament at that date. The humanitarians, as usual, were too high-minded to verify their facts. Their protest was one which proceeded from a radical misconception and a complete ignorance of the actual phenomena. They supposed the rising in the Soudan to represent an heroic attempt to throw off foreign—that is to say, Egyptian—dominion. We now know the reverse of this to have been

the case. The Mahdi's movement has been in the main an attempt made by slave-owning Arabs, acting with certain tribes, and using Mohammedan fanaticism as their instrument, to subjugate other tribes and to possess their goods. In this regard the humanitarians stand before the bar of history condemned by the logic of actuality.

The second of the two causes which I have named was stated by Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech made in the House of Commons in the early part of last year, as his reason for having acceded to the policy of withdrawal. On this point it is to be observed that the total number of British troops in the Soudan was not large. Certainly it did not approach in numerical strength to half an army corps. But our military resources were so limited that the locking up even of this small body of men meant that the power of England to send the necessary reinforcements to India, should war with Russia break out, was crippled.

Why was the British army so small that we were compelled to abandon several millions of human beings to misery and death? Is not the cause in a very great measure, indeed, to be found in the ceaseless cry raised by these same humanitarians and other good people of a like kidney against any increase in the national armaments? Men of the very same stamp with those who have been recently shrieking aloud that our Government should fight the world rather than allow Armenians to be massacred, or Greeks to lose their chance of annexing Crete, have been the most persistent opponents of such an increase in the fleet and army of Britain as should enable her to fulfil the mission which the processes of her past have laid upon her. Between their cry against the use of armaments on the one hand, and the result of their long-sustained agitation against the maintenance of these armaments on the other, the action of Britain was paralyzed, and the face of the vast region which we call the Soudan was blasted with slaughter and desolation.* If we meas-

* "Prosperous districts with a teeming population have been reduced to desert wastes,

ure policy, as in this world we must measure it, not by motive but by event, it is terribly true to say that the policy at once dictated and caused by the protest-mongers in 1885 has been more fatal to human life than the policy of their favorite *bête noire*, Abdul Aziz himself. Abdul has killed his thousands, but the humanitarians their tens of thousands. It is they, then, who are mainly responsible, in the twofold manner already shown, for that great act of abandonment which subsequent history has declared to have been at once base and a blunder. Now, twelve years afterward, we are tardily endeavoring to repair that fearful mistake. But no valor and no enterprise can restore the dead to life.

The head of Gordon fixed on that tree in Omdurman, whence the sightless eyes might be thought still to look in death for the help, not for himself but for his people, which in life they had sought for long, and in vain; the plains strewn with the bones of those who have died of privation and despair, or who have been struck down by their brutal captors; the memory of women who have been outraged, of children left to perish, all bear testimony never to be forgotten, while English records last, to that which follows when the weapons of England are allowed to rust, and when sentiment, in place of reason, is permitted to sway the counsels of the empire. In the Soudan, at least, the work of the sentimentalist has been brought almost to a finish. From vast tracts of country the population is gone. Wild beasts prowl in the desolated villages, and the hyena might laugh, as it clashes its jaws on the fleshless skulls of the dead, at the rich products of the new humanity.

In view of the fact that efforts similar to those which have produced these results are being now renewed, and that the returning sanity of the British people is being counteracted by the voices of men who cry in one breath for an exertion of the national will, unfettered by regard for the intentions of other countries, and in the next or the preceding breath for the weakening of

the only instruments by which that will can be carried into effect, it is surely time for us to try to get our ideas clear upon this fundamental point. If the humanitarians do indeed wish the great nation, into which they have been born, to be the friend of the friendless and the helper of the distressed; if they really cherish the noble ambition of succoring, not the Armenians or the Cretans only, but all races or peoples that are weak and oppressed; if they desire the sword of Britain to be keen to smite the oppressor, and the arm of Britain to be strong to save, then in the name of common-sense let them see to it that the sole means of achieving these high ends, the navy and the army, shall be rendered adequate to the task which they have to perform. Yet so strange a thing sometimes is human intelligence, that the very persons who are foremost in expressing what passes for generous sympathy with the victims of tyranny are usually those who are opposed most bitterly to any increase in the national armaments.

They would have Britain help—yes; but there shall be no antecedent expenditure to enable her to help effectually. They would have her risk war with the world for the sake of the suffering—yes; but they would not vote for one extra battleship to put her in a position to war successfully. Between the thought of the righteousness of risking a conflict and the thought of what would happen if the conflict actually began, there seems to be, for these persons, a mental gulf as untraversable as that which separated Dives from Lazarus.

Probably, however, the root cause of this astonishing discontinuity is to be found in the prevalence of the same profound fallacy which has been referred to earlier in this article. For if you press a sentimentalist, he will tell you at last that it is the duty of a nation, as of an individual, to "follow the right" (by which he means, to obey any generous impulse), without counting the cost. Evidently here arises again the old false analogy between the State and a single citizen of the State with which we have dealt before.

As a nation is imagined by the humanitarians to own its territory in the

The great plains over which the Western Arabs roamed are deserted, and their places taken by wild animals."—Slatin Pasha.

same manner in which a man owns an umbrella, so is it also imagined by them to be free, as an individual is sometimes free, to sacrifice itself for the sake of others. On this point it has first to be observed that the individual, when he is married and has a family dependent upon him, is not free to indulge in the costly luxury of altruism. If a poor man, being English, were to leave wife and children at the world's mercy, while he went off as a volunteer to fight for Greece, he would certainly be, not a fine fellow, but a deserter from duty. The analogy, therefore, breaks down at the start, unless it can be shown that the nation is always in the position of the unmarried man. That the case is the reverse of this we all know. The responsibilities of the State are as much more tremendous than those of the individual as the aggregate of its interests exceeds his. Lord Salisbury has recently said with much emphasis that the Government are in the position of trustees toward the nation. The simile might be extended, for it is equally true to say that the whole nation is in the position of a trustee toward posterity. This one living generation of British men and British women, who now walk this world's stage, does not constitute the whole British people. Far back into the past, and, surely, far forward into the future, the chain, of which we are but one link, extends. Inheritors of a mighty trust, we are bound by the whole course of our history, up to now, to pass it on, inviolate, to those who shall follow. For ages past, the labor of dead generations has been building up the house of the British nation. For centuries, our national character has been taking form under the impulse of some of the greatest spirits whom earth has known. In Asia and in Africa great native populations have passed under our hand. To us—to us, and not to others, a certain definite duty has been assigned. To carry light and civilization into the dark places of the world; to touch the mind of Asia and of Africa with the ethical ideas of Europe; to give to thronging millions, who would otherwise never know peace or security, these first conditions of human advance: constructive endeavor

such as this forms part of the function which it is ours to discharge. Once more—to fill the wide waste places of Australasia and Canada with the children of Britain; to people with our race the lofty plateau through which the Zambesi rolls down toward the sea, and whence of old the sailors of Tyre brought the gold of Ophir to the temple of Solomon; to draw from the soil, or from beneath the soil, the wealth hoarded for uncounted ages for the service of man; and, lastly, to let the sound of the English tongue and the pure life of English homes give to the future of those immense regions its hue and shape: this, again, is a portion of the task which our past has devolved upon us.

Have we the moral right, supposing us to have the moral feebleness, to cast from us, as a thing of no account, this vast world-work which previous centuries have entrusted to our care? From the moment when Drake, three hundred years ago, lying on his face on the edge of the wild rock that forms the southernmost extremity of the American continent, looked out upon that Pacific Ocean whose waters he was the first "to plough with an English keel," even up to the present day, the duty of Britain has been in process of birth and in process of growth. Has not a nation, like an individual—for here at length the analogy holds—a certain appointed task which, beyond all other nations, it is fitted to perform? Wilfully to neglect this ordained labor is, so to speak, the one unforgivable sin, because it is to defeat the purpose of the Universe as shown in the aptitudes which have been produced by the previous course of things. To sustain worthily the burden of empire is the task manifestly appointed to Britain, and therefore to fulfil that task is her duty, as it should also be her delight. But if that duty should be opposed, if her path should be traversed by some rival State, what then would be the necessity laid upon the British Government and people? Evidently, if the considerations already advanced are valid, it then becomes straitly incumbent upon them to resist the assailant with the entire force which they can exert.

Viewed from this standpoint, it will be seen that the adequate maintenance of the national armaments is not merely a vital need, prompted by the strongest conceivable motives of self-interest, but also, in very truth, a high and sacred obligation of morality. Not to heed that obligation means that we are ready lightly to lay aside the work which constitutes the chief justification for our existence as a people among mankind. It means that we are contemptners of the past, that we are faithless to our charge, that we are as fraudulent life-tenants with regard to our heirs. First of all duties, because the primary condition of the fulfilment of all duties, is the obligation of self-defence.

Well is it indeed for us, in the presence of persons who cut their emotion loose from their reason, and let it run amuck in the world like a mad Malay, that in the fulness of time the old idea of devotion to the nation, and of debt

owed to the nation, has at last begun to revive. As a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so has the Imperial idea, held ten years ago but by a few, spread until it has become a vital force. In the possessions of the British people beyond the seas, as in these islands, there are men who are working in utter earnest to recall to their countrymen those thoughts and those high impulses which gave them strength in days gone by. As the years roll on, a wider patriotism and a deeper resolve are becoming perceptible. There is growing into existence a sentiment of national being which overleaps the ocean, so that, to those whom it possesses, it matters not whether they were born in Cape Town or in London, in Melbourne or in Montreal. Equally are they members of one mighty community, and equally are they heirs to that mastery of the seas which must ultimately carry with it the hegemony of mankind.—*Nineteenth Century.*

HENRY DRUMMOND.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S influence on his contemporaries is not to be measured by the sale of his books, great as that has been. It may be doubted whether any living novelist has had so many readers, and perhaps no living writer has been so eagerly followed and so keenly discussed on the Continent and in America. For some reason which it is difficult to assign many who exercise great influence at home are not appreciated elsewhere. It has been said, for example, that no book of Ruskin's has ever been translated into a Continental language, and though such a negative is obviously dangerous, it is true that Ruskin has not been to Europe what he has been to England. But Professor Drummond had the widest vogue from Norway to Germany. There was a time when scarcely a week passed in Germany without the publication of a book or pamphlet in which his views were canvassed. In Scandinavia, perhaps, no other living Englishman was so widely known. In

every part of America his books had an extraordinary circulation. This influence reached all classes. It was strong among scientific men, whatever may be said to the contrary. Among such men as Von Moltke, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and others belonging to the governing class, it was stronger still. It penetrated to every section of the Christian Church, and far beyond these limits. Still, when this is said, it remains true, that his deepest influence was personal and hidden. In the long series of addresses he delivered all over the world he brought about what may at least be called a crisis in the lives of innumerable hearers. He received, I venture to say, more of the confidences of people untouched by the ordinary work of the Church than any other man of his time. Men and women came to him in their deepest and bitterest perplexities. To such he was accessible, and both by personal interviews and by correspondence, gave such help as he could. He was an

ideal confessor. No story of failure daunted or surprised him. For every one he had a message of hope; and, while the warm friend of a chosen circle and acutely responsive to their kindness, he did not seem to lean upon his friends. He himself did not ask for sympathy, and did not seem to need it. The innermost secrets of his life were between himself and his Saviour. While frank and at times even communicative, he had nothing to say about himself, or about those who had trusted him. There are multitudes who owed to Henry Drummond all that one man can owe to another, and who felt such a thrill pass through them at the news of his death as they can never experience again.

Henry Drummond was born at Stirling in 1851. He was surrounded from the first by powerful religious influences of the evangelistic kind. His uncle, Mr. Peter Drummond, was the founder of what is known as the Stirling Tract enterprise, through which many millions of small religious publications have been circulated through the world. As a child he was remarkable for his sunny disposition and his sweet temper, while the religiousness of his nature made itself manifest at an early period. I do not gather, however, that there were many auguries of his future distinction. He was thought to be somewhat desultory and independent in his work. In due course he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in science, but in nothing else. He gained, I believe, the medal in the geology class. But, like many students who do not go in for honors, he was anything but idle. He tells us himself that he began to form a library, his first purchase being a volume of extracts from Ruskin's works. Ruskin taught him to see the world as it is, and it soon became a new world to him, full of charm and loveliness. He learned to linger beside the ploughed field, and revel in the affluence of color and shade which were to be seen in the newly turned furrows, and to gaze in wonder at the liquid amber of the two feet of air above the brown earth. Next to Ruskin he put Emerson, who all his life powerfully affected both his

teaching and his style. Differing as they did in many ways, they were alike in being optimists with a high and noble conception of good, but with no correspondingly definite conception of evil. Mr. Henry James says that Emerson's genius had a singular thinness, an almost touching lightness, sparseness, and transparency about it. And the same was true, in a measure, of Drummond's. The religious writers who attracted him were Channing and F. W. Robertson. Channing taught him to believe in God, the good and gracious Sovereign of all things. From Robertson he learned that God is human, and that we may have fellowship with Him because He sympathizes with us. It is well known that Robertson himself was a warm admirer of Channing. The parallels between Robertson and Channing in thought, and even in words, have never been properly drawn out. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that the contact with Robertson and Channing was the beginning of Drummond's religious life. But it was through them, and it was at that period of his studentship, that he began to take possession for himself of Christian truth. And it was a great secret of his power that he preached nothing except what had personally come home to him and had entered into his heart of hearts. His attitude to much of the theology in which he was taught was that not of denial, but of respectful distance. He might have come later on to appropriate it and preach it, but the appropriation would have been the condition of the preaching. His mind was always receptive. Like Emerson, he was an excellent listener. He stood always in a position of hopeful expectancy, and regarded each delivery of a personal view as a new fact to be estimated on its merits. I may add that he was a warm admirer of Mr. R. H. Hutton, and thought his essay on Goethe the best critical piece of the century. He used to say that, like Mr. Hutton, he could sympathize with every Church but the Hard Church.

After completing his University course he went to the New College, Edinburgh, to be trained for the ministry of the Free Church. The time

was critical. The Free Church had been founded in a time of intense Evangelical faith and passion. It was a visible sign of the reaction against Moderatism. The Moderates had done great service to literature, but their sermons were favorably represented by the solemn fudge of Blair. James Macdonell, the brilliant *Times* leader-writer, who carefully observed from the position of an outsider the ecclesiastical life of his countrymen, said that the Moderate leaders deliberately set themselves to the task of stripping Scotch Presbyterianism free from provincialism, and so triumphant were they that most of their sermons might have been preached in a heathen temple as fitly as in St. Giles. They taught the moral law with politeness; they made philosophy the handmaid of Christianity with well-bred moderation, and they so handled the grimmer tenets of Calvinism as to hurt no susceptibilities. The storm of the Disruption blew away the old Moderates from their place of power, and men like Chalmers, Cunningham, Candlish, Welsh, Guthrie, Begg, and the other leaders of the Evangelicals, more than filled their place. The obvious danger was that the Free Church should become the home of bigotry and obscurantism. This danger was not so great at first. There was a lull in critical and theological discussion, and men were sure of their ground. The large and generous spirit of Chalmers impressed itself on the Church of which he was the main founder, and the desire to assert the influence of religion in science and literature in all the field of knowledge was shown from the beginning. For example, the *North British Review* was the organ of the Free Church, and did not stand much behind the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* either in the ability of its articles or in the distinction of many of its contributors. But especially the Free Church showed its wisdom by founding theological seminaries, and filling their chairs with its best men. A Professorship of Divinity was held to be a higher position than the pastorate of any pulpit. As time went on, however, and as the tenets of the Westminster Evangelicalism were more and more fornicably

assailed, the Free Church came in danger of surrendering its intellectual life. The whisper of heresy would have damaged a minister as effectually as a grave moral charge. Independent thought was impatiently and angrily suppressed. Macdonell said, writing in the *Spectator* in 1874, that the Free Church was being intellectually starved, and he pointed out that the Established Church was gaining ground under the leadership of such men as Principal Tulloch and Dr. Wallace, who in a sense represented the old Moderates, though they were as different from them as this age is from the last. The Free Church was apparently refusing to shape the dogmas of traditional Christianity in such a way as to meet the subtle intellectual and moral demands of an essentially scientific age. There was an apparent unanimity in the Free Church, but it was much more apparent than real. For one thing, the teaching of some of the professors had been producing its influence. Dr. A. B. Davidson, the recognized master of Old Testament learning in this country, a man who joins to his knowledge imagination, subtlety, fervor, and a rare power of style, had been quietly teaching the best men among his students that the old views of revelation would have to be seriously altered. He did not do this so much directly as indirectly, and I think there was a period when any Free Church minister who asserted the existence of errors in the Bible would have been summarily deposed. The abler students had been taking sessions at Germany, and had thus escaped from the narrowness of the provincial coterie. They were interested, some of them in literature, some in science, some in philosophy. At the New College they discussed in their theological society with daring and freedom the problems of the time. A crisis was sure to come, and it might very well have been a crisis which would have broken the Church in pieces. That it did not was due largely to the influence of one man—the American Evangelist, Mr. Moody.

In 1873 Mr. Moody commenced his campaign in the Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh. A few days before Drummond had read a paper to the Theo-

logical Society of his college on Spiritual Diagnosis, in which he maintained that preaching was not the most important thing, but that personal dealing with those in anxiety would yield better results. In other words, he thought that practical religion might be treated as an exact science. He had given himself to scientific study with a view of standing for the degree of Doctor of Science. Moody at once made a deep impression on Edinburgh, and attracted the ablest students. He missed in this country a sufficient religious provision for young men, and he thought that young men could best be moulded by young men. With his keen American eye he perceived that Drummond was his best instrument, and he immediately associated him in the work. It had almost magical results. From the very first Drummond attracted and deeply moved crowds, and the issue was that for two years he gave himself to this work of evangelism in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland. During this period he came to know the life histories of young men in all classes. He made himself a great speaker; he knew how to seize the critical moment, and his modesty, his refinement, his gentle and generous nature, his manliness, and above all his profound conviction won for him disciples in every place he visited. His companions were equally busy in their own lines, and in this way the Free Church was saved. A development on the lines of Tulloch and Wallace was impossible for the Free Church. Any change that might take place must conserve the vigorous evangelical life of which it had been the home. The change did take place. Robertson Smith, who was by far the first man of the circle, won, at the sacrifice of his own position, toleration for Biblical criticism, and proved that an advanced critic might be a convinced and fervent evangelical. Others did something, each in his own sphere, and it is not too much to say that the effects have been world-wide. The recent writers of Scottish fiction, Barrie, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren, were all children of the Free Church, two of them being ministers. In almost every department of theological science, with per-

haps the exception of Church history, Free Churchmen have made contributions which rank with the most important of the day. It is but bare justice to say that the younger generation of Free Churchmen have done their share in claiming that Christianity should rule in all the fields of culture, that the Incarnation hallows every department of human thought and activity. No doubt the claim has excited some hostility; at the same time the general public has rallied in overwhelming numbers to its support, and any book of real power written in a Christian spirit has now an audience compared with which that of most secular writers is small.

Even at that time Drummond's evangelism was not of the ordinary type. When he had completed his studies, after brief intervals of work elsewhere, he found his professional sphere as Lecturer on Natural Science in the Free Church College at Glasgow. There he came under the spell of Dr. Marcus Dods, to whom, as he always testified, he owed more than to any other man. He worked in a mission connected with Dr. Dods' congregation, and there preached the remarkable series of addresses which were afterward published as "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." The book appeared in 1883, and the author would have been quite satisfied with a circulation of 1000 copies. In England alone it has sold about 120,000 copies, while the American and foreign editions are beyond count. There is a natural prejudice against premature reconciliations between science and religion. Many would say with Schiller: "Feindschaft sei zwischen euch, noch kommt ein Bündniss zu frühe: Forsethet beide getrennt, so wird die Wahrheit erkannt." In order to reconcile science and religion finally you must be prepared to say what is science and what is religion. Till that is done any synthesis must be premature, and any book containing it must in due time be superseded. Drummond was not blind to this, and yet he saw that something had to be done. Evolution was becoming more than a theory—it was an atmosphere. Through the teaching of evolutionists a subtle change was

passing over morals, politics, and religion. Compromises had been tried and failed. The division of territory desired by some was found to be impossible. Drummond did not begin with doctrine and work downward to nature. He ran up natural law as far as it would go, and then the doctrine burst into view. It was contended by the lamented Aubrey Moore that the proper thing is to begin with doctrine. While Moore would have admitted that science cannot be defined, that even the problem of evolution is one of which as yet we hardly know the outlines, he maintained that the first step was to begin with the theology of the Catholic Church, and that it was impossible to defend Christianity on the basis of anything less than the whole of the Church's creed. Drummond did not attempt this. He declined, for example, to consider the relation of evolution to the Fall and to the Pauline doctrine of redemption. What he maintained was that, if you begin at the natural laws, you end in the spiritual laws; and in a series of impressive illustrations he brought out his facts of science, some of the characteristic doctrines of Calvinism—brought them out sternly and undisguisedly. By many of the orthodox he was welcomed as a champion, but others could not acquiesce in his assumption of evolution, and regarded him as more dangerous than an open foe. The book was riddled with criticisms from every side. Drummond himself never replied to these, but he gave his approval to an anonymous defence which appeared in the *Expositor*,* and it is worth while recalling briefly the main points. (1) His critics rejected his main position, which was not that the spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws, but that they are the same laws. To this he replied that, if he had not shown identity, he had done nothing; but he admitted that the application of natural law to the spiritual world had decided and necessary limits, the principle not applying to those provinces of the spiritual world most remote from human experience. He adhered to the distinction between nature and grace, but he

thought of grace also as forming part of the divine whole of nature, which is an emanation from the recesses of the divine wisdom, power, and love. (2) His use of the law of biogenesis was severely attacked alike from the scientific and the religious side. Even Christian men of science thought he had laid dangerous stress on the principle *omne vivum ex vivo*, and declined to say that biogenesis was as certain as gravitation. They further affirmed, and surely with reason, that the principle is not essential to faith. From the religious side it was urged that he had grossly exaggerated the distinction between the spiritual man and the natural man, and that he ignored the susceptibilities or affinities of the natural man for spiritual influence. The reply was that he had asserted the capacity for God very strongly. "The chamber is not only ready to receive the new life, but the Guest is expected, and till He comes is missed. Till then the soul longs and yearns, wastes and pines, waving its tentacles piteously in the empty air, or feeling after God if so be that it may find Him." (3) As for the charge that he could not reconcile his own statements as to divine efficiency and human responsibility, it was pointed out that this was only a phase of the larger difficulty of reconciling the exercise of the divine will with the freedom of the human will. What he maintained, in common with Augustinian and Puritan theology, was that in every case of regeneration there is an original intervention of God. (4) The absence of reference to the Atonement was due to the fact that the doctrine belonged to a region inaccessible to the new method, lying in the depths of the Divine Mind, and only to be made known by revelation. (5) The charge that he taught the annihilation of the unregenerate was repudiated. The unregenerate had not fulfilled the conditions of eternal life; but that does not show that they may not exist through eternity, for they exist at present, although in Mr. Drummond's sense they do not live. There is no doubt that many of the objections directed against his book applied equally to every form of what may be called evangelical Calvinism. But I think that the main impression

* Third Series, vol. i.

produced on competent judges was that the volume, though written with brilliant clearness of thought and imagination, and full of the Christian spirit, did not give their true place to personality, freedom and conscience, terms against which physical science may even be said to direct its whole artillery, so far as it tries to depersonalize man, but terms in which the very life of morality and religion is bound up. Perhaps Drummond himself came ultimately to take this view. In any case, Matthew Arnold's verdict will stand: "What is certain is that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience."

His lectureship in Glasgow was constituted into a professor's chair, and he occupied it for the rest of his life. His work gave him considerable freedom. During a few months of the year he lectured on geology and botany, giving also scattered discourses on biological problems and the study of evolution. He had two examinations in the year, the first, which he called the "stupidity" examination, to test the men's knowledge of common things, asking such questions as, Why is grass green? Why is the sea salt? Why is the heaven blue? What is a leaf? etc. After this Socratic inquiry he began his teaching, and examined his students at the end. He taught in a classroom that was also a museum, always had specimens before him while lecturing, and introduced his students to the use of scientific instruments, besides taking them for geological excursions. In his time of leisure he travelled very widely. He paid three visits to America, and one to Australia. He also took the journey to Africa commemorated in his brilliant little book, "Tropical Africa," a work in which his insight, his power of selection, his keen observation, his fresh style, and his charming personality appear to the utmost advantage. It was praised on every side, though Mr. Stanley made a criticism to which Drummond gave an effective and good-humored retort. During these journeys and on other occasions at home he continued his work of evangelism. He addressed himself mainly to students on whom

he had a great influence, and for years went every week to Edinburgh for the purpose of delivering Sunday evening religious addresses to University men. He was invariably followed by crowds, the majority of whom were medical students. He also, on several occasions, delivered addresses in London to social and political leaders, the audience including many of the most eminent men of the time. The substance of these addresses appeared in his famous booklets, beginning with the "Greatest Thing in the World," and it may be worth while to say something of their teaching. Mr. Drummond did not begin in the conventional way. He seemed to do without all that, to common Christianity, is indispensable. He approached the subject so disinterestedly, with such an entire disregard of its one presupposition, sin, that many could never get on common ground with him. He entirely omitted that theology of the Cross which had been the substance hitherto of evangelistic addresses. Nobody could say that his gospel was "arterial" or "ensanguined." In the first place, he had, like Emerson, a profound belief in the powers of the human will. That word of Spinoza which has been called a text in the scriptures of humanity might have been his motto. "He who desires to assist other people . . . in common conversations will avoid referring to the vices of men, and will take care only sparingly to speak of human impotence, while he will talk largely of human virtue or power, and of the way by which it may be made perfect, so that men being moved, not by fear or aversion, but by the effect of joy, may endeavor, as much as they can, to live under the rule of reason." With this sentence may be coupled its echo in the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul": "It is so much the more our duty, not like the advocate of the evil spirit always to keep our eyes fixed upon the nakedness and weakness of our nature, but rather to seek out all those perfections through which we can make good our claims to a likeness to God." But along with this went a passionate devotion to Jesus Christ. Emerson said, "The man has never lived who can feed us ever." Drum-

mond maintained with absolute conviction that Christ could for ever and ever meet all the needs of the soul. In his criticism of "Ecce Homo," Mr. Gladstone answered the question whether the Christian preacher is ever justified in delivering less than a full Gospel. He argued that to go back to the very beginning of Christianity might be a method eminently suited to the needs of the present generation. The ship of Christianity was overloaded, not perhaps for fair weather, but when a gale came the mass strained over to the leeward. Drummond asked his hearers to go straight into the presence of Christ, not as He now presents Himself to us, bearing in His hand the long roll of His conquests, but as He offered Himself to the Jew by the Sea of Galilee, or in the synagogue of Capernaum, or in the temple of Jerusalem. He declined to take every detail of the Christianity in possession as part of the whole. He denied that the rejection of the non-essential involved parting with the essential, and he strove to go straight to the fountain-head itself. Whatever criticisms may be passed it will be allowed that few men in the century have done so much to bring their hearers and readers to the feet of Jesus Christ. It has been said of Carlyle that the one living ember of the old Puritanism that still burned vividly in his mind was the belief that honest and true men might find power in God to alter things for the better. Drummond believed with his whole heart that men might find power in Christ to change their lives.

He had seven or eight months of the year at his disposal, and spent very little of them in his beautiful home at Glasgow. He wandered all over the world, and in genial human intercourse made his way to the hearts of rich and poor. He was as much at home in addressing a meeting of working men as in speaking at Grosvenor House. He had fastidious tastes, was always faultlessly dressed, and could appreciate the surroundings of civilization. But he could at a moment's notice throw them all off and be perfectly happy. As a traveller in Africa he cheerfully endured much privation. He excelled in many sports and was a good shot. In

some ways he was like Lavengro, and I will say that some parts of "Lavengro" would be unintelligible to me unless I had known Drummond. Although he refused to quarrel and had a thoroughly loyal and deeply affectionate nature, he was yet independent of others. He never married. He never undertook any work to which he did not feel himself called. Although he had the most tempting offers from editors, nothing would induce him to write unless the subject attracted him, and even then he was unwilling. Although he had great facility he never presumed upon it. He wrote brightly and swiftly, and would have made an excellent journalist. But everything he published was elaborated with the most scrupulous care. I have never seen manuscripts so carefully revised as his. All he did was apparently done with ease, but there was immense labor behind it. Although in orders he neither used the title nor the dress that go with them, but preferred to regard himself as a layman. He had a deep sense of the value of the Church and its work, but I think was not himself connected with any church, and never attended public worship unless he thought the preacher had some message for him. He seemed to be invariably in good spirits, and invariably disengaged. He was always ready for any and every office of friendship. It should be said that, though few men were more criticised or misconceived, he himself never wrote an unkind word about any one, never retaliated, never bore malice, and could do full justice to the abilities and character of his opponents. I have just heard that he exerted himself privately to secure an important appointment for one of his most trenchant critics and was successful.

For years he had been working quietly at his last and greatest book, the "Ascent of Man." The chapters were first delivered as the Lowell Lectures in Boston, where they attracted great crowds. The volume was published in 1894, and though its sale was large, exceeding 20,000 copies, it did not command his old public. This was due very much to the obstinacy with which he persisted in selling it at a net price,

a proceeding which offended the book-sellers, who had hoped to profit much from its sale. The work is much the most important he has left us. It was an endeavor, as has been said, to engraft an evolutionary sociology and ethic upon a biological basis. The fundamental doctrine of the struggle of life leads to an individualistic system in which the moral side of nature has no place. Professor Drummond contended that the currently accepted theory, being based on an exclusive study of the conditions of nutrition, took account of only half the truth. With nutrition he associated, as a second factor, the function of reproduction, the struggle for the life of others, and maintained that this was of co-ordinate rank as a force in cosmic evolution. Though others had recognized altruism as modifying the operation of egoism, Mr. Drummond did more. He tried to indicate the place of altruism as the outcome of those processes whereby the species is multiplied, and its bearing on the evolution of ethics. He desired, in other words, a unification of concept, the filling up of great gulfs that had seemed to be fixed. "If nature be the garment of God, it is woven without seam throughout; if a revelation of God, it is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; if the expression of His will, there is in it no variability nor shadow of turning." After sketching the stages of the process of evolution, physical and ethical, he develops his central idea in the chapter on the struggle for the life of others, and then deals with the higher stages of the development of altruism as a modifying factor. The book was mercilessly criticised, but I believe that no one has attempted to deny the accuracy and the beauty of his scientific descriptions. Further, not a few eminent scientific men, like Professor Gairdner and Professor Macalister, have seen in it at least the germ out of which much may come. One of its severest critics, Dr. Dallinger, considers that nature is non-moral, and that religion begins with Christ. No man hath seen God at any time—this is what nature certifies. The only begotten Son of the Father, He has declared Him—this is the message of Christian-

ity. But there are many religious minds, and some scientific minds, convinced, in spite of all the difficulties, that natural law must be moral, and very loth to admit a hopeless dualism between the physical and the moral order of the world. They say that the whole force of evolution directs our glance forward, and that its motto is *χρὴ τέλος ὁρᾶν*.

With the publication of this book Drummond's career as a public teacher virtually ended. He who had never known an illness, who apparently had been exempted from care and sorrow, was prostrated by a painful and mysterious malady. One of his kind physicians, Dr. Freeland Barbour, informs me that Mr. Drummond suffered from a chronic affection of the bones. It maimed him greatly. He was laid on his back for more than a year, and had both arms crippled, so that reading was not a pleasure and writing almost impossible. For a long time he suffered acute pain. It was then that some who had greatly misconceived him came to a truer judgment of the man. Those who had often found the road rough had looked askance at Drummond as a spoiled child of fortune, ignorant of life's real meaning. But when he was struck down in his prime, at the very height of his happiness, when there was appointed for him, to use his own words, "a waste of storm and tumult before he reached the shore," it seemed as if his sufferings liberated and revealed the forces of his soul. The spectacle of his long struggle with a mortal disease was something more than impressive. Those who saw him in his illness saw that, as the physical life flickered low, the spiritual energy grew. Always gentle and considerate, he became even more careful, more tender, more thoughtful, more unselfish. He never in any way complained. His doctors found it very difficult to get him to talk of his illness. It was strange and painful, but inspiring, to see his keenness, his mental elasticity, his universal interest. Dr. Barbour says: "I have never seen pain or weariness or the being obliged to do nothing more entirely overcome, treated, in fact, as if they were not."

The end came suddenly from failure of the heart. Those with him received only a few hours' warning of his critical condition." It was not like death. He lay on his couch in the drawing-room, and passed away in his sleep, with the sun shining in and the birds

singing at the open window. There was no sadness nor farewell. It recalled what he himself said of a friend's death—"putting by the well-worn tools without a sigh, and expecting elsewhere better work to do."—*Contemporary Review*.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY A. H. F. BOUGHEY.

IN the spring, so the poet tells us, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. And in the spring also, it would seem, the mind of the champion of women's education fiercely turns to thoughts of strife. In the spring of last year the University of Oxford was called upon to vote about proposals for giving its B.A. degree to women, and the University of Cambridge resolved to appoint a Syndicate to consider the same question. And now in the opening springtide of this present year the Cambridge Syndicate has presented its report, and the report has been followed by a lengthy discussion, and sounds of battle once more fill the air.

But the question of the higher education of women, and its connection with our ancient Universities, is surely deserving of a more calm and unwarlike consideration than is possible in the eager discussion of the Senate House or the embattled array of fly-sheets. The importance of the subject and the insistence with which it is pressed upon our notice are more than sufficient grounds for entering carefully into the whole matter and, so far as may be possible, going back to certain main principles which underlie it, and looking forward to its future development.

For this purpose it will be well to make at least the endeavor to supply answers to three questions. What is the actual present position of the Universities with regard to the highest class of women students? Is there in this position anything that calls for amendment or any ground for real complaint? And what is the best line for future action?

When we speak of the Universities of Great Britain and Ireland, we must remember that they fall into two widely separated groups—those of which the distinctive feature is residence in Colleges or under direct control and discipline, and those which do not require residence at all. The latter group is obviously more free to deal with women students, and consequently they (whether wisely or not) admit women more or less on the same terms as men. But the case is very different with the three great residential Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. They have hitherto acted on the principle of doing all that lies in their power for the education of women so long as their first duty, the education of men, is not interfered with; but beyond education they have declined to go. This principle seems both wise and fair, and in practice it is found to work, if not perfectly, at least excellently. Women are allowed to attend almost all the best lectures in the Universities and the Colleges; they are granted facilities for study and for practical work; they are admitted to the most important examinations, especially to the examinations for degrees in honors; and each successful candidate receives from the University a formal certificate stating the exact place to which she has attained.

Now it will be seen from this that even the three great residential Universities do everything they can for the highest education of women on the two sides of imparting knowledge and testing knowledge; they teach women and they examine women. And they proclaim the result. And all the world knows the high distinctions which

some women have won. For these advantages given by the Universities the promoters of women's education have often declared themselves deeply grateful. It might be supposed that they would be content or more than content. Far from it. The extreme section of them are clamorous for many things—admission to full membership, statutory rights, and complete degrees: they ask that women should be allowed to compete for University prizes and scholarships; they desire that "there should be nothing precarious in their tenure of privileges;" that they should "feel themselves at home" in the Universities, and "have an assured and established position;" that they should not "be crowded out of lecture-rooms or laboratories," which means, presumably, that where there is not room for both men and women students, the men must go. "We desire," they emphatically exclaim, "to see our connection with the University placed on a more permanent footing and the University taking the same degree of responsibility for the instruction of women students that it does for men."

This is, of course, the language of the extremists. It is perhaps not worth while to discuss at present demands so extravagant and so little likely to be granted. We turn, therefore, to the views put forward by the more moderate advocates of some change in the position of the Universities. They, too, are not quite satisfied with the existing state of things. They recognize the great benefits which they receive from the Universities: but there is a crumpled rose-leaf. The Universities educate women, but refuse, they urge, to set the seal upon the education which they give. It might be thought that the formal certificate, signed by the Vice-Chancellor, stating the place taken by each candidate in the degree examination, was a sufficient seal. Not at all. They sigh for a Degree. There is a magic in the letters B.A. or M.A.—and they will not be happy till they get them. So long as these magic symbols are denied, they complain that the Universities act unfairly by them, and place them under a disability which is unnecessary and injurious.

The views of this more moderate sec-

tion were laid before the University of Oxford last year in the form of certain resolutions: but the resolutions were rejected. This year they are to be laid in somewhat different form before the University of Cambridge. The Syndicate appointed to consider the question have, in their report, set aside the most extreme proposals: they "are not prepared to recommend that women should be admitted to membership of the University:" they think that "a proposal to assimilate to that of undergraduates the position of women students as regards lectures and laboratories might give rise to difficulties of a serious character;" and they make no suggestion of throwing open prizes and scholarships. But on the question of degrees the Syndicate are divided: a majority of them recommend that not the actual degrees themselves, but the "titles" of some degrees, including B.A. and M.A., should on certain conditions be granted to women. And they do so on the ground that women who successfully pursue the course of study at Cambridge "are at an unnecessary disadvantage in consequence of their not being allowed some well-recognized title."

We are brought, therefore, directly face to face with our second question: Is there anything which calls for amendment, is there any real cause for complaint in the present attitude of the old Universities toward women? A finger has been laid on this one spot: the refusal to grant a title, a seal, a hall-mark. Is this a wrong that demands righting?

Certainly, if the action of the Universities be unjust—*fiat justitia ruat cælum*. But before we invoke the downfall of the sky, we are bound to examine carefully our reasons. The Syndicate, whose majority have come to the conclusion that the titles of B.A. and other degrees should no longer be withheld, give us some of the evidence which was before them. And as they wish to enforce their views on other people, we may assume that they give what they consider the most important evidence. Let us glance at it.

In the first place we cannot help being struck with the fact that the mere possession of a title can make no

difference whatever to the *education* of the person who possesses it. The training, the knowledge, the power of teaching, the capacity for future study, are in no wise affected by it. As we should expect, therefore, the evidence submitted to us has nothing to do with any possible improvement in the education of women. All that the Universities have done so far for women is directly for their education: this is not.

What, then, will the granting of a title do? It will not assist or improve the education of women; but it will, we are told, remove a grievance. The people who tell us this represent the grievance in two aspects. First of all they say: "The grievance is no doubt partly a sentimental one." That view is perfectly intelligible. The letters "B.A." or "M.A." look nice after a name; they sound well to the outside world. And sentiment is a thing by no means to be despised. But is a sentimental fancy for a title to be accounted of serious importance when weighed against the great principles of what is best and most worthy of development in education? Surely not. So we are presented with another view of the grievance. It is "an actual practical grievance:" it is "a real and definite professional grievance:" it means that every woman who leaves any of the Colleges for women at Oxford or Cambridge after having passed certain examinations has "a personal grievance, she is handicapped in her efforts to obtain her daily bread by the fact that she is not able to use the symbol which is intelligible to the average man."

Here we seem to have the matter in a nutshell. The absence of certain letters puts some women at a serious disadvantage in comparison with other competitors. The bread is taken out of the mouth of one woman to put it into the mouth of another, who (it is implied) is either less deserving or less hungry.

After hearing this, it is a little startling to discover that the women for whom the coveted title is now sought occupy no small share of the best posts that can be given to highly educated women. Is it so certain, after all, that those who are responsible for appoint-

ments select inferior candidates, or are unduly swayed in their choice by the absence of a title? That they disregard real merit and suitability, amply testified to, and prefer the glitter of a mystic charm? It is a grave charge to make, even by implication. By what evidence is it supported?

The evidence furnished by the Cambridge Syndicate is from one source only. They print about fifty "selected cases" of women who urge that the action of the University in this matter places them at a disadvantage. The cases have been selected and submitted by the extreme section of claimants—those who desire that everything in the men's Universities should be thrown open widely to women. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the cases are as strong as can be obtained. The general tone of the complaints is that the absence of a degree is a drawback in the teaching profession. But again we notice that many of the complainants have, notwithstanding this, gained high and important posts. And, further, in many cases the inference which is apparently meant to be drawn is by no means certainly the correct inference. To take a typical case. One lady writes:—"I applied for the post of —, and was interviewed by the Governors. . . . Many questions were asked me about my Irish degree, but no reference whatever was made to the Cambridge Tripos. The lady appointed was an M.A. of London." Does it not look as if the inferences intended to be drawn are that the Cambridge Tripos certificate was utterly disregarded, the Irish degree was thought something of, and the London M.A. degree put highest of all, and so, of course, the London graduate chosen? But are no other solutions possible? Is it not, to say the least, *possible* that no questions were asked about the place in the Cambridge Tripos because the electors understood what that meant? That questions were asked about the Irish degree because the electors (being, perhaps, English) did not fully know what examination it represented? And is it *quite* certain that the London M.A. was not the best candidate in?

How much the complainants expect us to believe or take for granted may

be illustrated from another "selected case." "The Governors of an endowed school, where there was a vacancy for a mathematical mistress, appointed a London B.A. (*not mathematical*) in preference to a woman holding a Mathematical Tripos certificate, *which they did not understand*." There is an exquisite pathos about the words which we have ventured to italicise. If this represents the whole of the facts—if the Governors were really playing a game "they did not understand"—if the *only* reasons for their preference of the successful candidate were that she was a London B.A., and "not mathematical"—well, then, we give them up; we have a poor opinion of their intelligence and their honesty; we doubt whether even a Cambridge B.A. degree would have guided them to a right decision. In fact, we think that the sooner they were replaced by capable Governors the better.

So far from establishing, by the evidence before us, "a real and definite professional grievance," our lady complainants seem to place themselves and us on the horns of a dilemma. Either they have misunderstood the grounds on which Governors and electors in many cases made their decisions, or else the Governors and electors are so unworthy of their position and responsibility—so ignorant or so prejudiced—that in the name of all that is good in education we must protest against the Universities coming down to their level. The former alternative is the easier to adopt, and we venture to think it is the more probable. It is sometimes impossible to explain to a rejected candidate the real reasons for rejection; a confidential letter to the electors, the impression left by a personal interview, or many another cause may turn the scale, and settle the acceptance or rejection of a candidate, whether she has or has not half the letters of the alphabet after her name. It is true, as one lady ingenuously says, "the title looks well in a prospectus," but it does not follow that it is of great weight with a competent Board of electors.

If, on the other hand, we are asked to believe that the electors are prejudiced and unreasonable, we can only consent to do so on further evidence

which is not forthcoming. As in the famous dog story (not in *The Spectator*), where the injured person complained of an unprovoked assault, we should like to hear the dog's account. But there is no account from the electors. The great body of them, we are convinced, prefer real merit to a showy "trade-mark." And if here and there there are exceptions, that is no sufficient reason why the Universities should yield to mere prejudice, or go out of their way to meet the requirements of ignorance. Surely it is a worthier function of the Universities to elevate ignorance into knowledge.

We are not surprised to find, therefore, not only that the one side in this controversy consider the evidence brought forward inconclusive and irrelevant, but also that some persons, even on the other side, admit that the grievance is slight, or none at all. One of the strongest supporters of the movement on behalf of women has said openly: "I do not consider that the women have any grievance against the University." And the Principal of one of the women's Colleges considers that "the position of a Newnham or Girton student with a good Tripos certificate is, from the point of view of obtaining employment as a teacher, on the whole not inferior to that of the graduates of other Universities."

It has been necessary, or at least advisable, to enter at some length into the alleged disability due to the action of the Universities, because we were anxious to answer fully and honestly our second question: Is there anything unfair in the present treatment of women by the Universities? We hope we have shown there is not. Every one agrees that the Universities have been very generous in the educational advantages which they have offered to women: we trust that every one will agree that they have been just and fair in drawing the line where they do. But there is one word more to be said on the subject of grievances. In removing a grievance, or a fancied grievance, it is possible to give rise to others worse and more real. It is no mere fancy to conceive that the remedy which has been suggested in this case—the offer of "a title of a degree"—

may be a fruitful cause of ill. All the consequences that will follow from it, if it be adopted, no one can foretell; what may be its effect upon men, and upon the Universities which have for centuries been homes of learning for men, remains an unknown quantity. But one consequence at any rate seems as certain as anything future can be. The women who have gained this boon will for the moment be pleased with it, but for the moment only. They will not be satisfied: why should they? They have already expressed their desire for more; and more they will try to get. The direction in which their attempts as well as their aspirations will tend, will have been fixed; and a groove will have been entered which it will not be easy, if it be possible, hereafter to leave.

For, if we may use a well-worn phrase, the present crisis in the agitation of woman's advance is the parting of the ways. The next step seems likely to decide the path that must be followed. It may be a step toward the closer assimilation of women's education and position to those of men; or it may be a step in the direction of setting women's education upon a more independent basis. One or the other it is reasonable to expect that it must be. Which of the two is to be preferred?

It would seem that we have reached the third question which we proposed to consider: What is the best line of development with a view to the future of women's education? One that binds it more closely to men? Or one that makes it more free?

There can be no doubt as to the answer given by those who maintain "the equality of the sexes," and what they are pleased to term "women's rights." They are eager to abolish all distinctions of sex in matters of education: they clamor for full recognition of intellectual identity: they desire to increase and strengthen the connection between women and the Universities. But there is a fatal flaw in their premiss, namely, that the two sexes are intellectually equal. We need not argue whether the intellectual powers of one sex are superior or inferior to those of the other: though on this point physiologists speak with no un-

certain voice. What we are concerned to notice, and what we have a right to insist upon, is that those powers are *different* in the two sexes. This is not merely the belief of the old-fashioned Conservative, it is the pronounced dogma of the most advanced evolutionist, from Darwin himself onward. It is admitted by at least one of the foremost leaders among women themselves, who says: "No one of those who care most for the woman's movement cares one jot to maintain that men's brains and women's brains are exactly alike or exactly equal."

But if we grant that the intellectual powers are different it follows as a natural, if not a necessary, corollary that the lines of development and the modes of education should be different. The wise and weighty words of one of the most ardent champions of women's education—the late Mr. Romanes—well deserve our consideration. "With advancing civilization," he writes, "the theoretical equality of the sexes becomes more and more a matter of general recognition, but the natural inequality continues to be forced upon the observation of the public mind, and chiefly on this account—although, doubtless, also on account of traditional usage—the education of women continues to be as a general rule widely different from that of men. . . . In this practical judgment I believe public opinion to be right. I am, of course, aware that there is a small section of the public—composed for the most part of persons who are not accustomed to the philosophical analysis of facts—which argues that the conspicuous absence of women in the field of intellectual work is due to the artificial restraint imposed upon them by all the traditional forms of education; that if we could suddenly make a leap of progress in this respect, and allow women everywhere to compete on fair and equal terms with men, then under these altered circumstances of social life women would prove themselves the intellectual compeers of men. But the answer to this argument is almost painfully obvious." And he adds:—"The so-called woman's movement is destined to grow. What we have now to do is to guide the flood into what seem

likely to prove the most beneficial channels. What are these channels? Of all the pricks against which it is hard to kick the hardest are those which are presented by nature in the form of facts. Therefore, we may begin by wholly disregarding those short-sighted enthusiasts who seek to overcome the natural and fundamental distinction of sex. No amount of female education can ever do this, nor is it desirable that it should. . . . The idea underlying the utterances of these enthusiasts seems to be that the qualities wherein the male mind excels that of the female are *sui generis* the most exalted of human faculties. Now, is not this a radically mistaken view? . . . The channels into which I should like to see the higher education of women directed are not those which run straight athwart the mental differences between men and women. If we attempt to disregard them, or try artificially to make of woman an unnatural copy of man, we are certain to fail, and to turn out as our result a sorry and disappointed creature who is neither the one thing nor the other. But if, without expecting women as a class to enter into any professional or otherwise foolish rivalry with men, for which as a class they are neither physically nor mentally fitted, we encourage women in every way to obtain for themselves the intrinsic advantages of learning, it is as certain as anything can well be that posterity will bless us for our pains."

Mr. Romanes points out here, in a truly philosophical and masterly way, the regard which ought to be paid to the difference of the sexes in education. And in doing so, he indicates both the good which has been done to women by the ancient Universities, and the possibility of harm. The good is plain: The Universities in allowing women to attend their lectures and to be tested in their examinations did for women what women at the time could not do for themselves, they opened to them stores of knowledge and stimulated their desire for learning. The danger is less plain but it is none the less real. The Universities never undertook to give to women the teaching—much less the education—which is best for women. They accepted no responsibility.

Our course of education, they practically said, is one which has gradually grown up in centuries with a view to the needs of men; it is one which experience leads us to believe is good for men. But we express no opinion as to its being good for women. You ask to share it; you do so entirely on your own responsibility; you may take any part that you think will benefit you; the utmost we can do is to instruct you in the part you choose, and to tell you how you stand with regard to men in that part. But here comes in the danger—that women will be led to think that the line of education proper for men is either the only or the best line for women also, when, as Mr. Romanes shows, it is not.

One powerful objection, therefore, to the step which the University of Cambridge is now asked to take—the conferring upon women titles of degrees identically the same as those conferred upon men—is that it is a step in the wrong direction. It tends and it must inevitably lead to women's education being confined to one groove—identity with men's. We may remark in passing that we have here a danger to men's education as well as women's; a danger by no means to be ignored or minimized. But let us content ourselves at present with considering the women's side only, and asking: Is there no better way? Is there no step which will put us on a safer path and direct women's education to a development which is free from this danger, which is more for their own good and the good of the community?

The establishment of a University for women, and for women only, seems to supply a practical and a satisfactory answer. Such a University would be a recognition of the important principle which Mr. Romanes lays down, that different forms of education are required for the two sexes. It would encourage women to obtain for themselves what it lies in their power to obtain. If, as we are told (though we have taken the liberty of doubting it), the crying need of women at the present moment is for degrees or titles, it would immediately and easily supply the need. But it would do a great deal more than that. To quote the

words of one of the profoundest leaders of modern thought, the Bishop of Durham: "Such a body could deal effectively in the light of gathered experience with the selection and combination of the primary subjects of study for women, with the periods of residence, with the character and distribution of examinations, having due regard to the circumstances of women. Women would have a place on its Council and exercise a responsible influence on its policy. It would animate and control the studies of all the places of the higher education of women. The opportunities for study in the old Universities would remain unchanged. No advantage which is enjoyed by women at present, so far as I can see, would be lost, and effective care would be taken to provide for the development of their education with a view to their requirements. . . . If the scheme of the Syndicate is accepted, it will probably be a fatal obstacle to the establishment of a University for women; and from this alone can we hope for a complete and adequate solution of the many problems offered by the higher education of women."

But we are told there is a practical difficulty: women do not desire, and will not accept, any University of their own: therefore, the idea is impracticable, and it is no use talking about it. There is something in this objection, but not so much as may at first appear. Few people desire to force a women's University upon women so long as they are determined not to have it. But how long will that determination remain? If women are led to believe that they can by importunity and renewed demands get all that they wish from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Dublin, they will natu-

rally prefer that to starting a new University of their own. And that is one reason why the proposals now before the University of Cambridge, small as they may seem in themselves, are so full of harm. But when once women are convinced that they can get no more from without, we give them credit for the wisdom of seeing and trying what they can do for themselves. The existing Colleges for women form a fair, though not a perfect, analogy. If, some years ago, there had been even a remote prospect that the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, with all their endowments and prizes, would be thrown open to women, is it likely that the women's Colleges would have been founded? If women could have entered Balliol and Christchurch, Trinity and St. John's, should we ever have seen Somerville and Lady Margaret, Girton and Newnham? If women delight, as they now do, in women's Colleges, may they not some day welcome with eagerness a women's University?

But when will the time be ripe for its realization? Not immediately, perhaps; but possibly—if wrong steps be not taken and wrong expectations be not encouraged—at no very distant date. The idea of a women's University has already gained considerable ground. It has got beyond the stage of being treated as an impossibility: it has almost got beyond the stage of being ridiculed. It numbers among its friends some of the most prominent and thoughtful leaders of education. It were a fitting pendant to the reign of a Sovereign who has done so much for the welfare of her people and of her sex. And, whether it come soon or slowly, it seems by far the best solution of the existing problem.—*New Review*.

EVOLUTION AND THE AMATEUR NATURALIST.

BY LOUIS ROBINSON.

THE sun has risen over the great eastern plain that now constitutes the German Ocean. From his dwelling-place, consisting of a riverside cave, the entrance of which is screened by

roughly interlaced branches, strides one of our ancestors of the early stone age. He is a brawny, hirsute savage, hard-featured and ruddy like a modern tramp, with his face and naked

limbs stippled over with tattoo-marks. His dress, such as it is, is made of skins of the deer and wildcat, and is drawn together by a belt holding a flint axe. In his hand is his bow, and hanging behind his left shoulder a rough quiver of flint-tipped arrows. After a keen look at the sky and up and down the valley, he moves stealthily away among the bracken and brambles toward a spot where the spotted deer of the forest are wont to drink at the stream. As he steps silently along, his eyes and ears are alert for the least indication of the presence of prey or of dangerous neighbors. A hundred facts have already been observed and commented upon (although perhaps unconsciously) before he arrives at the river-bank. He has, in fact, during this short "journey to business" been reading his morning paper, including the Weather Forecast, the News of the Night, and the State of the Markets as they affect his own special calling. As is the case with most of us when we read our modern newspapers, many of the items displayed before his eyes do not awake any interest. For instance, the varnished petals of the buttercups which reflect the golden sunlight are there to catch the attention of the wild bees, which are already fussing around them. Such advertisements do not concern him at all, and he does not trouble himself about them any more than we trouble ourselves about the wants of people with whom we have no points of contact. As he nears the trampled spot where the thirsty herds approach the water he hears the shrill cackle of a blackbird away in the forest some hundred paces beyond the deer-path, and the screech of a jay accompanied by the warning "pink pink" of a pair of chaffinches coming from a spot nearer to him. Instantly he slips behind the bole of a tree, and stands motionless and alert with an arrow upon the string, for he has received sure intelligence that some beast of prey is prowling near, and it is necessary that he should gain the fullest information before proceeding. As he stands there, still as the tree-trunks about him, do you imagine that his mind (although the nearest alphabet is fifty thousand years off in the future)

is sluggish or inactive? It would be well for us if we could bring such keen and apposite thoughts to bear upon our avocations whenever we wished as those which are now coursing through his brain! A dozen different theories, suggested by the signs, are being sifted with lightning rapidity and with masterly discretion by the machinery inside of that rugged, weather-beaten head. At the same moment every faculty is keenly astretch for further information which may aid in the conclusion he must come to before he stirs hand or foot. Is it merely a belated fox slinking home to his earth in the oak-grove? He knows that fox well, and all his kindred within an area of several square miles. Or is some larger and more terrible beast, some huge brindled *machairodus*, or cave-bear, prowling among the woods in front of him? Within a few minutes while he stands there, scarcely moving an eyelid, he has received news enough from the disturbed birds and beasts in the valley to fill a column in the "Times." By comparing the different notes of alarm which reach his ears he learns at length that there are two sources of provocation afoot: one is comparatively near to him, and is merely a fox or wildcat, he cannot tell which—for the chaffinches and the jays have the same name for both; but the other, where first he heard the blackbird's vehement outcry, is a larger beast, which, from the shifting cries of protest, seems passing slowly down the river-bank. As far as he can judge, considering its beat and the time of day, it is a sabretoothed tiger on the prowl for deer. These conclusions have been come to, not only through the gathering of innumerable facts, but by means of elaborate logical processes, and a power of judging the comparative value of evidence which would do credit to a modern Lord Chancellor.

At length he cautiously moves forward and comes upon the slot of the antlered herd. A glance tells him that they have been startled before reaching the brook, and have made their way at headlong speed back into the forest. Further scrutiny of the ground reveals the fact that a huge *machairodus* has leaped from behind a

bush, has clawed the flank of one deer without seizing it, and after galloping clumsily some twenty yards after the herd, has given up the pursuit, and turned down the river-bank in the direction from whence came the black-bird's shriek of warning. The keen eyes of the savage wander over the ground in search of one further piece of evidence of the utmost importance. At length he sees where the hoof of a flying hind has displaced a pebble. Bending down and shading his eyes from the dazzling sunlight, he examines the damp surface of the stone intently; and when he rises, ten seconds later, he could tell you, if you were to ask him, that the events recorded in the writing on the ground happened almost exactly half an hour before he arrived at the spot! If he were ready to reveal his methods you would probably learn that in making this calculation he took account of the temperature of the air, the direction of the wind, the character of the pebble and of the soil in which it had lain embedded. Plainly such problems could not be solved with success without an immense and most accurate knowledge of natural phenomena, an alert imagination, and logical ability of no mean order.

We will now wish him "good hunting," and return across the centuries. For, although it would be very interesting to accompany him on his day's round and watch his method of getting a living, we have "other fish to fry;" and having, I think, captured what we want for the purpose during our early excursion, we will no longer embarrass our archaic progenitor with our clumsy civilized ways.

Whether or no this imaginary family portrait is correct in its details, I think we may be tolerably positive as regards one particular. It was an invariable and essential mental habit with him not only to gather facts, but to read their meaning, both immediate and remote. Now if we are justified in ascribing the delight which the study of natural history gives to the fact that, when we are engaged in such pursuits, we are obeying an inherent impulse derived from our innumerable hunting ancestors, it follows that the more

closely such primitive instincts are obeyed the more enjoyment will the naturalist be likely to get from his pursuits. If, in addition to merely collecting specimens and classifying them, we are able, like our skin-clad forefathers, *to regard each item as part of an argument or a narrative*, we shall reawaken more fully the keen delight in outdoor pursuits which was the daily portion of the savage.

Now this is exactly what Darwinism has enabled us to do. Even if we are among those who go no further than did most of the older naturalists, and content ourselves with merely observing and recording, our pursuits gain infinitely in zest. For the most trivial scrap of knowledge, which at one time would only have been one more item added to the chaotic dust-heap of useless lore, may now turn out to be a diamond beyond price. Many times of late years has some small and apparently valueless discovery enabled the man of science to establish some widely reaching law. No single character in the book of Nature is without its meaning, and even when the key to her cipher is not yet in our hands, the astonishing progress which has been made during a single generation makes it probable that we have only to wait and to labor awhile longer to be able to read the wondrous tale. Darwinism has done more in this way for the naturalist than the spectroscope has done for the astronomer, or the discovery of the cuneiform alphabet for the archæologist. As yet we are only stumbling among the elements of the new method, but already it is often possible, by exercising our reasoning faculty and our knowledge of natural laws when observing the most commonplace phenomena, to see in them a revelation of the past which was utterly beyond the reach of our fathers.

Yet it must never be forgotten that if our attempts to interpret Nature's hieroglyphics are not based upon extensive and accurate knowledge, we shall run the same risk of coming to wrong conclusions, as would the savage if he were not thoroughly versed in all phases of his wild surroundings. It is necessary to keep a constant check upon the innate propensity to draw in-

ferences from whatever we see or think we see. One finds that this habit of the human mind is curiously automatic: for constantly when we are in a "brown study," and even when we are asleep, we find that attempts are being made, although often of a vague and fatuous kind, to give reasons for what chances to be occupying the attention. The fact that this habit is universal among mankind, and that it is also innate and automatic, asserts its extreme antiquity. Probably in it we find the actual merging point of instinct and reason. Like many other mental and moral attributes which have come down to us from the remote past, it is liable to get us into grave trouble if not controlled by the most vigilant discipline. Regarded in the light of a very raw recruit, with Logic—that stern martinet of the Intelligence Department—ever at its elbow, it is still capable of rendering useful service.

The danger which besets us in accepting any plausible explanation of phenomena without subjecting it to the most searching criticism is not death or wounds, as in the case of a primitive hunter who formed a hasty and erroneous judgment, but it is one which will certainly kill or cripple us as naturalists.

Self-contradictory as the statement may appear, what is common and obvious is often much more mysterious and wonderful than what is rare. We are so in the habit of taking circumstances in our everyday surroundings for granted, that a very great deal entirely escapes notice which offers most fruitful ground for research. Do we not constantly see, when some great invention or discovery is announced, that the thing has all the time been almost before our eyes, and that it is of the most ridiculously simple character? Within the last few years many of us learned with astonishment that air contained a new element in addition to nitrogen and oxygen. Yet for generations hundreds of able chemists have not only been breathing air, but have been continually working upon it in their laboratories. And furthermore, when the facts and methods which led to the discovery of argon were an-

nounced, it seemed astonishing to every student of chemistry that since the time when Cavendish first drew attention to "residual nitrogen" not one of these experimenters had apprehended a truth which was all but naked before his eyes. Although in the year 1777 Gilbert White drew attention to the remarkable influence of earthworms in "boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and in throwing up such infinite number of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which is a fine manure for grain and grass," and although he said, furthermore, "A good Monograph of Worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open to a new and large field on natural history," it was not until more than a century had elapsed that Darwin's work on "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms" was published. Yet all the time, in every field, abundant evidence of the influence of worms was displayed before the eyes of naturalists in the shape of hundreds of tons of earth raised to the surface in the form of worm-casts.

I make bold to say that, in like manner, most of the future discoveries of great moment to the naturalist will be made, not in the remote and minute ramifications of science such as are occupying the attention of so many of our learned investigators, but among the every-day phenomena which are open to the eyes of all. It is in this truth (for truth is scarcely too strong a word when all past experience declares and confirms the rule) that the hope of the amateur naturalist lies.

In spite of the immense stimulus which Darwinism has given to the study of natural history, I am afraid that hitherto it has proved rather a stumbling-block than a help to a large number of people who take an interest in such pursuits.

Most of these belong to the class who take up some branch of natural history as a hobby for leisure hours. One hardly likes to speak of such students as amateurs, for the term generally savors of contempt when used in connection with the arts or sciences. We owe so much to observers, from Gilbert White downward, to whom the

study of animated nature has been chiefly a source of recreation, that it would be a great mistake either to hold their work cheap or to make their way needlessly difficult. When, therefore, the word "amateur" occurs in this article, it is merely employed to distinguish naturalists of this order from those who have adopted the study of natural science as a profession.

To a certain extent the untoward effect of the new doctrine on many of the older order of naturalists was inevitable. Our ideas concerning nature have been so revolutionized during the last generation, that one can hardly expect mature students to find themselves at home in their novel environment; while any attempts to patch the new doctrines on to the damaged remnants of the old was like putting new cloth in an old garment. Although, as I shall point out later, the amateurs have themselves to blame to a certain extent, their hindrances have come largely from outside.

In some directions the same fate seems to have overtaken the pursuits of the naturalist which in these strenuous days has overtaken various popular sports. Professionalism has seized them for its own, and has established methods and standards which are beyond the reach of any but the professional. The impetus given by the new doctrine has not only greatly multiplied the number of earnest professional workers, but it has also increased the mass of our knowledge to such an extent that no little perseverance is necessary to enable a beginner to master the initial details of any branch of natural history in which he hopes to excel. It is one thing to cull fresh knowledge in the open fields, but it is quite another, and requires sterner stuff than a spirit of dilettanteism, to wrestle with dry bones and technicalities in a stuffy library or museum. Again, the increased energy given to research is rapidly using up a great deal of the material upon which our fathers busied themselves. Their happy hunting-grounds have been surveyed, mapped, and annexed by the speculative professor, and the fauna and flora thereon catalogued with a business-like precision which would do credit to an auc-

tioner. The naturalist who is content with merely collecting and classifying natural objects now finds that he must go very far afield if he is to be more than an imitator of other men's labors.

Furthermore, it must, I fear, be admitted that some things, which are not roses, have been strewn in the path of the amateur naturalist by certain of his professional associates. This was probably more true ten years ago than it is to-day, and it is to be hoped that advancing civilization will remove such causes of offence. But any one who has studied the habits of that uncompromising vertebrate the Learned Official when he deigns to mix with common folk at British Association meetings and elsewhere, will probably have observed that certain members of the order treat their less exalted fellow-workers with a somewhat disdainful patronage. Doubtless this is partly due to a temporary combination of youthfulness and authority among some of the leaders of the new movement, which has resulted from rapid progress. But there seems also a tendency on the part of a larger number of professional naturalists to assume *quasi*-manorial rights in certain regions of Nature's kingdom. It is apparently a natural law that wherever the members of a corporation become the licensed exponents of a subject, whether it be divinity, natural science, or what you will, they develop the spirit of the custodian, if not of the proprietor, and tend to regard all others who meddle with it with a certain amount of jealousy.

But it will be a disastrous day for science if natural history ever becomes a close preserve of specialists and professors. For a brief review of the progress of knowledge in this direction shows that many of the most important discoveries have been made by the despised amateur. Furthermore, it is from the ranks of these enthusiastic volunteers that by far the best material in the great army of regulars is recruited. The true naturalist, like the poet, is born, not made. No amount of scholastic hammering, or Government patronage, or societies for the organization of research, can evolve a Cuvier or a Darwin.

Yet if it be true that the old-fashioned amateur is trending toward extinction, he has chiefly himself to thank. Should he fail to adapt himself to his changed environment, he must go the way of all flesh which has proved its unfitness in the struggle for existence. His weakest point hitherto has been his lack of versatility. We shall find the cause of many failures in attempts to apply the principles of Darwinism in this want of power to accord with new conditions. In some cases it is evident that efforts to keep pace with the times have ended in confusion because there has been an attempt to pile new bricks upon an old and sapped foundation. In many others failure has resulted because the knowledge of evolutionary laws has been merely theoretical and superficial. There has been an immense amount of literature upon the subject of Darwinism poured out during the last thirty years, much of it of a very speculative and evanescent character. One can hardly wonder, therefore, if many students are somewhat bewildered as a result of trying to inform themselves from such sources. If the amateur naturalist is to profit by the new doctrine his information must be thorough and based upon experience, even although it may not be extensive. When we are going to make use of knowledge for some practical purpose, we generally find that it is necessary to have a much more thorough grip of our subject than can be gained from studying verbal statements and formulæ. It is often absolutely impossible to obtain from books the kind of knowledge which is demanded in practice. What traveller about to undertake an expedition in which a knowledge of horsemanship or cycling was necessary could expect to reach his goal if he contented himself with reading exhaustive treatises on these arts? The very act of walking, which we deem so simple, would, if taught in an abstract and academic way, tax the faculties of a Newton or a Kelvin.

But if there are a good many amateur naturalists whose knowledge of evolution is too imperfect to be of any practical value, there are probably still more who may be said to possess none

at all. If any one doubts this statement, let him commence a discussion on Darwinism with any average schoolboy, sportsman, or country parson, and it will meet with abundant support. I mention these three classes because from them, probably more than from any others one can name, are drawn the people who make a hobby of some branch of natural history. The failure of the schoolboy is owing partly to the inveterate conservatism of our educational methods, and partly to the slovenly way in which science is still taught in schools. To the sportsman, as a rule, reading is uncongenial; and books bristling with new and technical terms and full of half-digested theories are an abomination. As to the average country parson, he still seems to think not only that the Darwinian Theory is a disputable doctrine, but that, unless filtered and diluted by ecclesiastical wisdom, it smacks of infidelity.

By-and-by, when doctrines which are still novel to most people (although forty years old, and to many of us as much a matter of course as the laws of gravitation) find a place in the elements of knowledge absorbed by every youth, we may expect most of these difficulties to disappear. But in the meantime they may be depriving us of some second Gilbert White, who from his country parsonage might send us news of a thousand delightful and invaluable facts which would be beyond the reach of any but a cultured observer who lives among the fields and woods.

For the latter-day Gilbert White must be an evolutionist down to the tips of his toes. The Darwinian way must be as familiar to him as the footpath from his rectory to his church. His very spectacles must be tinged with the doctrine, and his mind must employ its methods as easily as his lungs breathe the air. There is every reason to hope that the future will bring us seers of this type, and it is with the desire that I may in some slight measure hasten their advent that I here invite attention to the light which Darwinism throws upon the everyday world about us.

It will be a good way to show how wonderfully the amateur student may

gain both in pleasure and knowledge from the new philosophy—and at the same time will be consistent with the methods I am recommending—if we briefly discuss some points in the natural history of the naturalist himself. Undoubtedly his passion for outdoor life, and for watching and recording natural phenomena, dates back to the time when the existence of our forefathers depended upon success in hunting. We are all of us aware that only a few thousand years ago the ancestors of the modern European and American had only reached a stage of culture still found among savages which depend entirely upon the chase. Plentiful evidences are discovered in limestone caves, in the banks of ancient rivers, and in the shell-mounds around the Danish coast, that prehistoric Europeans lived almost precisely the life now lived by the Fuegians or the Australian blacks. But few of us, I imagine, have realized the enormous length of the epoch throughout which this stage of utter savagery lasted. It is utterly impossible to measure its length in years. Probably it would be no exaggeration to say that if you took the last line of this article as representing the era of civilization, you might take all the other lines as representing, in equal proportion, different stages of the epoch of pristine savagery. Now since man had to live by the chase, and by the chase only, throughout the greater part of this period, it is no wonder that all his faculties of mind and body became moulded to the environment of the hunter. To such primitive savages the habits of taking note of everything around them, and of drawing conclusions from what they observed, were as essential from a strictly business point of view as are any modern habits which lead to commercial success. Indeed they were even more so, for nowadays if one becomes bankrupt there are many mitigating circumstances; but in prehistoric times there were no poor laws or charities, and failure in business meant extinction. Even the miscarriage of a single enterprise, such as the throwing of a spear at a cave-bear or a bison, often involved a death-penalty.

We owe our instinctive liking and

aptitude for naturalizing in the open air to the fact that the practical study of natural history was at one time of saving value to our race. Not only did such accomplishments stave off imminent death—as when the recognition of a footprint or a faint sound in the forest told of the presence of some terrible enemy—but they acted surely if slowly in many other ways to the advantage of their possessor. Among the Esquimaux the hunter who could be depended upon to bring home his seal at the end of a day's business on the ice-floe could not only have the pick of the girls in marriage, but gained other privileges which tend to make a family prosperous.

Now let us inquire somewhat more in detail as to the faculties which every savage hunter must possess in order to be successful. First of all he must have a general knowledge of natural phenomena, accurate and inconceivably extensive; so that, when he is afield, every item among his innumerable surroundings is so familiar that the least unusual circumstance at once arrests his attention. Next he must have acquired, in addition to his general knowledge, a complete mastery of the complex arts of tracking and stalking, so that he may approach near enough to his wary game for his rude weapons to take effect. If we go no further than this we find that the untutored savage in his native wilds almost comes up to that formula which defines culture as "knowing something of everything and everything of something." But other gifts are required beyond mere knowledge and skill. There must be an infinite capacity for taking pains (which has been given as a definition of genius), and also, and above all, there must be a power to reason accurately from the facts observed. I think that many people who have spoken with contempt of the mental capacity of the Bosjesman and the Black Fellow can never have estimated the mental resources required for ordinary "spooring." Each minute item of evidence—often so faint that civilized senses can no more apprehend it than the unassisted eye can detect the microbes in a drop of water—has not only to be observed but to be

weighed, and given its exact value in a long and intricate argument.

If I may be allowed to digress from the "spoor" of our present argument for a moment, I should like to point out what seems to have been one exceedingly important factor in the development of the human intellect. On a future occasion* I shall discuss, in comparing a man's mental processes with a dog's, the probable psychic effect of the comparative size of the *olfactory lobe*. I mean by the olfactory lobe that part of the brain—so remarkably developed in the *Canidæ*—which receives impressions from the nerves of smell.

Now, why has man no olfactory lobe to speak of? And what may possibly be the outcome of the deficiency? The answer to the first question is, that man's progenitors were fruit-eating creatures which lived in trees. Now, a frugivorous animal obviously does not need a keen power of scent for detecting and following prey. It usually discovers its food by means of the eye, and one finds that Nature has adapted herself to this state of things by making most fruits of conspicuous colors. Although this may partly explain why man and all the apes have the organ of smell so very slightly developed, it is plain that hereditary vegetarianism will not fully account for their olfactory poverty. For we find that very many graminivorous animals—such as antelopes, deer, wild horses, and wild cattle—have an exceedingly acute power of scent, and can detect the approach of an invisible enemy at several hundred yards' distance. But a little thought will show that the life of a creature living high in the trees is never threatened by a foe approaching stealthily from afar off, and hence such a means of protection is unnecessary. And, moreover, in such a situation this sense would be very untrustworthy, for air among the tree-tops moves in

eddies and veering gusts, owing to the continual obstructions it meets with, and hence would not tell the direction from which the taint of danger came. Now, when man left his trees and his vegetarianism behind him, and became an amateur carnivore, there was this great distinction between him and the predatory beasts whose habits he was imitating—viz., that whereas the latter were able both to detect and to follow their quarry by scent, he found his nose practically of no use as an aid to a living. Had he developed, during his early earth-walking career, olfactory powers anything like equal to those of the dog, I make bold to say that "Maga" would have neither readers nor contributors, and that most of us, if we were now existing, would be getting our livings by sniffing for roots and grubs like a badger, or by yelping along a trail like a pack of jackals! Because, happily, he could not profitably follow his nose, primitive man was obliged to exercise his wits. Where the dog or the wolf gallops blindly and without thought along the tainted line left by the feet of his quarry, the primeval hunter had, from the first, not only to learn to notice each displaced twig, or shifted stone, or shaken dew-drop, but had also—from these and a thousand other data—to infer what had passed that way, when it had passed, and often, in the case of one wounded animal in a herd, *how* it had passed, and whether it were sufficiently disabled to make pursuit a profitable speculation. As far as I can see, this faculty, engendered and necessitated by olfactory shortcomings, formed the basis of much of our vaunted reasoning power.

When we analyze not only the hobby of the naturalist but almost any other form of pastime, we find that it is founded upon certain primitive tastes or instincts which we possess in common with the uncivilized races. Civilized man when at play always reverts somewhat toward the condition of the savage.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

*Wild Traits in Tame Animals (shortly to be published by W. Blackwood & Sons).

THE LIVING EARTH.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

SCIENCE is a terrible radical. It is one of its chief functions to be always upsetting our most cherished convictions. It delights in paradoxes. If the plain man sees for himself that the sun goes round the earth, rising and setting daily, some meddlesome Copernicus or some argumentative Galileo is sure to intervene with his absurd suggestion that the earth, on the contrary, goes round the sun, clean against the evidence of the plain man's senses. So in our own day, the plain man knows well that all living things must sooner or later die, and that death is naturally and necessarily followed by decomposition. And then, in steps some intrusive Paul Pry of a Weismann, to assure him that all organisms do *not* inevitably die—that some of them are and must be immortal and eternal; or some bacteriological faddist to assert uncompromisingly that death is not by nature succeeded by decomposition, but that all dead bodies, if left to themselves, and uneaten by other species, remain forever, like King Oswald's right hand, "pure and uncorrupted." In short, it is the paradoxical opinion of modern science that hardly anything dies unless something else kills it; and that nothing at all decays unless something else eats it.

All these doctrines are by this time, no doubt, familiar truths of science to those who have followed its most recent investigations; and not a few of them are known in a more or less vague form even to that apocryphal creature, the General Reader. But they have been involved for the most part in so much technical phraseology, and mixed up with so much biological dispute as to matters of detail, that the General Reader has hardly been permitted the chance of understanding their drift in his own dialect. I propose, therefore, in the present paper, to set forth very briefly, and in quite popular language, the chief results of modern investigation in this curious field, with only just such necessary simplification as is required for easy comprehension of the

subject; and I will admit beforehand that my treatment will be, so to speak, diagrammatic—that is to say, in order to fix attention on the main results, I shall glide very lightly over many of the more obscure or specialist details. I am going to show, in the first place, that dying is merely a bad habit which certain races have acquired; and, in the second place, that decay is merely one phase of life under another of its manifold kaleidoscopic disguises.

The plain man knows, of course, that every plant or animal lives for a longer or shorter term of life, and then dies "a natural death," unless previously destroyed by some forcible agency. He knows, also, that such "natural" lifetimes vary in length; that some plants, like wheat and peas, are always annuals, and that some, like the oak, the banyan, and the yew, are many times over centenarians. He is aware, in like manner, that the green-flies on roses are just as much annuals as the poppies or the cornflowers; while the elephant and the rook are longer-lived than humanity. But sooner or later, he takes it for granted, every plant and every animal must reach the end of its tether; and then, it must die and decay like the rook and the elephant, or rot at heart like the yew tree in the churchyard. Weismann was the first of our biologists to point out that this supposed invariability of mortality was only apparent; that certain classes of plants and animals are really immortal. Very simple organisms, which consist of one cell alone, go on growing up to a certain point, and then divide or split themselves into two. Each half thereupon proceeds to feed and grow once more, until, when it reaches its limit of size, it again divides into a couple more organisms. I put this diagrammatically, because sometimes the original body splits up, not into two, but into several, and there are various minor details in the mode of their division which can only be apprehended by the use of illustrations. But in the main,

the generalized truth is this : very simple organisms never die a natural death at all ; they go on forever, growing and dividing, growing and dividing, without ever getting old or losing their prime vigor. It is true such organisms may now and then be killed by accident, such as burning, freezing, or being devoured by others. But, as a rule, the chain of division and subdivision continues forever, each half of the divided mass being equally parent and offspring, equally old and young, without invidious distinction. The continuity of the protoplasm is never once broken.

How, then, from the strictly physical point of view, did death come into the world, other than death by accident? How did "growing old" become a fact in nature? Simply by the advance of animals and plants from the one-celled and simple to the many-celled and complex condition. In very early or primitive stages of life, where organisms only split, there is really no such thing as distinct parentage ; in more advanced stages, the original organism does not divide ; it merely gives off small offshoots or buds—call them eggs, or germs, or seeds as you will—and continues its own life quite separate from its offspring. Under these circumstances it is only the race that persists ; the individual, having specialized various parts for various functions, loses thereby that plasticity, that fulness of vitality all over, that simple protoplasmic activity which characterizes the more primitive plant or animal ; he gets gradually clogged by effete or outworn matter. Even very low organisms sometimes feel this difficulty, but they get over it by a curious process known as rejuvenescence—ah ! why did we ever lose it?—a process in which the body sloughs off at one effort all its hardened coverings, and emerges afresh as young and vigorous protoplasm. But more complex organisms cannot thus, alas ! renew their youth ; they cannot divest themselves of old bones or wood. Little by little they get clogged by dead matter or by foreign bodies ; their organs wear out beyond the possibility of repair ; and if no accident intervenes to kill them meanwhile, they die at last "a natural

death"—a death of senile decay, as medical science calls it.

At the same time we must always remember that *no* death except that of senile decay, where the clogged and overworked organs refuse slowly to function, can in the strictest sense be described as natural. To be killed in a railway accident is clearly not a natural death in this sense ; nor is it natural death to be eaten by a bear, or to be devoured piecemeal by ants, vermin, or insects. Therefore, no more is death by typhoid, yellow fever, or consumption natural. For we now know that in these cases the body is attacked by hostile little organisms which just as truly eat it up by degrees as a wolf or a swarm of tropical insects could do ; and this analogy is important to bear in mind hereafter as explaining decomposition. We may say, in short, of the living organism, that under normal circumstances it goes on living and reproducing itself forever ; *except* when it is so complex that it becomes liable to get gradually clogged and worn out by use ; in which last case, again, it goes on normally living till it ceases from activity through senile decay ; *unless* it is previously destroyed by crushing, breaking, burning, or freezing, or by the attacks of other kinds, large, small, or infinitesimal. Or, to put it in another way, simple organisms as a rule live forever, bar accidents. Complex organisms as a rule live till they die of old age in the strictest sense, unless they are prematurely destroyed either by accidents in general, or by being eaten up by others ; and these others may be either large foes of the species, such as lions, tigers, eagles, hawks, and locusts ; or small foes, such as internal parasites ; or infinitesimal foes, such as the bacilli of cholera, typhoid fever, or the diseases of cattle. Incidentally, I may add, a vastly larger number of organisms are thus devoured by one another, great or small, than ever die of senile decay or natural dissolution. To be killed by violence is the rule ; to "stop short," like grandfather's clock, is normal but unusual.

These instances lead us naturally up to the second class of cases, where an organic body, already killed or dead, is

equally devoured by other organisms. The general rule is that an organic body, left quite to itself, retains (or would retain) its form and organization for an indefinite period, unless forcibly dismembered. Bar accident or interference, the dead body is practically eternal. If the temperature is low, say below freezing-point, it will remain fresh forever, like the Swiss guide who was lost in a glacier, and whose corpse was recovered many years later from the lower end of the glacier when the girl he was to have married was an old woman. She saw his face, the face of a young and full-blooded man, as she had seen it fifty years earlier. Still more striking is the instance of the Siberian mammoths (engulfed in the glacial period), which are sometimes melted entire out of the frozen moss of the tundra, so fresh that the wolves attack and eat them. In very dry climates, on the other hand, the body may be desiccated; it becomes a mummy, but it does not tend to decay. Naturally and normally, there is no such thing as putrefaction: I mean, decay is not a necessary chemical process in dead organisms; no body is destroyed, roughly speaking, unless something else attacks and eats it.

The living animal, great or small, may be assailed by wolves, hawks, insects, spiders, and other carnivorous enemies. Just similarly the dead body may be assailed by jackals, vultures, worms, fly-grubs, burying beetles, mites, moulds, mildews, and other carrion-feeders. Once more, the living body may be attacked by small vermin. Just similarly the dead body may be attacked by ants or worms, or endless tribes of minute scavengers. Or again, the living body may be attacked by the very tiny enemies which give rise to silkworm disease or rinderpest, to plague or diphtheria, as the case may be. Just similarly, the dead body may be attacked by the bacteria of decomposition, which eat it up as truly as the vultures and the jackals, the crows and the ravens. There is just this difference, however, between the two cases; the living body, if sound and vigorous, can often protect itself against the wolf or the tiger; the living tissue, if wholesome, can often protect itself against

the bacilli of disease; but the dead body cannot war against the vulture or the carrion-crow; the dead tissue cannot fight down the bacteria of decomposition. Hence, while many living bodies go on living for years together, few dead bodies, freely exposed in warm moist air to the attacks of foes, long resist the assaults of the various disintegrating agents. Still, the great point to remember is simply this—no dead body tends to decay unless some living body attacks and devours it.

A great many proofs, now more or less familiar to most people, show quite clearly that the decay of animal or vegetable matter is not a simple chemical change, inevitable in the nature of things, but a violent interference with the natural course on the part of hostile organisms. The bacteria which produce decomposition are very minute plants, which grow, like mushrooms or moulds, upon organic matter, and which reproduce their like with incredible rapidity. Tyndall showed long ago that the spores of these plants exist in myriads in the air, floating everywhere around us; that they occupy all crannies and empty places on the surface of the earth, and that they swarm in their millions in all ponds and puddles. An easy way of proving that these spores alone, and the plant-colonies which spring from them, are the cause of putrefaction, may be obtained by boiling beef-tea in a test-tube, so as to kill the bacteria, and then, while the liquid is still steaming, closing up the mouth of the tube with a plug of cotton-wool, which admits the air but strains out the germs of the putrefactive organisms. Under these conditions, the beef-tea will keep good for years; but if you remove the plug, it will begin at once to putrefy.

Boiling kills the germs, freezing only checks them; as soon as warmth returns they go on growing vigorously. Drying also prevents immediate development, but after a short period of damping the spores will grow again as well as ever. We must therefore regard the whole surface of the earth as covered for many feet of thickness with a solid, liquid, and gaseous envelope of living things, actual or potential—plants and animals or eggs and

spores—which cold or desert drought may succeed in checking, but which will germinate and flourish in untold millions as soon as they are supplied with warmth and moisture. An ocean of life surrounds the face of our planet; it forms an atmosphere round all hills and valleys and mountains; it penetrates the soil and fills up all interstices in the rocks and gravels. As the visible vegetation of trees, shrubs, and grasses clothes the fertile surface, so an invisible vegetation and an invisible fauna occupy the lower levels of the air, together with the land and the water, over the vastly greater part of the earth's surface. The few exceptions are the polar regions, the glacier-clad heights, and the driest deserts; while even these themselves may be regarded as temporary and relative rather than as permanent and absolute.

But the particular point on which I wish to lay stress here is the modern discovery that the soil itself—the layer of soft mould which clothes the surface of the earth in all cultivable districts and from which vegetation springs—is actually in great part a living layer, a confused mass of tiny plants and animals. We think of the soil as dead, as mere mineral matter; and, of course, it is true that its substratum is composed of the worn *débris* of rocks, and that many grains of sand, which look under a lens like miniature rocks and boulders, are freely scattered through its vital portion. Still, the truth remains that the soil as a whole, and especially that part of it which is of importance to agriculture and to plant life in general, consists of a vast complex of living organisms—a huge ant-heap, so to speak; a subterranean forest of moulds and mildews. It is made up for the most part of matter which has once been alive and is now more or less dead, yet minutely interramified and devoured by countless myriads of small carrion-eating plants and tiny animals. In short, while the air is an ocean of floating germs, each inch of soil is a perfect London of microscopic organisms.

How soils originate is not quite entirely a matter of conjecture. We know that when new islands are thrown up by volcanic forces the first thin

layer of inorganic soil is formed upon the bare rock by disintegration of the surface, under the influence of rain, wind, and friction. On the original basis thus produced lichens, and then mosses, begin to grow, as they do also on the bare red tiles of our house-tops. After the mosses decay and form an imperceptible layer of vegetable mould, the larger-leaved green plants find a chance of gaining a livelihood. These, by their roots and suckers, still further break up and open the rock for weathering and disintegration, and so pave the way for the accumulation of more soil in future. But it is the decayed and mouldering leaves of higher plants that really compose the mass of the soil, properly so called; without them we get, not mould, but the dry sand of the desert. Our planet as it stands is covered over a large part of its land-surface by this thick black layer of ground rock, intermixed with decomposed or decomposing vegetation, intricately pervaded and fed upon in every direction by innumerable small organisms, mostly fungoid or bacteria-like.

It was Gilbert White, of Selborne, who first of all pointed out the importance of earthworms as producers and maintainers of this living layer of vegetable mould. But it was the patient investigations of Darwin which fully established this fact and raised it to the rank of a scientific discovery. Darwin showed that earthworms made long since, and now maintain, a large portion of our cultivable soil, and this in three different manners. In the first place, they open the ground for rain and roots to penetrate, while the acids they secrete act chemically upon the layer of rocks beneath in such a way as slowly to disintegrate them. In the second place, they crush in their gizzards small fragments of stone and thus grind and liberate their mineral elements, such as lime and soda. In the third place—and this is by far the most important consideration—they drag down into their burrows countless numbers of leaves, which they eat and digest, and then carry up the refuse to the surface as worm-castings. No less than 53,000 worms on an average inhabit an acre of garden soil. These

worms pass through their bodies in a year ten tons of material, and throw it up as mould at the rate of an inch deep of surface in every five years. Most of this mould is a rich compost of decayed or decaying leaves in a paste of finely divided minerals; it is mixed up with fragments of other fallen leaves that drop on it from the plants above, and it is permeated by roots, bulbs, and tubers, by countless small animals, and by still more countless hordes of parasitic or carrion-feeding bacteria.

Now, it is admitted since Darwin's time that earthworms are not, perhaps, quite so exclusively the sole origin of this vegetable mould as the great naturalist was at first disposed to believe. Some other causes of considerable importance assist in the process of soil-making. In the prairie region of America, for example, fire has helped largely to produce the surface mould; while everywhere, as Richthofen has pointed out, we cannot afford to overlook the constant showering of dust, a part of which at least is of cosmical origin. Still, allowing for all these various co-operating causes, we may nevertheless say, in a general sense, that the layer of vegetable mould is mainly due (in its most important part) to the decomposition of plants, and that it is stored and renewed for the most part by the action of earthworms and similar underground animals.

Again, I want the reader to observe that this seemingly dead layer of blackish surface soil is not really inert, but is a vast and perennial reservoir of life of every sort. And, in order to make him feel this, to realize it vividly, I will begin as before with the more obvious and visible cases of life in the soil-layer. We saw how the existence of vultures and jackals, of fungi and moulds, helped us to understand the true character and nature of the putrefactive bacteria. Great or small, the carrion-feeders all act in very similar manners. Just so, the number of plants and animals visibly packed together in the surface-soil helps us to understand the living character of the soil itself through which they ramify. Turn up a sod of earth in a pasture in winter, and at first sight it seems to

consist of two well-marked portions, a living and a dead one—the green grass above and the black soil beneath it. But look closer into the mass and what then do you see? A whole network of living beings. Matted roots of grass, just as much alive as the green blades above, spread and interlace themselves through the seemingly dead portion. Bulbs of bulbous buttercup, of orchids, of garlic, lie hidden in it everywhere. Root stocks of plantain, of chervil, of pimpinel, of daisy, are knotted among its clods. Gaze closer still and you will see it is all full of tubers or stocks of lesser weeds, in their dormant condition, all ready to spring afresh at the first breath of April. How the endless bulbs and corms and tap-roots manage to stow themselves away in so small a space is to me a perpetual mystery; in winter you hardly notice the little potato-like pills of the lesser celandine, but in spring the plants cover the ground with their golden blossoms, to be succeeded in due course by the spotted orchid, the buttercups, the centauries, the hawkweeds, and all the countless flowers of July and August. They are packed as tight as sardines in a tin. As for the seeds of small annuals, they lurk there by the thousand; sift out a little of the soil and plant it in a pot and, *hi presto!* to your surprise, weeds will spring from it in incredible numbers. The whole mass teems with dormant germs innumerable.

It is the same with animals. You think of this soil as dead; but it is undermined by rabbits, rats, moles, and lizards. It swarms with invertebrates. Larvæ of tiger beetles lie in wait in its crannies; grubs and worms without end find a living in its hollows. Woodlice and petty snails lurk under every stone; centipedes and wireworms crawl through its interstices; testacella pursues earthworms as the ferret pursues the rat; a whole underground fauna lives and moves and has its being in that seemingly dead congeries. Turn up a handful of earth and examine it with a pocket lens; you will find it alive, like an ant-hill, with endless tiny mites and crawling creatures. Even if we take into consideration only the plants and

animals visible to the naked eye, this soil beneath our feet is one heaving, seething, moving mass of live organisms; it has its jungle-law and its penalties, its feuds and its alliances, its fierce struggle for life and its unspeakable tragedies.

But when we pass from the visible to the invisible world, the variety and fertility are even more conspicuous. Seen by the eye of imagination, with the aid of microscopic science and analogous reasoning, we behold this layer of soil as a thick stratum of small rocky boulders, all embedded in and bound together by a vast living and growing population of organic beings. Cheapside on Lord Mayor's Day, Paris turned out to behold the Czar, are mere petty crowds to it. Rather does it resemble the clustered ball of bees as they swarm on a tree, or the flies and wasps that crawl over one another in a bottle half full of sugar or treacle in a grocer's window. Only, in the soil the variety of species, both of plants and animals, is infinitely greater. Remember that this is the vast storehouse of animal and vegetable life, from which everything came, to which everything returns—the reservoir of organic or organizable material, ever dying, ever dead, ever rising into life again. All that has been goes back to it; all that is comes out of it; all that will be is contained in it. On dry land, I mean, for in the ocean it is water that plays the part of reservoir, while on earth the atmosphere is hardly more than a germ-carrier, or the supporter of a relatively smaller fauna and flora, whose numbers nevertheless cannot be reckoned or estimated by human numeration. The soil is the synthesis of all living material.

Moreover, taking it in a wide sense, it may be said that this living and seething mass is in one main aspect a gigantic theatre of decomposition. Every mouse, rat, bird, lizard, spider, beetle, fly, or midge that dies and falls on it is seized upon at once by other organisms, great or small—worm, grub, or bacterium—and more or less quickly disintegrated. Every leaf, plant, root, or tuber that dies or falls is similarly seized upon by its appropriate foes, and equally transmuted.

Thus, in Milton's famous phrase, "All life dies, death lives," and everything passes again and again through endless cycles of living beings. The organisms in the soil are part of the now ordered balance of nature which has slowly grown up into a settled system through the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest.

Perhaps, however, the strangest of all these recent glimpses afforded us by science is the one which shows us that the minute putrefactive organisms themselves are a necessary part of the productive soil on which higher plants and therefore higher animals are to be finally nurtured. If you completely sterilize a soil—kill all the germs in it—and then sow seeds of grass, or wheat, or turnip, they will not grow; a sterilized soil is infertile. It is an acknowledged principle of modern science that the bacteria-like organisms which live in the vegetable mould are even more necessary than earthworms themselves for the growth of more developed plants; they prepare and make ready the constituents of the soil, and especially the important nitrogenous matter, so as to make it fit food for the seeds and seedlings to be sown in it. Without their aid, the higher plants could not assimilate the material supplied them, any more than we ourselves could assimilate grass, and clover, and heather-tops, until turned into beef or grouse for our use by the ox or the bird. It is the function of the minute organisms in the soil to prepare the manures, natural or artificial, with which it is supplied, so that they may be capable of being taken up by wheat, grass, or potato-plants, or, in the uncultivated condition, by the natural elements of the local flora. The nitrogenous materials which fall upon the surface, indeed, as manure or dead bodies, do not really act as direct food for green plants, but rather as food for these minute organisms, which work them up into a state in which they can be assimilated by the higher vegetation. Hence we arrive at the unexpected result that it is positively necessary for the agriculturist to have germs of bacteria-like creatures in his fields; and that long before agriculture existed at all, it was equally necessary for the

higher plants in a state of nature to have the ground prepared for them by these silent and invisible workers. Just as worms are needful in order to collect and reinforce the layer of vegetable mould, so bacteria are needful in order to digest and render assimilable the nitrogenous food of the higher plants. Now that "germs" are in the air, most people cherish against them an undying grudge; it is well to remember that while, in certain forms, they produce disease in living bodies, yet, in certain other forms, they are useful as restoring to the common reservoir of being the bodies of dead organisms, be they plants or animals, and, in still other forms, as preparing for use the nitrogenous food of the green herbs and bushes.

The process of changing ammonia and other similar products of decay into the form of nitrates—in which form alone they can be assimilated by the higher plants—is known as *nitrification*; and a considerable amount of attention has lately been paid to these nitrifying bacteria. It is now known that all fertile soils are permeated by myriads of such tiny friends of agriculture, which, under suitable conditions of temperature, moisture, and the presence of lime, potash, or soda, continually perform their beneficent task of making ready the soil for its higher occupants. More than this, it has been shown that these little creatures possess the singular power of absorbing free nitrogen from the air, and working it up into the only form in which it can be utilized by green vegetation. This is particularly the case with a tiny microscopic parasite which occurs in vast quantities on the roots of plants of the peaflower tribe, such as clover, lucerne, sainfoin, and bird's-foot trefoil. Such plants have their rootlets covered with small round tubercles, and in their midst are embedded innumerable little parasitic creatures, whose function with relation to the plant is nevertheless a friendly one. For they supply it, so to speak, with non-organic manure; that is to say, they absorb nitrogen from the air, and turn it into compounds of such a sort that clover or lady's fingers can at once assimilate it. In order to judge of the great im-

portance of this recently discovered activity, we must look for a moment at the composition of our atmosphere.

Everybody knows that air is a mechanical mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. Most people also know that nitrogenous matter is indispensable to plant and animal life. Yet most plants and animals, though surrounded by a perfect ocean of nitrogen, cannot help themselves to it; it is a case of "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." Just as sea water must be evaporated and recondensed, either naturally in clouds, or artificially in a condenser, before we can drink it, so nitrogen must be converted into the form of nitrates before green plants can use it, or can hand it on in a utilizable condition to animals. Now the parasite which inhabits the root-tubercles of the peaflower tribe has this unique power of turning nitrogen into nitrates; and hence, long before men knew why, they recognized the fact that certain crops of peaflowers had the special faculty of restoring fertility to exhausted soils. It is probable, however, that this discovery will further react upon agriculture, and that the fertilizing bacteria will in future be deliberately sown, so to speak, by sowing the crops on whose roots they mostly congregate. As for the bacteria themselves, they will take care of themselves; *their* germs are everywhere, only waiting for the fitting plant to turn up with which to conclude a mutually advantageous alliance.

From all this it will be seen that "germs" are not by any means all of them noxious. They are merely seeds or spores of many various species. Indeed, the vast majority are quite innocuous. Some of the species are harmful, and attack living bodies. Some are neutral, and live in our mouths and stomachs quite harmlessly. Some are good scavengers, breaking up the bodies of dead plants and animals into forms in which their materials can be employed over again for the production of fresh life. And some are highly important as doing work for plants, and therefore for us, which we and they cannot do in person. It is not improbable, indeed, that almost all the nitrogenous matter in the bodies

of all existing plants and animals has been slowly purveyed for us through innumerable ages by successive generations of these invisible workers, or their analogues in earlier periods.

Earth, ocean, and the lower layers of the air are thus seen to consist of one vast stratum of actual or potential life—of living plants and animals, or of the germs, spores, seeds, and eggs which produce them. We must think of the atmosphere as filled with numberless floating organisms; we must think of the soil as a vast vitalized magma of all sorts of life—roots, stocks, and tubers; interlacing threads of moulds and fungi; worms and larvæ; shrews, moles, and beetles; creeping insects, crustaceans, and minute root-parasites; decaying leaves and bodies of small deer; each of which is in turn a pullulating mother of plants and animals. A mighty belt of life surrounds our planet like a robe; it spreads in a thick zone over plain and valley, over hill and moun-

tain, through the depths of the sea, among the layers of the atmosphere. And every part of it falls in with every other element of life, not indeed in the sense that no conflict occurs (for "nature is one with rapine"), but in the sense with which Darwinism has made us familiar—that each must accommodate itself in the long run to the general mass around it. The whole is thus one vast "happy family." Portions of our earth are almost unfitted for life—the poles, the snowy mountains, the desert sands; though even there life is present in diminished numbers; but wherever a living is to be picked up by hook or crook, there somebody is picking it; and all work together as one boundless community, mutually unregarding, often mutually hostile, yet mutually helpful in a certain wider and deeper sense, which neglects the individual and embraces only the continued possibilities of the complex totality.—*Longman's Magazine*.

ON THE SPUR OF OCCASION.

BY E. AND H. HERON.

THE story was told to Plaistow, Vennering, and myself in the moonlight, on the banks of that exquisite reach of the Jhelum in Kashmir known as the Chenar Bagh, or Garden of Plane Trees. It was told by the Major *à propos* of the appointment of young Hedlam, of the Sikhs, to the command of an isolated fort up Gilgit way. Hedlam had departed abruptly in the morning, and Vennering, with whom he had chummed, was asked to join our party, whereupon he ordered his sleeping doongah to be moored in the neighborhood of ours, and the arrangement was complete.

Naturally the talk drifted in the direction of Hedlam and his appointment, and Mr. Marden Plaistow, M.P., theorist and advocate of every pro-native scheme that India and an irresponsible native press have ever tried to foist upon England, entered very eagerly into the discussion. He was a stout, flabby man, in search of ideas and in-

formation on Indian matters. He pestered us with questions and arguments, and disbelieved us most obstinately when we told him the plain, unvarnished truth.

"They should undoubtedly select an older and more experienced man to fill so responsible a position," Plaistow was saying dogmatically. He was anxious, as usual, to condemn the action of the Simla Government whenever possible.

"Why?" asked the Major mildly.

It had taken him a hard five-and-twenty years of living and learning to acquire the knowledge Plaistow believed he could master inside of six months.

"It's a patent absurdity," remarked Plaistow, filling his glass with an air of judicial disapprobation. "A mere boy—not yet twenty-four! It's not fair to the boy himself, let alone the rest." Then, appearing to realize to the full the enormity of the official

offence, he proceeded impressively, "But why—why do they do it? They can hardly expect a boy like that to govern and keep in check, direct and administer a turbulent country half as big as Wales."

"On 350 rupees a month, too," chimed in Lieutenant Vennering feelingly; "350 rupees a month, a batch of Sepoys, and a mud fort. On the cheap, isn't it?"

"The Government does not often err on the side of economy," replied Plaistow, "though in this case they certainly seem to be acting on the penny-wise principle. It is just part and parcel of their usual blundering." Then he turned abruptly to the Major: "If the native element should—"

"But it won't," returned the Major with some asperity.

"Won't! Why not?"

"Never does, somehow."

Even Plaistow seemed struck with the Major's conviction.

"I could cite instances," he said doubtfully.

"Instances may go to the deuce! Look at the thing broadly. We always do it, and it always turns out all right, except—"

"Ah, except!"

"Except it may cost a life or two."

"Still, it is hardly logical, you will allow?"

"No, it's not logical; it's better. It's positively diplomatic—though it is possible that the powers that be don't know that. It makes quite a nice little mathematical problem for the native mind. If the young and inexperienced sahib with twenty men can do a certain piece of work in a day, how long would it take the older and more experienced sahib with fifty men. See?"

"But," objected Plaistow, "you have admitted that the young and inexperienced sahib sometimes fails."

"Seldom fails," corrected the Major; "though I admit he occasionally loses his life." He paused a moment before he went on. "Then I believe there are other influences at work."

"What influences?" exclaimed Plaistow, hot on the scent of new information.

The Major paused again. "It is

hard to explain," he said at last. "Given the occasion we invariably get the man. I could tell you a story."

"By all means," said Plaistow.

"But, on the whole, I think the story had better not be told. It won't do you any good," continued the Major, in a tone of which Plaistow failed to apprehend the full meaning.

"Fire away, Major," interjected Vennering.

The Major changed his position to rekindle his cheroot, and between the puffs began:

"Very well, though it's quite an ordinary story—no exception at all, only to prove the rule, you know. It all happened up there," he continued, waving his hand in the direction of the Hindoo Koosh, "and the principal characters were an ugly native drum, a most villainous-looking priest, and a very young subaltern."

"I needn't tell you his name. The fellows said he'd have forgotten it himself but for the saving influence of his aunt's letters—their addresses, I mean; he never got any farther with them than the address. We called him the "Bun"—I forget why. He had a round, wholesome, sunburnt face, and was a careless, light-hearted youngster, with light eyelashes emphasized by a blink. Just the last sort of chap for an independent command among a newly annexed and turbulent tribe, one would have thought—that is, one who knew him at that date. Later, at Childazai, I began to think differently; but that's premature."

"The Bun was, in fact, the sort of fellow you meet by the dozen at any public school. Afterward these rough drafts are elaborated in various ways with various results, and are liked or disliked accordingly. Here along the frontier we go the right way about bringing out any good the boys may have in them by making them stand on their own feet. In the lonely outposts self-reliance and ready resource develop in the most unlikely cases and influence important issues, but their success is seldom heard of beyond the nearest cantonments. Such cases are too common to take notice of."

"The Childazais are, as you probably know, a hill-tribe born and bred

in the belief that they have an immemorial right to live by harrying the plains which lie below their fastnesses. They were in the habit of descending at intervals to carry off the crops and the cattle, as well as an assortment of women and children—the latter they sold as slaves over the border. Moreover, they were conveniently within reach of one of the principal trade-routes through the mountains, where for generations they had waylaid and plundered the passing caravans to their hearts' content and with practical impunity.

"After vainly trying to subsidize the tribe, and so put an end to the incessant raids, and slave dealing, and troubles of all sorts, which paralyzed trade on the road and turned the surrounding country into a desert, the Government at length resolved to compel obedience instead of paying for it. Accordingly we made a quiet little expedition into the mountains to teach them manners.

"Afterward we disarmed the tribes, gave them their orders, and retired, leaving a subaltern with a score or so of Pathans at Kalt, a fort commanding the only pass by which the tribes could descend into the lowlands.

"Things went on well enough for a time, and then rumors began to get round of renewed raids, and it was about this period the authorities saw fit to send the Bun up to serve his turn of sentry-go at Kalt.

"I was seedy that hot weather, and had an extra term of leave, toward the end of which I found myself not so far from Childazai. I had been there with the expedition, and thought I should like to have a look at the old place and the Bun. Incidentally, also, I was rather curious to see how the Bun upheld his authority.

"Childazai is well up toward the Roof of the World, as you know, and is not precisely an easy place to get at. But I reached it after some trifling misadventures, and was welcomed by the Bun with effusion.

"I found him very fit. He blushed and blinked much in the old way, and to a casual observer his responsibilities did not seem to weigh upon him.

"While we were waiting for dinner

he took me up on the top of the fort to have a look round.

"Kalt is not large. Its little square towers stand in the very eye of the pass, on a short, rocky terrace, below which the torrent of the Somara roars through a narrow gorge between two sheer walls of granite hundreds of feet in height. The river bed being impassable, the path to the plains zigzags over the shoulder of the ridge directly under the guns of the fort—a convenient arrangement, as the Bun remarked.

"The whole region is the most God-forsaken medley of black naked mountain-sides and gloomy ravines, swept alternately by seas of mist or bitter winds off the snows. Looking northward the view is blocked by the tail-end of one of the biggest glaciers in the world.

"In the mid-distance the Bun pointed out the principal village, where the irregular lines of flat roofs looked like a broad ruined stair, leading up to the squat tower of the Rajah's castle.

"See that dark thing on the top of the tower?" asked the Bun, handing me his field-glass; "that's the pet fetish of this cheerful neighborhood. It's a drum, rimmed round with big garnets. It used to be beaten by propitious fairies or devils when a projected raid was destined to turn out lucky."

"It hasn't been used lately," I remarked.

"No, but it's still there," he returned.

"Directly below us, across the gorge enclosing the unseen river, a frail bridge of twigs swung in the evening wind over a depth of black abyss. I didn't feel like trying it, and said so to the Bun.

"He gazed at it abstractedly, and agreed with me. 'I've been over it once or twice, but it isn't a pleasure. It's one of our high roads, and I've had it strengthened with ropes and slats, as you see.'

"And then he took me down to dinner.

"What have these beggars to do with magic drums?" I asked presently. "I understood they were Mussulmans."

"The Bun nodded.

"Dissenters," he explained, as he

tackled a second helping of a whole lean hen. 'They despise the Koran, and have a convenient schism of their own, under the dogmas of which they may drink wine and bedevil themselves generally. Their one golden rule consists in paying the Pir—that's the high-priest—handsomely, and he arranges the rest. Not half bad, you know, when you come to think of it.'

"What do they believe in then?"

"They believe in the devils and the drum—principally the drum—and the influence of the Pir with the bogies all round."

"These gorges, I remember now, are supposed to be peopled by demons and wizards," I said, "but I don't remember the drum."

"Of course not," replied the Bun. 'You don't suppose they'd have left that around for the Tommies to fool with. They hid it. Why, it's the luck of the Childazais, so to speak, and the beginning of all evil in these parts.'

"After this we began to talk on the subjects men always talk of when they meet on the edges of the world—the 'Varsity match, golf, music-halls, and, lastly, we fell to discussing the chances of a row."

"We're in for a bit of a storm here, or I'm much mistaken," he said. 'The tribe is being flea-bitten into discontent.'

"The Pir?" I hazarded.

"Naturally," he returned. 'The Pir is no end of a chap! In the old days he used to levy tithes on the loot of the caravans, and, in fact, on all the plunder these beggars brought back from their raids. I believe he has a ten-foot well crammed with treasure. I'd not like to meddle with it, by George; it is heavy with rusted blood! Now his income is paltry in comparison to what it was, and he fails to see the beauty of the embargo laid by the Government on the outgoings and ancient customs of the tribe. There has been a good deal of grumbling and chafing this while past.'

"You should report it," I observed.

"I have," he answered; 'but you know what they always say—that they don't want to go to any expense in the way of sending up reinforcements, and

hint that if I am worth my salt I should be able to keep the tribe quiet.'

"So you should," I agreed, with the proper amount of superiority.

"I wish you had it to do, then," exclaimed the Bun, boyishly, driven beyond the limits of his patience. 'I daresay I might manage the ruck, but when it comes to dealing with such an astute, daring old cadger as the Pir, I tell you I feel pretty childish.'

"Go up and talk to the Rajah about it," I suggested.

The Bun laughed scornfully.

"Rajah be hanged!" he scoffed.

'The Pir is head and shoulders the biggest man in this district. He holds the Rajah and the headmen in the hollow of his hand, especially as their desires jump with his admonitions.'

"By-the-by," I said, 'I forgot to mention a little incident which occurred on the way up. It has just struck me it may have some bearing on the present position. When we were crossing one of the lower passes we were overtaken by a gaunt hillman going all he knew in the teeth of the deadly cold wind without a rag upon him but his dhoti (waistcloth). I told my fellows to stop him if they could. They got round him, and asked him who he was and where he was going. He looked at me over their heads, and he had the burning eye of a fanatic. "The vultures are gathering," he said, fiercely; "I go to the feast." With that he swung round on his heels and started up the pass—'

"The words were scarcely out of my mouth when the Bun cut in, evidently much excited:

"Why the dickens did you not tell me that before?" he exclaimed; 'we're in for it.'

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, hang it all! I can't wait to enter into details now," he replied, with some heat, 'but you may take it they are up to some extra devilry. I've laid myself out to understand these Childazais. I can talk their lingo more or less, and my spies have been telling me of the expected arrival of Nunga—that's your friend. But I did not know he was here.'

"Who or what is he, anyway?"

The Bun pondered the situation

with the air of a war-worn veteran, and then I saw that he had altered since we parted down country. At last he spoke, grimly enough :

"Just what he said. It means, among other things, that the discontent has come to a head. Probably the Pir has got wind of a fat caravan on the road, and that has hastened matters. I tell you; Lake, these hills will never be clean or quiet until the Pir has a bullet through him, or is lying by the heels inside the jail at Lahore. There's going to be trouble, and you'll be in for it. Though I don't believe these Childazais will budge until the drum beats. After that, daylight will find them on the lower hills."

"They'll force the pass?"

"They'll try," said the Bun, rubbing his head reflectively. "What do you think should be done?"

"I didn't see that I had any call to play Providence to the Bun, so I replied that we should keep the pass—he could be Horatius, and I would be the other two."

"The Bun grinned with an effort."

"The Horatii hadn't to face matchlocks, which alters the case a bit," he rejoined, and filled up a big pipe with dry Indian tobacco, which he smoked for a while in silence.

"Look here, Lake," he said, when he had apparently made up his mind to some course of action; "as you *are* here, I'll leave you in command of the fort, and I'll go out and make a reconnaissance with Durda Khan."

"For some time I followed the Bun as he moved about the fort, giving orders, and making necessary arrangements. The latter included the preparation of some torches and fire-balls of resinous wood."

"You see," he explained, "we'll need some light to shoot by if they try to rush the pass. My word, we'll have them on the hop!"

"After midnight he started with Durda Khan, who had the reputation of being an Al cragsman; and he certainly looked, when got up for the expedition, as desperate a cut-throat as you would care to trust your life to on a lonely road."

"The long hours dragged by. The night was thick and stormy, and, on

thinking over our situation in solitude, I decided that the look out was not particularly hopeful.

"Kalt was by no means a silent spot. The wind whistled and shrieked down the valleys, and the thunder of the water seemed to grow louder and more threatening as the night deepened, while every now and then a distant rattling roar told of some landslip or fall of stones in the nullahs around."

"Suddenly, as I listened, in the lull of the storm a new sound arose. Two or three dull booming notes floated down the gorge, followed by a long reverberating roll of drums. This was repeated three times, and the deep-mouthed din seemed to leap and clash across the chasms. It was the most inspiring and warlike call to arms I have ever heard."

"I had no need to be told what it was. The war-drum of the Childazais had spoken, and the revolt was fairly afoot. But where was the Bun? I began to be seriously uneasy about him. It is acknowledged that a little bloodshed heartens the beginning of a raid, and a decisive step, like the cold-blooded murder of an English officer, leaves small room for repentance, as the tribes well know, and is useful besides in deciding waverers."

"From the ramparts nothing was visible in the darkness. The wind had lulled, only a chill breeze moaned like a sick child about the walls. Presently it carried to me a sinister intimation. From far away came the clear ring of steel, and a soft minor clatter as of wooden-hafted spears, and then a continuous hum. This ceased, and for a long time nothing but the voices of water, wind, and rock could be distinguished."

"An hour and a half passed; still we waited and listened, till I heard the sharp, distinct fall of a single stone from the crest of cliff to the north. Instantly I gave the order to light up."

"In a moment a flare of torches shone out over the terrace and pathway above the fort, making all as clear as moonlight."

"Not a living soul was to be seen, for all the hum of life which seemed to pervade the air. Then, from the dimmer shadows of the track, a muffled

hillman crossed the path where it widened to meet the terrace, as a weasel crosses a road.

"I watched him till he disappeared, when a voice behind me said gently: 'The Pir.'

"I turned quickly. It was the Bun, wet and bedraggled, but still the Bun, safe and sound.

"My son, I did not expect you,' I said, greatly relieved. 'Now that you have come, may I ask what you propose doing?'

"Sending them home,' he answered quietly, as if that performance was the simplest thing in the world. 'Lake,' he added, 'if anything should happen, you know, hold on; don't let 'em pass! I've sent a message to Gilgit.'

"What's going to happen?'

"The Lord knows. It's touch and go,' he replied, and left me.

"Meantime the Childazais had issued in crowding ranks from the narrow track, some dropping from the surrounding crags, till they filled the little terrace from end to end. Then they came to a dead stop, and contemplated the rusty muzzles of two old seven-pounders of obsolete mechanism and uncertain efficacy which faced them from the fort. On the other side was the clear drop of something like five hundred feet into the blackness, where the Somara foamed, full-fed with melted snows, between her close-set precipices.

"Go forward, my brothers!' called out a commanding voice.

"The crowd sidled forward with the movement of a flock of sheep. From the fort no one spoke, but one of the gunners lit an additional torch, and stuck it through an embrasure into an iron ring outside. The strong blaze threw the rocking sea of fierce, upturned faces into sharp relief, while behind the scarred, beetling heights shone wet and glistening.

"Again the order was given to advance, but a muttering from the front answered that the path was shut.

"A tall figure in a flowing choga raised itself on an outcropping ledge of rock.

"My brothers, fear not! Go forward!'

"Of course it was the Pir, who, con-

fident that we would not be the first to draw blood, showed himself without concern.

"Forward, men of the Childazais; has not the drum beaten?'

"The crowd gathered itself for a rush, when a single word like a pistol-shot rang across the pass:

"Stop!'

"I recognized the Bun's familiar tones, but could not locate them for some seconds.

"Look, men of Childazai!' he went on; 'the drum has indeed been beaten, but it was for the victory of the Sircar.'

"At this astounding statement every eye was turned upon him. He stood on the swaying bridge of twigs, the torch held by Durda Khan at his back making a patch of light about him. The tearing wind of the gully had carried away his cap, and his tow-colored head was very much in evidence.

"He lies, my brothers! Has not the drum spoken from the tower of Childazai? The Powers of the Air are with us,' shouted the Pir, in return.

"Nay, Childazais, believe not such foolish speech. The Powers of the Air have given the drum to the Great Queen, that she may reign over you in peace forever. Behold!'

"He stooped, and raised a bulky object in his arms. The light shone full upon it, and I perceived it was a large drum, around which ran a flash of red sparkles as it was raised.

"A groan of mingled dismay and baffled purpose rose from the tribesmen. It was clear they recognized their fetish. The whole throng swayed, growling, then paused. In the momentary hush I heard a snapping of breech actions.

"The Bun raised the drum higher against his breast.

"Shoot!' he said, calmly.

"The high-hammered guns were held on the cock, but none fired.

"The Bun took advantage of the hesitation.

"Your Pir has deceived you,' he cried. "'Behold!'" said he, "the drum beats that the people of the mountains may go down to harry the lowlands." And he knew not that the drum beat on the towers of Kalt for us!'

"The Pir's face was a sight to watch. To say that it had been beaten by his own orders at Childazai would have been to give himself away; the only course left open to him was to throw suspicion on the genuineness of the article. This he proceeded to do; but the Bun merely bade the tribe send to see if their drum were still in its old place.

"There was a long pause. The frail bridge swayed in the breeze, and I did not envy the Bun his position.

"If any man shoots,' he added significantly, 'I will fall into the river with your drum, and then the Childazais must be forever accursed. Is it not so? Eternal light and storm will ravage the mountains, and ye will die in the dark. The spirit of the drum will torment you, and wipe out the great tribe of the Childazai as a man wipes away a crawling fly on a wet day.'

"Then it was that I put the wrong end of my cigar into my mouth. I had not given the Bun credit for so much imagination.

"The Pir saw things were going against him, and he made a bold stroke. Besides, in his case familiarity with the drum had bred contempt, no doubt.

"Shoot!' he yelled; 'I will charm away the curses, and the Powers of the Air will give their people of the Childazais another drum.'

"But the tribesmen are a conservative race, and this proposal was not received with favor. The older men gathered into a group and consulted.

"What would you have us to do, sahib?' asked an old headman at last; for of course the Rajah did not care to appear too prominently in so risky an affair.

"Give up the Pir and the Rajah,' replied the Bun; 'and after that I will carry your drum into the fort in safety. Then the tribe will bring me their arms, and leave them in my care until the Government gives orders. If these things be faithfully done, then will I in three days return to you your drum unharmed. Choose now, oh Childazais!'

"I was pleased with the Bun. He was developing qualities.

"After a good deal of parleying this was arranged, and before the sun rose

over the mountains the Bun's demands were complied with to his entire satisfaction. The Rajah and the Pir were safely immured in the fort, and an assorted pile of weapons—matchlocks, Express rifles, French and Russian made guns, jezails, tulwars, and so on—encumbered the ground floor of the tower by the eastern gate.

"Rather a job lot,' commented the Bun, as he looked them over. 'Yet some of these chaps are very pretty shots; the thought of it made me feel queerish out on that bridge.'

"Meanwhile I examined the drum. As far as appearances went it was a fraud—a ramshackle, weatherbeaten fraud—and I remarked that the issues of life and death occasionally hang on shaky pegs.

"How the mischief did you secure the thing?' I asked.

"Durda Khan,' he answered shortly.

"After this he ate an indecently hearty breakfast, during which he made only one remark, to the effect that it was a jolly good plan to have a hostage or two, and that he rather thought things would now straighten themselves out a bit in the hills. Which they did. That's the story."

The Major dropped back into his chair, and silence fell upon us.

Presently Plaistow said:

"Of course that young man got promotion?"

"Well," returned the Major, with some hesitation, "I am inclined to think that he did."

"You should have made it your business to see to it," exclaimed Plaistow. "A lot can be done through the papers."

The Major laughed oddly.

"A lot was done through the papers. They got hold of some version of the affair, and the howling faction at home were rather down on the Bun in consequence."

"And the Pir?" asked Plaistow.

"Spent twelve months in Lahore Jail, and then some one at home worked a petition for his release."

Plaistow moved uneasily in his chair. It seemed he had begun to regard release petitions in a new light.

"As I said, certain people were

down on the Bun, and said he had acted in a reprehensible and high-handed manner, and in the teeth of the racial and religious prejudices of the people."

"He did extremely right!" ejaculated Plaistow. "The lad was a hero." The Major smiled.

"They championed the Pir to some purpose. England's enemies can always find an English champion. The Pir was let out, and at once he struck a bee-line for the hills. No doubt he felt he had a duty to fulfil. The Howlers said that forgiveness had melted his heart, and foretold that he would make a typical ruler of a savage tribe. They were quite right, as it happened. He was peculiarly typical."

I fancied that Plaistow's cheek looked very white in the moonlight. He was staring up at the dim bulk of the Tukt-i-Sulieiman with its temple-crown.

Perhaps the devil prompted me to speak.

"How so?" said I.

"He arrived in the hills late in October," continued the Major. "Early one November morning a search-party found the Bun stiff and stark, beached

on a pebbly bank of the Somara a couple of miles below Kalt. There were four bullets in his body, each with a garnet core. They concluded, rather hastily I fear, that this was the Pir's handiwork. At any rate, the Government tried to bring the crime home to him, but failed to do so."

"And is that the end?" I asked again.

"Not quite. Subsequently Durda Khan asked for a month's leave to attend to certain urgent private affairs. During his absence the Pir went out for a stroll one day, and has never come back yet."

The snow far away and the water at hand glimmered under the waning moon. After a short interval Plaistow went off to his tent without a word.

Then the Major stretched himself, said good-night, and left us.

Vennering and I remained smoking a little while longer. As we separated, Vennering spoke in a carefully lowered tone.

"Shouldn't wonder if the name of the M.P. who headed that petition business for the Pir wasn't Plaistow," he said.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

JOHN BULL'S EASTERN ESTATE.

BY H. G. KEENE.

THE man in the street is justly proud of his Eastern Empire. He may not know much about it, or even care to hear much. But it pleases him to think that the foreigner envies and admires his property. French, Russian, Austrian, all unite in this; and Count Goblet, the Belgian philosopher—a man not easily moved to enthusiasm—recorded after his Indian travels that the British officials who bear away there may not be amiable but are acknowledged to be just. All this the average Briton has heard and it has naturally given him pleasure; what a surprise, then, must he have experienced if he knew that an energetic daily newspaper had opened sympathetic columns to a rude correspondent who suddenly rushes in with the announcement that India is ruined; and

that her ruin is due to the fact that she is for the most part ruled by British administrators!

The man in the street may, however, comfort himself by reflecting that the *Daily Chronicle*, though able and energetic, is, after all and above all, "agin the Government;" while Mr. Hyndman, the correspondent, is one of those philanthropic but extravagant reformers, whose maxim is rather apt to be "down with everything." After all the praises that he has heard of his Indian Civil Service, our friend can hardly believe that it is a dead failure and that all its members but two—past, present, or future—are "hide-bound," whatever that may mean.

And then comes another man, whom we may call "the man at the Club window," who tells him a totally dif-

ferent tale. The finance of the Indian Empire may be in temporary straits, but that is not the fault of the administration; and the natives in general are really very well off; barring famine, to which they have been always liable. Taxation is absurdly light; and the people, if not directly represented, have all the other rights of British citizens. As for the public service, it is open to all, and natives can enter by the same door as Britons; all is done openly and with the best intentions; study the current Blue-book.*

It would be presumptuous to undertake the decision of the issue thus raised, all the evidence at present available being more abundant than consistent. The goodwill and industry of the Anglo-Indian officials ought not to be denied; but their claim to omniscience and perfection—if such claim there be—is another matter. Doubtless, the insolvent condition of India is partly due to causes beyond their control; imperial taxation is demonstrably light, though local rates are rising yearly; trade and the press are free; there are universities and schools all over the country, and a young native who does not mind coming to England to be educated can become a physician or a barrister, or compete for the Indian Civil Service in open public examination at Burlington House.

All that is perfectly true, and may be fairly entered to credit. Nevertheless there are facts, *per contra*, which go toward justifying "the accuser of the brethren." Indian finance may by some stroke of good fortune recover its balance; such things have happened before. But it is hard to tax an unrepresented people. Plague, pestilence, and famine are just now gaining deadly victories over modern science; and the introduction of ideas that have come to us in a long evolution of one kind may not be always useful or welcome to a society which has had another past. New wine is being poured into old bottles, and the bottles are giving signs of rupture. The Congress

makes demands increasing in boldness year by year; the Bengali press is in a seditious mood; the western Presidency is said to be seething with disaffection. India, if not actually "ruined," is perhaps on the verge of a crisis.

The process of occidentalization, to which these results are ascribed, has been going on at least for two generations, having been begun by Lord William Bentinck about 1830. It was this Governor-General who, on March 7, 1835, issued the famous resolution in which he said that "the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India; and that the funds appropriated to education would be best employed on English education alone." This astounding doctrine was promulgated with the cordial concurrence of Macaulay. But luckily Bentinck had other more experienced advisers, and was for the most part satisfied with more moderate measures.

But we are not writing history, and must hurry on with our examination. The occidentalizing process to which Bentinck gave the impulse was not pursued by his immediate successors. It is to the long and brilliant period of Dalhousie that we must look for the first and most fatal development. It was above all conspicuous in his celebrated "doctrine of lapse" and consequent annexations. Into the details of this question it will be best not to enter, the rather that the deceased statesman put a lock upon his papers, which is not to be opened till 1910. Suffice it to say that he annexed a number of native States on one ground or another; and that when the Bengal army revolted the year after his retirement it was, with the important exception of the Punjab, the rule that the most sympathy with mutiny was shown in these annexed regions. The doctrine will be fairly represented in the words of its originator:

"I cannot," Dalhousie wrote, "conceive it possible for any one to dispute the policy of taking advantage of any just opportunity for taking possession of States, and for extending the uniform application of our system of gov-

* Statement of Moral and Material Progress: presented pursuant to Act of Parliament. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1896.

ernment." By *just opportunity* the writer meant the death of the native chief leaving an adopted heir in default of heirs of his body. This policy, which Dalhousie could not conceive any one disputing, was entirely obliterated by the immediately succeeding events; one of the first of the healing measures introduced in the reconstruction of India, under Lord Canning, having been a general recognition of the right of adoption, and systematic abstinence from all annexation not absolutely enforced by the results of war. Unhappily the other forms of occidentalizing soon reappeared. In his recently published autobiography, Lord Roberts has some weighty words on this subject:

"After the mutiny we became more cautious and conciliatory, more intent on doing what would keep the chiefs satisfied . . . and the country quiet, than on carrying out our own ideas. Gradually this wholesome caution is being disregarded." He adds that departmental zeal is trenching on the traditions of the natives, their "cherished customs and privileges." An important avowal from one who for many years was a member of the Supreme Council of India.

The opposite course to that of which Lord Roberts here complains has never wanted support, but, as he hints, is apt to be forgotten in prosperous times. Instinctively pursued by early British leaders, it was first distinctly formulated by Sir Thomas Munro, who was Governor of Fort St. George from 1820 to 1827.

This great Indian official is perhaps not so well remembered as his distinguished services merit. His name does not appear in the excellent popular *Encyclopædia* of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers. But his papers have been edited, and his life related by one of his successors; and Sir Alexander Arbuthnot has recorded attestations of his extraordinary ability and worth. "By statesmen of sixty years ago," wrote Sir Alexander in 1888, "Munro was regarded as the ablest Indian official of his time." He goes on to cite the authority of the Duke of Wellington and the Right Hon. George Canning, "two men of very different char-

acter, by no means of one mind in politics, but cordially agreed in the high estimate which they formed of Munro. . . . The late Lord Ellenborough, a man very unlike either the Duke or Canning, an unsuccessful administrator, but a remarkably shrewd critic, ranked Munro above all his Indian contemporaries." His memory, we are informed, is still cherished in Southern India.*

This eminent man, after serving in various capacities, civil and military, for above thirty years, assumed the Governorship in June, 1820, when Canning was still President of the Board of Control, by which cumbrous title the Minister for India was then known. In one of his first letters to the Minister, Munro thus wrote: "Our present system of government by excluding all natives from power, trust, or emolument, is much more efficacious in depressing than all our laws and schoolbooks can be in elevating their character. . . . The improvement of the character of a people and the keeping them in the lowest state of dependence on foreign rulers to which they can be reduced by conquest, are matters quite incompatible with each other."

They did not talk about evolution or ideals in those days, but went straight to the concrete.

Farther on, in the same letter, we read: "All real military power must be kept in our own hands, but they (the natives) might with advantage . . . be made eligible to *every civil office* under that of a member of the Government." Here we see the old soldier coming out: in a land but lately the seat of war, he would keep the army in British hands; but in civil administration he would admit the native element everywhere. Three years later, in a minute on the state of the country, Munro repeated his advice: "Our books," he wrote, officially, "our books alone will do little or nothing. To improve the character of a nation we must open the road to wealth and honor and public employment. . . . Let the people be excluded from all

* *Memoir*. By Sir A. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I. London. 1889.

share in the government, from every high office of trust and emolument, and let them in every situation be considered as unworthy of trust, and all their knowledge and literature . . . would not save them from becoming, in another generation or two, a low-minded, deceitful, and dishonest race."

Munro evidently did not believe in the power of education as an unaided panacea; and who can say that he was wrong? That the whole evil that he predicted did not follow does not belie his sagacity; because—especially in seasons of trouble—such councils as his have not been entirely neglected by the British rulers of India. Hardly less important have been the reasonings of Munro's friend, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, a little his junior, but Governor of Bombay at the same time that Munro held the like high post on the other side of India. Elphinstone's views, says Mr. J. S. Cotton, were maintained by him consistently to the end of his honored life, during the last five-and-twenty years of which he refused the Governor-Generalship, the High Commissionership of Canada, and a seat in the Cabinet. He had not, like Munro, the advantage of a military training, though he rode by Wellesley through the bloody and decisive day of Assai; but he excelled Munro in the extent of his culture and the polish of his style. His views, be it remembered, were not merely those of an experienced official of great power and responsibility, but of a high-born British patrician, deeply versed in all European culture. Like Munro he deplored the exclusion of natives from all share in the administration, but he put his criticism upon ground of his own. He looked not merely to the present and near future, but to a goal or ultimate ideal toward which, in his opinion, the British occupation of India should tend, *e.g.*: "It has always been a favorite notion of mine that our object ought to be to place ourselves in the same relation to the natives that the Tartars are in toward the Chinese, retaining the Government and military power, but gradually relinquishing all share in the civil administration—except that degree of control which is necessary to give the whole

an *impulse and direction.*" And he looked for "the improvement of the natives reaching such a pitch as would render it impossible for us to retain the Government. . . . A time of separation must come; and it is for our interest to have a separation from a civilized people rather than a violent rupture with a barbarous people in which it is possible that all our commerce must perish."

Here is no pessimism, no sentiment; nor is the better part of European moral standards rejected. But that policy is clearly and simply laid down by which the struggling founders of British power in the East were always guided. It was for the honor and interest of our nation that the people of India should be taught, under European impulse and control, to carry out their highest capacities. The modern policy is not, indeed, altogether inconsistent with such a standard. The suppression of widow-burning and other inhuman practices, the foundation of colleges and universities, the substitution of a rational penal code for the pedantic absurdities of the Law of Islam—all these were, no doubt, duties for a civilized power. On the other hand, however, there have been matters of indifference in which Orientals have their own ideas; and what Lord Roberts has described as "cherished customs," in regard to which tolerance and even sympathy may be shown not only safely, but with propriety and prudence. Thus Bentinck endeavored to direct and control affairs in Oude and the Deccan, and those efforts ought to have been continued more patiently by his successors. The Nizam's administration has at length been purged of its worst elements, and the same thing might have been—perhaps—effected in Oude. If the king's deposition was unavoidable the change might have been mild and gradual, and the Oude revenues might—as Henry Lawrence urged—have been left untouched for the use of the Province. Most of all ought this modified treatment to be adopted in regard to the employment of natives in the higher branches of administration under the British Government. So far back as 1835 Bentinck had "determined to

throw open the door of distinction to the natives and to grant them a full participation in all the honors and emoluments of the State." And this noble avowal was finally indorsed, after the storm and stress of 1857, by the proclamation on the introduction of direct government in November, 1858. The royal announcement remained inoperative for another long lapse of years, but in 1870 an Act of Parliament was passed for the purpose of giving it effect.

Thus, in the course of half a century, the policy recommended by Munro and Elphinstone appeared to have arrived at the stage of practice. The qualified native was at last within sight of a system whereby he might serve his country as something more than an inspector of police or a county court judge. Act 33 Vict. c. 3 provided that the authorities in India might appoint any native to any office, place, or employment, subject to rules to be approved by the Home Government. In announcing this new law, the Duke of Argyll, then Secretary of State, spoke of the principle of careful and cautious selection, adding that "a more free employment of natives in the Uncovenanted Service and promotion according to tried ability" would be "a competitive examination of the best kind." In thus showing a preference for selection and promotion of men whose ability and deserts had been proved by previous good service, the Home Government struck, and struck true, the note originally sounded by Munro. "It is certain," writes Sir A. Arbuthnot, "that Munro would have regarded the admission of natives into the Covenanted Service by means of competitive examination as a measure of very doubtful expediency."

But the new legislation could not take effect until rules had been framed and sent out; and this took six years more. Up to 1882 no more than twenty-nine appointments had been made under the Act; and then the rules were suspended, in view to reconsideration. Since that date the Act has been in abeyance; and no Hindu, Muslim, or Parsi can obtain any of the posts reserved for civilians unless he has entered the civil staff-corps re-

cruited from young men educated in the British Islands and selected at Burlington House. To put his son into that position, an Indian father must make up his mind to maintain him after he has grown up and, in all probability, become a married man. He must then send him over the sea to a strange country and an uncongenial climate, where the young man must pass at least three years away from family and friends, and from the home of his kindred and the temples of his faith.

The admission of natives to posts of usefulness and dignity, under the direct control of British governors, was thus once more either negatived or reduced to its most embarrassing conditions. A few young men might, at considerable sacrifice, obtain entrance into a body where, after all, they would be regarded as outsiders, and given the less desirable occupations. But, for the deserving revenue officer or the distinguished judge, there was no opening beyond the infinitesimal chance of a seat on the bench of one of the Presidency High Courts. One-fifth of the preferment in four courts was all the share of the good things of the service, and what was that among so many?

In the states ruled by native chiefs, naturally, the proportions were reversed. A few native states might, for various reasons, appoint a foreigner to some special duty, even as is done in China or in Turkey; but the career in general was, and is, open to the talent of the State. That form of administration, however, has not been viewed with a friendly eye by the occidentalizing purists. Immediately after the Mutiny, indeed, their misgivings had been hushed; the local administrators were in a subdued and sober frame, and prepared to receive the generous inspiration of the Crown, and to adopt as their own the clemency of the first Viceroy. The proclamation which formed the inaugural charter of the new India is always understood to have received the direct impress of the Royal mind and hand; and, in the spirit of that weighty declaration, Canning issued letters patent conferring on each feudatory chief the full right of adopting an heir on the failure of male issue.

This was soon perceived to entail a further immunity, not to be lightly regarded by reason of not being definitely expressed. Instead of taking every opportunity of annexation, and visiting the subjects of an incompetent chief with confiscation of their nationality, care was henceforth to be taken to conserve the native dynasty. If a chief proved incorrigibly weak or wicked, the remedy was to replace him by a member of the same family who would be more capable or more amenable to good advice. These unwritten laws have been repeatedly enforced, and have become, by use and by prescription of time, a part of the constitution. In a similar spirit, power and privilege have been formally conceded to some of the great native landholders; and the state of Mysore has been cleared of European officials, and handed over to its ancestral dynasty.

It was not to be expected that the impulse of 1858 should always continue, or that such a policy as it led to should not incur protest from the leaders of the Dalhousie school. Prominent among all was Sir John Lawrence, the man whose tenacious energy had done so much for the suppression of the great revolt. Earnestly convinced of the worthlessness of all Oriental standards, he continually expressed his ideas of Anglo-Indian obligation with the vigor of his strong and beneficent nature. Adopting fully the maxims of the great administrator to whom he had owed his political training, he enhanced upon Dalhousie's principles with the zeal of a fervent disciple. When it came to his turn to be Viceroy, he made a strenuous effort to carry out the notion of unlimited British tuition, of which he gave a memorable instance in his attempts to curtail what he considered the dangerous privileges of the Oude Talukdars. But his most remarkable action was one that arose out of the proposed retrocession of Mysore. This most commendable measure was preceded by many years of discussion, during one of which Lawrence, as Viceroy, issued a circular to certain selected officers inviting an expression of opinion as to the relative merits of British and na-

tive rule.* The officers addressed unanimously hastened to assure his Excellency that British rule was superior to native rule, in that it was marked by higher aims, sounder principles, stricter methods, and far more solid achievements. This was the lion painted by the man—or, rather, the man by himself—and, doubtless, from the point of view of the European official, was the strict truth. But it was not an answer to the Viceroy's rather leading question, which was: "Are not the people happier under our rule, *sua si bona nōrint?*" Indeed, Lawrence's bias could have been no secret to the experienced men to whom that inquiry was addressed, even had the question been put in more colorless terms; and it is rather to the credit of those officials if they did not give more direct or enthusiastic answers.†

It is not a little remarkable that a very few months before Lawrence obtained from his subordinates this qualified approval of the administration in which he and they were alike engaged, he should have been engaged in penning an apology for one of the most ghastly of preventable failures. In 1866 the crops in Orissa had fallen short, and the Government of Bengal had received warning that without help the people would be exposed to starvation. As it is mildly expressed by a writer always disposed to the side of authority, that Government took no precautionary measures, and continued indifferent until the visitation arrived, and it was too late in the season to send succor by sea. The calamity was mitigated by the exertions of Lord Harris, the governor of Madras, but the number of victims was *moderately* estimated at three-quarters of a million.‡ The reason why the civilians of Calcutta allowed this mass of misery

* See Report to Parliament in House of Commons, Paper No. 108 of February 25, 1868.

† No European could know the natives better than John Lawrence or more earnestly desire to do them good. But it was his recorded maxim that "the measure of our duty was not their conscience but ours." The very germ of all intolerance.

‡ Marsham's *History of India*.

to take place at their own doors, only mitigated by the exertions of a man in no way responsible, save to his own heart and to the traditions of his family, was simple. The Lieutenant-Governor sought the advice of all around him. A mercantile firm undertook to pour grain at once into the afflicted districts; but the Board of Revenue objected to "interference with the laws of political economy." In reporting on this sad business the Viceroy blamed the Bengal Government for too much confidence in its European subordinates; but it formed a strange comment on the *sua si bona nōrint* optimism of the circular which he might have written with the same pen. The Bengal civilians may have understood the laws of political economy: they certainly lacked intelligent sympathy with their Orissa subjects.

The source of this blindness, so often shown by the industrious and well-intentioned foreigners at whose disposal lie the lives and fortunes of three hundred millions of persons in India, is not hard to find. The people are almost all dependent on the land for a living, they have hopelessness in their blood, and they are mostly in debt. In good times their earnings may average threepence a day, in bad times they must go to relief works or die on their own dunghills. Doubtless, this pauper population has advantages which were not enjoyed by that of the same regions a century ago. Peace is kept, epidemics are stamped out, the public revenue does not press upon the very poor, and is collected with a minimum of oppressiveness. To ignore such gains is to weaken the cause of reform. But they have their shadows. The easy diffusion of commodities which reduces the scarcity in the more afflicted tracts, causes dearth in the districts which would otherwise escape; the cessation of war, the control of pestilence, the spread of good farming, remove checks on the natural increase of population: in parts of Bengal and Bihar it may be almost said that every clod supports its own clodhopper. The census of 1891 is said to have doubled the enumeration of sixty years before. If India is not precisely ruined, the

critics have, at least, ground for sounding a loud alarm.

The candid reader, by the time he has got through the evidence, will probably have come to the opinion that the truth lies rather in the synthesis of these opposite views than in the rejection of either. The probable danger of extremes is not usually to be avoided by taking a middle course. Both sides may be true; and the solution may lie in their recognition and not in their denial. Grounds for this suggestion are not wanting in the last decennial report issued by the India Office and already cited in these pages. In that bulky document we shall find abundant proofs of "moral and material progress;" with statistical statements of gains in commerce, education, finance, and general administration. From the very same source we may gather unequivocal evidence of evils not to be cured by percentages, averages, or university records; neither by the freedom of the Bombay Custom House nor by all the tonnage in the Hooghly. Beyond doubt, up to the end of 1894, and taking the vast dependency as a whole, British India was doing well: but even then there was another aspect. In time of trouble and trial—such as the present dearth—vast regions are filled by a pauper population without reserved resources. "In tracts between Patna and Lucknow, in the south and west of the Jumna valley, in the Deccan, and along part of the west coast, the pressure of population on the arable land and the frequent recurrence of unfavorable seasons keep a considerable proportion of the agricultural classes within measurable distance of sufficiency. . . . To put the case in another way, in the over-populated tracts there is a stratum of the community" (elsewhere reckoned at nine-tenths), "which habitually falls below its ordinary standard of living during a few months of every year" (p. 433). The total number of persons there indicated cannot, in any case, be less than fifty millions, most of whom—by the admission of the India Office—have only enough to eat for a part of the twelvemonth, in good seasons. In time of famine they are thrown upon

the resources of the tax-payer; and what those resources may be we may learn from the same authority. The Indian revenues show a constant advance, sometimes slow and often brisk and sudden. Thus, in 1878, an addition of a million and a half was raised with the avowed purpose of forming a "Famine Insurance Fund"—which, by the way, was swallowed up in the year following—and the limits of taxation were believed to have been reached. Yet the demand is still increasing almost every year. "Any form of direct taxation in India . . . is obnoxious to objections of some sort or other. . . .

It is not surprising to find that a non-agricultural impost brings but little to the public treasury."* On a general view, it certainly seems as if there were something in the primitive conditions of the Indian communities which calls for peculiar caution. Honor and humanity—yes; but a regard for local peculiarities and a generous confidence in local talent and virtue also. A synthesis that has not been overlooked by some of the greater Anglo-Indians, but which has been sometimes forgotten in the hurry of energetic administration and the piping times of peace.—*Westminster Review*.

A REVOLUTION IN PRINTING.

THE STORY OF THE LINOTYPE.

WHETHER or not the art of printing originated in China, and the notion of it was imported into Europe by some early traveller, we shall probably never know for certain. But that the Romans actually possessed the art without knowing it is evident from the fact that they stamped their pottery with immovable types or stereotypes, as we now call them. But now that the art of printing is being revolutionized by a new and ingenious use of stereotypes, we seem yet to be uncertain who was really the first to print from movable types in Europe. It is, of course, usually set down to John (or Johann) Gutenberg of Mainz, who settled in Strasburg about the year 1424. He is called the inventor of typography, which is the art of printing with loose, separate types. But the Dutch assert that printing from types, as distinguished from blocks, was first achieved in Haarlem, and that Laurens Coster, otherwise called Laurentius, was the real inventor. It is contended that John Gensfleisch (or Gutenberg) was one of his workmen, and that on returning to Mainz he made his nephew, John Gutenberg, acquainted with the secret. The types used by Laurentius, however, seem to have been of wood.

John Gutenberg the younger went to Strasburg, and began printing in the house of one Dritzehen, by a secret process. Dritzehen died, and some of his family, getting hold of the "formes," discovered Gutenberg's secret to be printing from movable metal types cut by hand. Gutenberg then went back to Mainz, and entered into partnership with one John Fust, or Faust, a goldsmith and metal-worker, who supplied the money for the typographical experiments. Somewhere between 1450 and 1455 they brought out what is now known as the Mazarin Bible, probably the first book ever printed from movable metal types. Gutenberg and Fust quarrelled, and Fust, being the capitalist, took possession of the whole printing apparatus, assuming as managing partner an apprentice of Gutenberg's named Peter Schöffer. To this young Schöffer, again, belongs the honor of discovering how to cast type in a matrix. With the siege of Mainz in 1462 the firm was broken up, and their apprentices and workmen became scattered over Europe, carrying with them the art of printing and of casting types. Before the end of the year 1500, printing-presses had been set up in two hundred and twenty different places.

William Caxton is still believed to be the first who introduced the art of

* Pp. 268-269. Besides direct Imperial taxes nearly ten millions are raised in local rates.

printing into England, although there is a book in existence which professes to have been printed at Oxford in 1468, which is three years prior to Caxton's first book. Whether or not Caxton was the first printer in England, he was the first to use cast-metal movable types here. It does not appear, however, that Caxton was like Gutenberg and his immediate successors in being his own type-founder. Caxton obtained his type from Bruges, where type-founding as a separate art and industry seems to have first settled; afterward extending over the Continent, and through England and Scotland, where, perhaps, it attained its highest perfection. Among the earliest English type-founders Wynkyn de Worde was the most famous. He it was who first cut the English "black letter" that served as a model for all future founders. One of the most famous printers of the sixteenth century, however, John Day, made his own types, and turned out very beautiful books. After his time there was little or no advance in the art of type-founding for about a hundred years. Then began a revolution and the successive development of machinery, until we have now an almost human machine that simply needs to be kept fed with molten metal while turning out automatically the most perfect type ready for the printer's hand.

In the British Museum is a Roman example of stereotype, or logotype. It is a brass plate about two inches long and one inch wide, bearing, in reverse, characters which represent the signature of Cecilius Hermias. It was evidently used for the signature of documents by stamping, as is done by many busy public officials in our own time. It is certainly curious that, with the art of writing, the taste for literary exercises, and the knowledge of means of reproducing written characters, the Romans should have stopped short of the art of printing. They had it, and they knew it not. This ink-stamp is of the fifth century, and not until the fifteenth do we find printing from movable types in Europe. If it is true that the Chinese practised printing three hundred years before Christ, then Christendom was eighteen hundred

years behind Heathendom in the most essential art of civilization. Happily, in the interim were what George Eliot calls the fine old days of leisure. Time was of small value, and the monks had little to do; so that, thanks to their leisure and patience, manuscripts were preserved, reproduced, and handed down from generation to generation.

If we take 1450 as about the time when Gutenberg successfully cast his first type, we have a period of four hundred and thirty-five years before the invention reached its natural development. Gutenberg, in 1450, cast single letters in a mould; and in 1885 Ottmar Mergenthaler cast lines of letters from a matrix. The American Linotype is the lineal descendant of the mould of Mainz. If it has taken a long time to develop, let us not forget how long it took to develop Gutenberg's movable type from the stamp of Cecilius Hermias.

The feature of the new era in printing is the production of letterpress printing without the use of types at all. Just as there has been the substitution of mechanical for manual labor in type-founding, so now we are seeing the same change in type-setting. To those who know anything about a printing-office, no revolution can seem more complete than one which will employ a machine to do the delicate, dexterous work of the deft compositor in front of his font of types. If there is any industry in which the displacement of manual work seemed well nigh impossible, it was the setting-up of type for the printing-press—and yet the deposition has begun.

The invention of the Linotype Composing-Machine marks a revolution greater than anything which has occurred in printing during the last four hundred years. It is neither the first nor the only attempt that has been made at what is called "mechanical composition" as distinguished from ordinary type-setting by hand. But it is the first successful attempt, we believe, to combine type-founding with type-setting, and in point of fact to dispense with fonts of type altogether. And it is a proved success, both mechanically and economically. Even the trade unionists have recognized that the

thing has "come to stay," and, adapting themselves to the situation, skilled compositors are as quickly as possible transforming themselves into skilful machine-operators.

The Linotype cannot be said to be the invention of any single individual. In its modern form it is a completion of the design of Ottmar Mergenthaler, but the machine in use to-day represents the product of no fewer than fourteen hundred separate patents. That is to say, it is the embodiment of successive improvements, found to be necessary after Mergenthaler's machine came into practical operation. But the idea itself is an old one—as old, one may say, as the stereotyped blocks with which the ancients stamped their pottery. It is a curious thought that on the eve of the twentieth century we are going back to the first, or even earlier, in principle. But without going so far back, we may find the germ of the Linotype in the Logotype which early in the present century found so much favor. The Logotype system was the cutting of blocks of complete words, sections of words, and syllables in frequent use, with the view of avoiding the handling of each separate letter every time these words and syllables are required. But it was found to multiply enormously, instead of to reduce, the number of characters required in a compositor's case, and to be unworkable on a large scale. The Oxford University Press, however, used logotypes, as did others engaged in such "solid composition" as the printing of Bibles. Just about the time when the Logotype came into favor, cylinder machines were taking the place of hand-presses, so that practically we may lay the foundation of modern mechanical composition in the first quarter of the present century.

First, however, the printing machine had to be perfected, and the world was not ripe for an invention which one William Church patented in 1822 for the casting of type by machinery, the setting of it in line by machinery, and the automatic delivery by machinery of the printed sheets. In Church's machine of seventy-five years ago we have features which have been preserved in all type-setting machines ever since,

down to the Linotype, such as the keyboard, the arrangement in parallel lines, the use of release-levers and oblique channels to bring the types to a common point, etc. Other inventors followed Church, decade after decade, some with machines for setting type merely, some for casting as well as setting, and some for dispensing with type altogether and using a matrix. Some of these inventions were of no practical use; others of them have been in operation in this country and in America, but never with such unqualified success as to threaten to displace hand-labor. Then came the evolution of the bar-forming machine, which is really the Linotype.

The difference between the Linotype and all previous type-setting machines is material, for the Linotype does not set type at all. It does not compose types, but composes matrices in lines. In ordinary type the characters are in relief on the metal; in a matrix the characters are impressed in intaglio. This was the original thing about Mergenthaler's invention—the dispensing with a magazine, or font, of movable metal types. He had many imitators, but the Court of Appeal in the United States found that he was really the first to "combine with mechanism for forming a matrix composed of a series of dies adapted for transposition or rearrangement, a mould and a casting mechanism," and the first to "produce a practical machine by which ordinary hand composition is superseded."

The Linotype does not cast letters, it casts lines: hence its name, "line-of-type." It has taken twenty years and fourteen hundred patents to bring the machine up to its present state, which may not yet be perfection, but yet is so efficient that it is being adopted in all the principal newspaper offices in the country, and gradually in the great printing-houses. It was unfortunate, perhaps, in being placed on the market too soon, for the first machines were not a success, and caused rather a prejudice against the name—a prejudice which has had to be overcome.

The mechanical compositor has no heavy cases of type to pick and choose from. He sits in front of a machine so compact that it does not occupy

more than six square feet of floor-space. Before him is a keyboard, not unlike that of a typewriter. When he depresses a key he instantaneously releases a matrix in the magazine above him, bearing a character corresponding to the key. This magazine is placed sloping downward toward the operator, and the matrices as released drop by natural gravity through vertical channels on to a travelling belt, which carries them as quick as thought, one after the other, into a little compartment on the operator's left, where they "compose" the words under his eye. The side of this little chamber is open, and on the portion of the matrices exposed to view the characters they represent are marked. In this way the operator can at once detect any literal error as it occurs, extract the wrong matrix and insert the correct one in an instant, without stopping the machine. When the little chamber, or block, which is adjusted to the width of the column to be printed, is about full it announces the fact by ringing a bell, thus giving the operator time to see how much more he can get in. Then by the touch of a lever the operator sends the line on a stage to the moulding wheel, connected with which is a pot of molten metal, kept hot by gas-burners. Half a turn of this wheel forces out a charge of molten metal and presses it into the incised letters on the matrices. The line is thus cast in an instant in a single solid bar. An arm now comes down with a swoop from the top of the machine, seizes the matrices and places them on a distributing bar, perhaps the most wonderful part of the machine, and almost human in its intelligence. Each matrix is a thin piece of brass, and on the opposite end to the letter is toothed something like a Chubb's lock, and by means of these teeth it hangs on to corresponding teeth on the bar, along which the matrices are forced by a worm-wheel. At intervals there are vacancies on the bar, and a matrix on reaching one of these vacancies loses its grip there and drops into its own proper groove, and runs into the magazine ready for use again. No matrix can drop off the bar until it reaches its own box, nor can it be carried be-

yond, for the slightest disturbance of the adjusted teeth causes the machine to stop.

Now to come back to the cast "line-of-type." The mould-wheel, in returning to position after having ejected the metal, forces the line or bar out into a receiving galley, where a little automatic arm holds all the lines in position until the "take" is full—say one hundred lines or so. Then the operator lifts it out, sends it away for proof, and starts at once on his next "take." The movement is continuous. While he is setting one line of type by his keyboard, another is being cast, and the matrices are being redistributed as fast as he can use them. At the side of his keyboard is a little lever by which he introduces space-bands to divide the words. These bands are of tapering thickness, so that the spaces can be made as close or as wide as desired, and all is done as smoothly and effectively as if by the human hand. This automatic justifying is a thing that used to be accounted an impossibility, but it is done, and all because matrices are used instead of metal types.

But it is practically impossible by mere verbal description to give an adequate representation of this marvellous machine, which comprises two thousand separate pieces of mechanism. It is a combination of the ideas of many minds adjusted to this particular purpose. Seated at his keyboard, the modern printer is both machinist, type-setter, justifier, type-founder, and type-distributor. Motive-power is supplied to him by shafting from some central steam or gas-engine, and all he has to do is to manipulate his keyboard and keep his melting-pot supplied with metal, while, of course, using his eyes to see that the right matrices are coming into position. The old type-setting machines required three operators, one for the keyboard, one to keep up the supply of type, and one to "justify" the lines.

Into the technical questions of cost and relative quality of work this is not the place to enter. Probably the machine has not been sufficiently long in use to afford positive and precise answers on these points. The saving, of

course, is in the labor, which means wages, and the amount of that saving must depend on the skill and rapidity of the individual operators. To transform a compositor into a machine-operator is a work requiring some little time, and probably the next generation of operators will be much more expert. It is claimed that matter can be linotyped from six to ten times more rapidly than the most expert compositor can set up types in his composing-stick, and it is stated that the saving in cost is or should be about 40 per cent. Each machine is capable of turning out fourteen thousand letters per hour; but no operator can keep up such a speed; and from eight thousand to ten thousand per hour seems to be about the output of an expert, while even beginners are soon able to do six thousand, at all events from reprint copy.

One objection offered to the Linotype is with regard to corrections and alterations. An operator can correct his own errors before casting the bar, but for corrections made on the proof, the line must be reset and recast. This, however, is not so serious a mat-

ter as it seems, and the whole process does not occupy longer than for a compositor to correct his movable types. And the metal of a spoilt bar is not lost—it is simply thrown into the melting-pot and used over again.

In a general way, it may be said that a Linotype operator ought to be able to produce as much matter in an hour as a typewriter. At any rate, here we have an invention of world-wide importance, inasmuch as it undertakes to expedite and economize in a hitherto unattained manner the dissemination of literature. Up till now it has been chiefly applied to newspaper printing, because of its supposed limitations. But there are those who confidently predict the universal use of machine composition even for the finest book-work, with a consequent further cheapening of literature—marvellously cheap as it is already. Whatever is to be its own future, however, the Linotype has upset the time-honored industries of the type-founder and the type-setter, and has inaugurated an entirely new era in the history of printing.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE HOME OF THE CABOTS.

BY H. CABOT LODGE.

EARLY in May, 1497, a little vessel with some twenty persons on board set sail from Bristol on a voyage of discovery. It is intended to celebrate this year the four hundredth anniversary of that event at the place where it occurred. Such celebrations have been much the fashion of late on both sides of the Atlantic, owing no doubt to the great advance in historical knowledge and to the increased interest in history which this century has witnessed. Among all the events thus celebrated, however, there is perhaps hardly one which more deserves commemoration than the sailing of the little Bristol vessel 400 years ago. "We derive our rights in America," said Edmund Burke, "from the discovery of Sebastian Cabot, who first made the Northern Continent in 1497. The fact is sufficiently certain to establish a

right to our settlements in North America." On that voyage of the Cabots and its results rested the English claim to North America. Under that claim, successfully maintained, Englishmen planted the colonies which reached from Georgia to Maine, and which by their growth finally enabled the mother country to drive the French from Canada and make the continent from Mexico to the North Pole a possession of the English-speaking race. From those early colonies have come the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The daring voyage of discovery which made these things possible, and gave a continent to the English race, certainly deserves to be freshly remembered.

Burke really stated the whole case in the sentence just quoted, but he made one error. The commander of

the ship and the leader of the expedition was not Sebastian, but John Cabot. That Sebastian accompanied his father is probable, although not absolutely certain; but there is no doubt whatever that John Cabot was the originator, chief, and captain of this famous expedition, so small when it sailed away from Bristol, so big with meaning to mankind when it returned a few months later.

The following year there was another voyage made by the Cabots, with larger results in the way of exploration and information as to this new world, which they thought part of the country of the "Great Cham." Into the story of their memorable voyages, about which volumes have been written, or the subsequent career and long life of Sebastian Cabot—for John Cabot disappears from our ken after the second expedition—I do not propose to enter. My only purpose is to try to show who these men were who rendered this great service to England and to the world, and from what race they sprang.

On this point there have been much expenditure of learning, manifold conjectures, many theories, and abundant suggestions, but the upshot has been one of those historical puzzles or mysteries in which the antiquarian mind delights. As a matter of fact the explanation is very simple, and possibly that is the reason it has been overlooked. This does not mean that any one can tell where John Cabot was born, for no one knows, nor has any evidence on that point been produced. If some inquirer were to search among the records of a certain outlying portion of the United Kingdom, as has not yet been done with this object in view, something might be found which would throw light on John Cabot's birth and parentage. So far, however, there is no positive evidence whatever in regard to it. The case is hardly better in regard to Sebastian, for when he was trying to leave the service of Spain for that of Venice, he told Contarini that he was born in Venice but brought up in England. On the other hand, when he was an old man he told Eden that he was born in Bristol, and carried to Venice by his father at the

age of four years. The conflict between Sebastian's own statements is hardly more instructive than the absence of all information in regard to his father. But, although it is impossible to fix the birthplace of either of these men, it is possible to do that which is perhaps quite as important—determine where the family or the race to which they belonged originated.

John Cabot is always spoken of as a Venetian, and quite properly and correctly, but he was a Venetian by naturalization. The first mention of his name in history occurs in the Venetian archives, where we find his admission to citizenship in 1476. Before that there is absolutely nothing, and the Venetian archives simply prove that John Cabot was not born in Venice, and was a Venetian only by adoption. We know that he married a Venetian woman, and from Sebastian's contradictory statements about his own birthplace, we also know that his father had connections of some sort in England, and passed much time in that country long before the famous voyage; for on that point both Sebastian's versions as to his own nativity agree. Therefore it was not by accident that John Cabot went to England and received from Henry the Seventh in 1496 the patent granted to himself and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sanctius, for the discovery of unknown lands in the eastern, western, or northern seas, with the right to occupy such territories. The recent authorities speak of John Cabot as probably born in Genoa or its neighborhood, resting apparently only on Pedro de Ayala's reference to him as a Genoese and Stowe's loose statement that Sebastian was "Genoa's son." All this is mere guesswork. We know nothing about John Cabot except the not very illuminating fact that he was not born in Venice.

Let us now turn from the particular to the general. The Cabots were a numerous race. We find them scattered all over Europe; the name varied a little here and there, but is always easily identified. If it can be shown that people of that name have a home where they have lived for many generations, then the problem is solved.

In Ireland and Scotland there have been septs or clans all bearing a common name, and, in tradition at least, going back to a common ancestor. It needs no inquiry to tell us where the O'Donnells came from, although some of them have been Spaniards for several generations. We know the origin of the MacMahons and Macdonalds of France without much research. Wherever one meets a Cameron or a Campbell, one may be sure that his genealogy, if duly followed up, will take us back sooner or later to Scotland. The same law holds good very often in regard to families which have no pretence to a tribal origin or to the dignity of a clan or sept, especially if they come from some island or some sequestered spot on the mainland.

Such is the case with the Cabots or Chabots. The island of Jersey is their place of origin, and the residence there of men of that name goes back to a very early period. In Stowe's list of those who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, we find the name Cabot spelled as it is to-day. The bearer was no doubt one of the many Normans who followed William from the land which their Norse ancestors had swooped down upon a century earlier. Whether the particular adventurer who, according to Stowe, came over with the Conqueror was from the island of Jersey, we have no means of knowing. But men of that name must have settled in the island at a very early period, soon after it was granted as a fief to Rolf the Ganger by Charles the Simple. Down even to the present time most of the people in two Jersey parishes are named Cabot or Chabot. The word "Chabot" means also a kind of fish and a measure, and seems to be peculiar in this way to the island. On the bells of some of the churches, on the tombstones, and in the Armorial of Jersey the name and arms are found, and go back to very early times. The arms prove the antiquity of the race in the island. They are "armes parlantes," three fishes (chabots), with the pilgrim's scallop shell for a crest, indicating the period of the Crusades. The motto is one of the ancient punning mottoes, "Semper cor, caput, Cabot."

These peculiarities of name and arms indicate the antiquity of the family and also its identification with that particular spot. We find the name widely diffused in France, where it is found in many noble families, including the Rohans, owing to the *mésalliance*, so criticised by St. Simon, of the heiress of the Rohans with Henri de Chabot. In the French dictionaries it is usually said that the family is ancient and comes from Poitou, where it has been known since 1040, and no doubt many of the name who afterward reached distinction came from that part of France. The use of the word in common speech for a fish and a measure indicates, however, very strongly that the original seat of the race was on the Channel island of Jersey. The people there were of Norse descent, for the first settlements of the Normans were made along the coast of Normandy. It was from that northern coast that the Normans spread over England and Europe, going much further afield than Poitou. But, however this may be, it is clear that the Cabots were of Norman race, and that they settled first on the coast of Normandy with the rest of the adventurers who came down in the wake of Rolf the Ganger. The name has remained unchanged, Cabot or Chabot, for many centuries. In the letters patent it is spelt exactly as it is to-day—John Cabot. The name is not Italian nor is it anglicized, but is the Norman French name as it has always been known both in the Channel Islands and in Poitou for more than eight hundred years. Tarducci, the latest biographer of the Cabots, in his zeal to prove that they were Italians, produces names from Siena and elsewhere which in sound have a resemblance more or less distant to that of Cabot. But this is labor wasted. The name in Henry's patent was too plain and familiar to have been an anglicized version of some Italian patronymic. The variations on the names of the discoverers in the various contemporary authorities are merely efforts to make the name Cabot conform to the language of the writer, whether he used Spanish, Italian, or Latin, and nothing more.

There is, however, much better testi-

mony than the name to identify the navigators with the race which multiplied in the Channel island, and which had such numerous representatives in Poitou. In the *Armorial de la Noblesse de Languedoc*, by Louis de la Roque, it is shown that Louis, the son of the navigator, settled at St.-Paul-le-Coste in the Cevennes, and had a son Pierre, from whom the family is traced to the present time. Pierre left a will, in which he stated that he was the grandson of the navigator John. The decisive point is that the arms of this family are those of the Jersey Cabots precisely—three fishes, motto, and crest, all identical. Therefore the arms of Louis, the father of Pierre, and son of John the navigator, are the Jersey arms, and unite them with the island race. These same arms, with their fishes, are found among all the French Chabots quartered with those of Rohan and the rest. They exist unchanged in the American family, which came directly from Jersey to New England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The same name and the same arms constitute a proof of identity of race, before which the contradictory accounts of contemporaries of the discoverers, void as they are of any affirmative evidence, or the guesses of modern investigators, are of little avail. The arms also are important as showing that the family started from the island and not from Poitou; for the chabot was a fish caught in the neighborhood of the islands, a very natural emblem to take there, but not at all a likely device to have been adopted in Poitou.

Just where John Cabot was born, as was said at the outset, no one now can tell, for he was a wanderer and adventurer like his remote Norse ancestors, and left no records or papers. But

that he drew his blood from the Norman race of the Channel islands his name and arms seem to prove beyond doubt. It seems most probable also that it was not by chance that he got his patent from an English king, and sailed on his memorable voyage from an English port. England was not then a sea Power, nor was she numbered among the great trading and commercial nations of Europe. Venice or Genoa, Portugal or Spain, offered much larger opportunities and greater encouragement to the merchant or the adventurer than England. Yet John Cabot came to England for his letters patent and set out from Bristol on his voyage of discovery. We know from Sebastian Cabot's statement that his father had relations with England, and was much and often in that country. It is not going too far to suppose that, when he had made up his mind to enter upon his voyage of discovery in the New World, he came back to the land of which the home of his fathers, and perhaps his own birthplace, was a part. It is certain that no other reason is given in any contemporary evidence.

So long as the Cabots performed successfully the great work which it fell to them to do, it perhaps does not matter very much where they were born or whence they sprang. Yet there is a satisfaction in knowing that the strongest evidence we have shows that the men who gave England her title to North America, and made it the heritage of the English-speaking people, were of that Norman race which did so much for the making of England, and sprang from those Channel islands which have been a part of the kingdom of Great Britain ever since William the Conqueror seized the English crown.
—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

HALF A CENTURY'S SURVEY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

I TAKE to witness this westering light to which I look that all the grumbling I have ever been guilty of was official and for the public good. With me as with the rest of mankind there have been griefs upon the road, disappointments, hardship as well as error, and various kinds of wounding and robbery to endure, as well as too much matter of self-reproach. Yet never as boy or man have I been a grumbler, but only as journalist, and in performance of the natural duties of journalism. Even this I can say, that no one has ever heard me grumble at being so much a journalist, after determining to be in that line of life for only a little while and as a makeshift—the determination of so many young men whose real vocation is poesy and the writing of incomparable essays. And perhaps it would be ungrateful to repine at a perversion which carried the pervert into so many pleasures and advantages, and even to a place of power at least equal to half-a-dozen seats in Parliament: at least half-a-dozen, and these free of the Whip, independent of the Speaker, and subject not at all to the gentlemen of the front benches. It would be ungrateful, too, because my long spell of journalism began at about the most fortunate time in the history of what is sometimes called a “profession,” though it is not that any more than it is Cabinet-ministering, unless when calculation chooses to make it so.

It was a fortunate time—I speak of 1860 or thereabout—for almost every reason that the good journalist should rejoice at. It was a time of emergence from small credit and a poor wage to pay that was a good enough return for the commodity supplied, and to as much consideration in the world as modest worth should look for, whenever it cares about the world at all. I do not know what intellectual or artistic employment could be called flourishing in those dull years from the thirties to the fifties, unless in the

hands of a few individuals not all very great. Mechanical invention and appliance, of course; but not painting, nor sculpture, nor music, nor literature, nor the stage, and certainly not journalism—which, with one or two exceptions, as in Printing-house Square, seems rather to have fallen back from an already poor estate. I know of a London morning paper—rich enough in these days, and no doubt as liberal as wealthy—which even toward the end of that period filled its pages with leading articles, reviews, and other high critical matter, at the rate of ten shillings per yard-long column; and I also know of a great writer, already proved and popular, who jumped at a scale of pay which could not be offered now to scribes with half his reputation: there are none with half his charm, and few with all his fitness. Moreover, till those times journalism was hardly allowed to be respectable, even with writers like Coleridge and Hazlitt to ennoble its practice; and if in the third or fourth decades of the century it was less looked down upon, it was a poorer trade than ever, I fancy, for any but a few writers in one or two newspapers alone.

A business so ill paid, so ill thought of, and so limited in opportunity, was little likely to attract young ambition, or to draw into it the kind of men who not long afterward strove for a place on that cloud-capped Olympus, the “Times,” or to share the Byronic glories of the “Saturday Review.” And there are signs that when journalism was a new employment, writing for a newspaper was thought more respectable than to edit it. Nor, for intelligible reasons, is that an extinct prejudice yet. Among writers of the superior sort there are many whose feelings inform them that, whatever the difference in emolument and authority, it is better to range at large as independent contributors than to sit in the editorial chair. Two generations ago

it was a prevalent feeling. Scott seems to have been much disturbed upon hearing that Lockhart might become editor of a newspaper which there could be no discredit in writing for; and the same distinction gleams out clearly in the late Lord Blackford's story of how he came to write for the "Times." At the age of twenty-nine, before he had made choice of a career, he was repeatedly pressed by the proprietor of that journal to take its editorship. This he declined to do; but being then urged to write for the paper, he almost thinks that he will try his hand. Not that Frederic Rogers (as he then was) quite liked it. However, "this unattached way of doing things seems to me very feasible. . . . No one will know anything about the matter except my own private friends, and I can do just as much and as little as I please." No one will know! This was in 1840, when the newspaper press had already made considerable progress in gentility, and a yet more pronounced advance to the authority of a Fourth Estate of the Realm.

Bohemianism was its reproach, and the poverty which, in denying the means of cultivating the graces and refinements of life, provokes in some hurt minds an affectation of despising them. But journalism was practised out of Bohemia as well as within that vanished land. All newspaper proprietors were not as Thackeray's Mr. Bungay, nor all journalists like Captain Shandon and Jack Finucane. The author of "Vanity Fair" knew the world to which those gentlemen belonged very well. Most unwillingly, he had been in it; never willingly would he have remained in it for an hour; finding therein a vast deal that he despised, and despised with a certain hate and a certain fear which, in combination, formed a very lively and a rather worrying sentiment which he did not get rid of to the end of his life. It certainly checked and hampered him when he came to write of young Arthur's excursion into journalism; and so it is that even in "Pendennis" we have but faint uncertain glimpses of an underworld which has never been well described to this day. There are fields of observation which no satirist less stout

than Swift can hope to traverse, pen in hand, with comfort and composure; and, feeling this, the Muse of Titmarsh allowed a tormentingly inviting theme to repose at the bottom of his inkpot. True, Bludyer was fished up, but not as a contemporary specimen. To avoid unpleasantness, Thackeray explained that Bludyer was no actual denizen of Fleet Street, but belonged to an anterior period. *He* was to be regarded as representing a lingering "monster of the ooze;" though, truth to tell, his race was not yet quite extinct. I myself knew a very perfect Bludyer years after "Pendennis" came out—his end so miserable, from the fairest beginning, that one should be a Psalmist to describe it. Yet the Thackeray picture is a true one so far as it goes, and true as showing that in the novelist's earlier day the George Warringtons and young Pendennises were shouldering with the Shandons and Finucanes, who were soon to know their place no more.

Yet were I to talk of Bohemia, it would not be in the respectable and running-down vein. I'd rather choose to make the best of it. I would say that the manners and customs of that land were not all that they were understood to be in the neighboring country of Clapham; where the place to which men most resort for sober reflection (the club smoking-room) is still mistaken for a haunt of impropriety. I would wedge in the remark that the Bohemia of Britain was always as unlike the Bohemia of some other nations as an English school is different from a French *lycée*. Where it needs excuse, I would urge that manners and customs in our Bohemia were survivals from a tavern-and-coffee-house time—not very remote—when no one blamed them or shrunk from them. For hundreds of years the whole nation was more social and less formal than it afterward became, and in Bohemia old ways which the pious Dr. Johnson took pleasure in survived longer than anywhere else. Further to make the best of it, I should add that the free-and-easy smoking-concerts that are coming into vogue are an acknowledgment that there was more in this pleasure which the good Doctor took with his

Goldsmiths, and Reynoldses, and elegant Bennet-Langtons, than should be quite abandoned; and that it is a pleasure which our fine new clubs fail to supply on account of the frost there. I should even speak of some observations of my own in Bohemia—though rather touch-and-go, and taken, perhaps, in a less lively time, foreboding the submergence that was soon to come. And in answer to the question whether the hours were not very late, I should say they were; and if there was not too much drinking, I should reply that there was. Yet not for everybody, and not but what much of it seemed to exhale at once in the breezy laughter and the battling talk of a Bohemian night's entertainment. For that it was appointed; and by that a bowl of punch or two was (I almost think we might say) justified.

As the rough and tumble of football is good for the muscles and the temper, so the rough and tumble of such encountering talk was good for the wits and the temper: so I thought then, and I am not otherwise persuaded now. A dangerous country to tarry in, this Bohemia, however, and one that no careful man would have ventured the speculation of taking a lad into. But, as I knew it, it was not a land of sojourn. They who were drawn thither made the tour, came forth, threw off the loose cap of travel, donned the smooth and shining tile of civilization, and thenceforth roamed no more. Young men who afterward became palaced artists, or high scribes and scholars, or grave judges and counsellors of the Queen, resorted there awhile for nothing more than a jovial clamor of wit and clash of word—a laughing jail-delivery of thoughts and sentiments which otherwise might never have got release. However, Bohemia is now where Atlantis is, and there let it lie.

The precursor of the newspaper-writer was the pamphleteer: and he too was held in small esteem generally. Nevertheless, pamphleteers were sometimes very considerable persons, and, whether for attack or defence, the power of the pamphlet was well understood by Governments far less dependent on popular opinion than these

that we know. When the news-sheets, taking the bread out of the mouths of the pamphleteers, made a regular business of political criticism, they soon gained an influence which forced acknowledgment even from the loftiest scornors of Grub Street. As the news-sheets prospered with the spread of education, the advance of trade, and the multiplication of interests and events, this influence rose; and to share it and increase it became an ambition unknown to the earlier promoters of *Mercuries* and *Gazettes*. The Grub Street wage moved up; the hack and his rider began to drop into the rear; and, thanks a good deal to the enterprise and liberality of one or two daily papers, furthered not a little by the recent establishment of the "*Saturday Review*," journalism had advanced at a far higher stage of authority and consideration at the time when I found myself one of its junior captains.

And yet amid all this there was much sickness, and there had been a good deal of mortality not long before. One morning journal, since restored to greatness, had dropped into a sort of elegant retirement; another, which was heard of in all quarters when I was a boy, was already on the road to the land of forgotten things; a third, after living for many years, I believe, a vigorous life, had changed its too discredited name for another, under which it began a far more fortunate, more reputable, and more influential career. The decease of the "*Morning Chronicle*" was then a recent event, and remarkable because not many years before it was still a formidable rival to Mr. Walter's "*Thunderer*," which journal it once over-topped. The "*Chronicle's*" decease was also remarkable because it never had so brilliant a staff of writers as in the last year of its existence. Nor were these gentlemen at all antiquated or in any sense behind the times; the proof of which is that the busiest of them were among the best of that memorable little band of writers who, when the "*Saturday Review*" started, took the town by storm.

There was a common superstition among journalists, I remember, that the "*Morning Chronicle*" was not really dead when it did die. Though

there is no lack of imagination in Fleet Street there is little romance, yet here was a fancy which resembled the departed journal with those heroes of old who could not die; whose death was but a sleep; who, at the winding of a horn or the drawing of a sword would come forth more gloriously alive than ever. And there really was something in that superstition; for, unknown to many if not to all who held it, once a year the entombed "*Chronicle*" stirred into life, was called by its name and answered to the call, at the same time declaring the day of the week and the month of the year in which it reawoke to momentary existence. So the tale was told to me, but in the prose of the expounder of myths and the analyst of fairy-tales: as thus. In order to keep a newspaper legally and technically alive, though its publication to the world had ceased, what you might do was to print three or four copies of the paper once a year. A costly expedient if carried out in the ordinary way, with eight large pages of type to set; but this difficulty was met by a friendly arrangement for putting the title of the defunct journal to the types of another paper some morning, after this other paper had been printed off. The office of the "*Morning Chronicle*" was in dingy old premises nearly opposite Somerset House. Once, when I was a lad, I ascended its stair, but never again—so rough was my reception by a very able yet very warm-tempered editor. Not that he went so far with me as he *could* go, or as when he put his printer on the fire in consequence of a typographical error!

It is not forgotten, of course, that two great additions to daily journalism in London (one springing from Whitefriars, the other from Peterborough Court) must be set against these changes and fatalities. On the other hand, Mr. Bright's "*Star*" died out, and one entire system of journalistic publications had perished. In the earlier years of the century the London evening papers seem to have been both prosperous and influential, ranking close after the morning papers. Yet when my little paper was started in 1865 some of them were dead and forgotten, while others were forgotten

though they still lived. That seems hardly possible, for a newspaper, but it is as nearly true as can be. It seems that there was a "*St. James's Chronicle*" extant, the existence of which was then and afterward a secret from all but its proprietor and printer. Certainly it was a secret from me till after I had been fifteen or twenty years in the trade, when Mr. Newdigate told me that he was the owner of the paper, and showed me the first and only copy of it that I ever saw. Some evening papers of more modern birth—including the cheapest and by no means the least attractive—had gone the way of the rest at the time of which I speak; but the veteran "*Globe*" still carried on, though its whole circulation was said to be far short of a thousand copies. (At threepence apiece, however.) And unless my memory is at fault, there was no other evening journal in existence.

This account of the condition of the newspaper press in the early sixties does not seem to bear out my statement that it was a fortunate time to start with; but it was. Journalism was at turning-point. A poor order of things was passing away; a better order of things—mainly signalized by the victorious advent of the "*Saturday Review*," and, as I have said, by the attraction of many fresh, bright, strong, and scholarly minds to journalism as a power—was coming in, and coming in upon well-prepared ground. As one consequence, the "*Pall Mall Gazette*" started under more favorable conditions than we were sensible of at the time—an admission volunteered to chasten pride and cool conceit when I add that this same little paper gave a great stimulus to the revival. If its distinguishing intention had to be explained in a sentence, it was to bring into daily journalism (but with more legerity and less of the docterial) the full measure of thought and culture which was then found only in a few *Reviews*. So, indeed, its prospectus said; and though the intention so expressed may seem bumptious to the later generation of newspaper readers, they have a milder opinion of it who remember what the daily press of England really was just before the breaking

of its better day. Some unaccustomed emulations were now roused; others were stimulated; and, powerful influences of various kinds concurring to aid the change, the newspaper press moved on to a higher place and to great prosperity. The evening papers, which had almost gone out of existence, were speedily restored in greater numbers and to greater favor. In London alone there have been seven or eight of them for years; and their aggregate sale is not reckoned by single thousands, as in '65, but by hundreds of thousands.

It was a good time for journalism, that seventh decade of the century, for another reason that seems quite worth mentioning. Whether employed upon a morning or an evening paper, the political and even the literary scribe wrote in much more favorable conditions than he does now, or has done for some years. Shortly stated, the explanation of the difference is that in those days he wrote under pressure just strong enough to produce warm and spirited work, while nowadays the pressure is often too great for a comfortable and satisfactory deliverance. Here again, of course, as in many another place, I speak in generalities, exceptions being always implied and I hope understood. In this case, however, the exceptions are not very numerous, and they are probably becoming fewer; for the aim of modern journalism more and more is to write of the latest turn of the latest matter of interest at the last hour allowed by the printer. This is called being "up to date," and in nothing is there greater rivalry. Being up to date is, of course, the life of journalism, as its name bespeaks; but even here it is possible to run to excess. A dramatic critic exactly illustrated my meaning the other day in a sentence which embodied a journalistic maxim of the time: mark the maxim. Acknowledging the inconvenience of "dashing off" a first-night criticism "before you go to bed," he further said that to wait till next morning would be wiser. But what would you? "The facts of competition, and that people generally prefer a thing done soon to having it done well, compel an immediate notice."

The number of persons per thousand

who prefer criticism done soon to criticism done well may be larger than some of us could have supposed; but what compels an immediate notice, good, bad, or indifferent, is evidently "the facts of competition." That the dramatic criticism of the newspapers would be bettered if written "next morning" is not an inflexible matter of certainty, considering how much depends on the training and the idiosyncrasy of the critic. Change the wording a little, and the same thing may be said for other critics, and even for those who convey political instruction under the same law of devil take the hindmost. An apt and ready mind, constantly employed in beating over certain departments of political study, is usually prepared with an opinion upon whatever may happen within its own range of observation and expectancy. This is the answer to the reproach of writing at an hour's notice on the most important political events. No political event is unrelated to past and present. Both are prophecies, more or less distinct, of what is to come. Either as likely or unlikely, therefore, most political events are matters of speculation before they happen; and though a sudden piece of news may sometimes throw the most judgematical observer into confusion, it more often has a contrary effect—instantly consolidating a whole series of beliefs and expectations theretofore held in suspense. In a moment, long vistas of speculation, with their by-paths, become solid ground, over which the political writer is able to conduct his public with confidence at an hour's notice.

But the hour's notice—the hour's notice is very desirable. It gives the writer ease; it smoothes his way; it may even be accounted necessary for his own good and the good of his work; but he does not get it so often as in times of old. By a few precious minutes at every stage of the day's business, there *was* a more leisurely way of doing things thirty years ago. Step back twenty years farther, and see how leading articles were written for the most exigent and enterprising newspaper of the period. Describing the beginning of his connection with the

"Times," Lord Blachford says: "I dined with Mr. Walter and his son in Printing-house Square at five o'clock, and found that I was expected to write an article then and there on one of the subjects of the day. I protested my inability, not supposing myself capable of doing such a thing in less than a week. This was pooh-poohed. I tried, found it possible, and found also that I was expected to repeat the process next day. Same hour, same dinner, short conversation after dinner, when the subject was announced, and I was left alone till tea-time, when Mr. Walter appeared, read aloud what I had done, with criticisms, and, after correction, carried off the copy to the printer. When the article," taken up for completion after tea, "was finished, the same process was repeated; and when I was disburdened of the whole article I went home to bed." And in this way precisely the young man wrote every day for a year; by which time he found the dinners "such a lie" that he got release from them.

This was in 1842. Before 1862 leader-writing had lost much of the ease and fireside charm which Frederic Rogers enjoyed, but yet its practice was more unembarrassed and deliberate than the advance of civilization allowed it to remain. The one fact that then-a-days there were no Atlantic or other long-distance submarine cables to pour news into "the office" from all parts of the earth, at all hours of the day and night, marks a great difference in favor of the scribe. Mainly on this account, he now begins to write at about eleven o'clock at night—often without knowing what new facts may come in before twelve to make rewriting necessary, or what may "transpire" before breakfast-time next morning to belate his premisses or throw doubt on his conclusions. In consequence, not seldom is he driven to hedging ingenuities of locution which enfeeble what he has to say. But a worse result of the endless stream of rumors, reports, and "revelations," together with the imperative up-to-date competition deplored by our dramatic critic, is one that seems to be gaining ground fast. Every novel and plausible rumor being the rumor most

up to date, it is allowed an importance that very rarely belongs to it. The leader-writer feels that it must not be supposed to have escaped his vigilance; he *must* take notice of it: in doing so he must search out its remotest inner meanings for whatever up-to-dateness they may reveal; and the consequence is that reports which in nine cases out of ten are born to flutter for a day and then to perish, are discussed as gravely as if they were in every sense the last word.

It will be understood at once, of course, that these remarks more particularly apply to journalistic comment on foreign affairs, which are now and are likely to remain by far the most important of English affairs; and no one who studies them in the newspapers will accuse me of exaggeration on this point. It can be explained, of course, if explanation which offers no hope of remedy is of any comfort; but never till now has there been such an inpour of startling reports, unexpected developments, surprising portents, keys to the situation, revelations of the most authorized description—yet nearly all factitious or fanciful; and never before has there been such eager snatching at the latest supply of a commodity which, in its effect on the consumer, resembles West Coast gin; exciting much but debilitating more. That is the evil of it. As for the leader writers, "the facts of competition, and that people generally prefer a thing done soon to having it done well, compel a notice" of these rumors and reports which otherwise would never be wasted on them. As for the public, before long the public mind tires under the profitless confusion so assiduously provided for it; and it would be strange if the instructors of the public mind did not sicken a little too. Meanwhile, what is most substantial and most necessary to keep in view is in danger of being overlaid and forgotten. Here at the least is a very great nuisance, the which we were spared when telegraphic enterprise gave less facility for a traffic which is not always innocently distracting; for sometimes in politics, as sometimes in finance, the wires are used to propagate impressions and alarms more useful to the senders of the message

than to anybody else. Obviously, it was a very great advantage to be comparatively free of such interruptions, to be ourselves rarely disturbed by them, and to write for a public that did not go wild twice a-week over sensational telegrams prepared with too little care or a vast deal too much. "Prodigious fabrications are evidently taking the place of serious and carefully sifted news." It even goes as far as that, according to one of the most moderate and soft-speaking of London journals.

These developments confirm rather than weaken an old opinion that the most difficult and least satisfactory service of the Press in Britain is the Foreign Correspondent's. Its difficulty is indeed so great, even as practised by the worthiest among an able and honorable set of men, that it seems nearly unattainable. Consider what the position of a Foreign Correspondent is. As agent of a British firm, he is sent to some great capital to obtain a constant supply of a valuable commodity. It is of different qualities this commodity—the most esteemed being, as usual, the sort that is hardest come by. The new, the secret, the unknown in international politics are the greatest prizes; but even the most precious of these loses 95 per cent. of the value it would otherwise have for the firm at home when it is not "exclusive." That it should be exclusive is everything—that is to say, that no other correspondent of a similar firm should have a share in it. But in every great capital a dozen correspondents of similar firms compete against each other; and very keen the competition is, because the success of one man is in its own exact measure a reproach and a humiliation to the rest. And with all this competition, what have the rival seekers after the new, the secret, the unknown, to offer for it? Nothing: nothing tangible, of course. In France a good deal of business is done in this commodity on a solid footing; but there the inquiring firms are mostly financial, operating for bourse-purposes and by no means to supply the public with news. The Own Correspondent has no commission to pay a political functionary's debts or anything of that

sort, and would not consent to work in any such way. He has nothing to offer but his card and his civilities, wherever he may seek what he is in want of daily. Even for the means of carrying on an inferior though still important part of his duties, he must studiously compete with the rest of the dozen in being agreeable. It is his business to make himself *persona grata* with all the more lofty functionaries in Court and Government, or how shall he hope for a good place for describing State festivities or on grand ceremonial occasions? And then as to higher things, how else is he to stand a chance of getting choice political information? To be sure, there is resort to the British Embassy in the capital to which he is accredited; but though our Foreign Office officials abroad are a trifle more yielding, I believe, than they in Downing Street are, there are no flintier sources of political revelation in the world than the British secretariat. The other Embassies afford better sport, and it is a matter of great importance to be on friendly terms with them all; for it is impossible to say when any one of them may not have reasons of State for worrying another by the revelation of a half-formed scheme or the publication of a compromising despatch. Above all, the Foreign Correspondent must stand well with the Government of the country he lives in; and the only way of keeping well with these highest dispensers of information is to take a friendly view of their policies and proceedings whenever it is possible and as long as it is possible.

Now as the British journalist carries the spirit of independence abroad with him, and is, according to my observation and belief, remarkably sensitive to the professional *point d'honneur*, he has an extremely troublesome time of it between what is expected of him at home and the pressure to which he is subject in the capital where he is stationed. That it cannot be otherwise is in the nature of men and things; and no man needs another's glasses to see the length and breadth of the facts. It is only a ruder and coarser embarrassment for the correspondent in France, in Germany, in Austria, when his editor, acting upon an independent

opinion, writes in persistent hostility to the Government in either of these countries. And what is the result? The result that might be expected is a good deal of complaisance. As a matter of fact, however, there is very much less of it than might be inferred without excess of suspicion. But yet, as I have had occasion to remark before now, it is at this point that the independence of the English press is weakest. Here it is most often exposed to subversion—to subversion of a very subtle kind; and unfortunately the public cannot always see where the correspondent has been “planted” with some insidious suggestion, some half-true yet wholly mendacious denial, or some statement intended to assist the least admirable arts of diplomacy. But this is by no means an uncommon operation in troubled and exciting times, when the correspondent himself, perhaps, is caught by the fever that rages about him. Not, of course (but that has been understood all along), that there is the faintest reason for complaint when British interests are involved, or British honor. Nor can there be the least reason for fear, either when the correspondent is an Englishman or when he is a foreigner scrupulously faithful to his salt. But when foreigners are employed to send foreign news to English journals, together with hints and criticism of foreign affairs, these writers should be warranted incapable of undertaking a divided duty.

In any case, whatever danger there may be lurks not in the news that the correspondent sends, but in the comment, the conveyance of impression, which form so large a part of the telegraph matter from abroad. What is meant by that may be illustrated by a little experience of my own, otherwise hardly worth mentioning. In the early days of the “Pall Mall Gazette” I had a visit from a certain Dr. P., a Berlin official. He introduced himself as coming directly from the German Chancellor with a proposal which von Bismarck took a personal interest in. He often read the “Pall Mall Gazette,” and was greatly pleased with, much admired, or sincerely respected, a variety of qualities which he habitually found there. On that account the Chancel-

lor desired to be of use to the “Pall Mall Gazette,” as he might be by supplying the paper occasionally with really good information on foreign affairs. If that would be agreeable to me, Dr. P. would be the means of despatching such news from time to time—a regular correspondence at irregular intervals being the kind of thing proposed. Further to enable him to show that this was a genuine offer, von Bismarck had intrusted to Dr. P. a few lines in his own hand to say as much. Document then produced, shown to me, and returned to Dr. P.’s pocket-book. With the best face at my command, I asked whether it was proposed to send news alone, or also to send letters of observation and comment; to which the reply was that both news and comment were intended. What I then said I do not remember; but my meaning was to point out as inoffensively as possible that the “Pall Mall Gazette” being a small paper, the Chancellor’s kindness would be much enhanced if nothing but concrete news was sent, or such information as could be conveyed in a simple paragraph of affirmation, explanation, correction, or denial. We seemed to understand each other at once; and though Dr. P. said very politely that no doubt this could be arranged, I never heard another word of the business he came about after he had left the room.

The bearing of this little story lies in the fact that brief paragraphs of plain statement bring the writer to a full sense of his responsibility while he is inditing them; and that the language of reporting is neither fluid enough nor voluminous enough to carry any great amount of feeling or innuendo, whether for business or undesigned. Dr. P. meant business, no doubt, though to my mind not very culpably; *ruse* is the recognized instrument of every diplomacy except our innocent own. But even in professional politics there is such a thing as unconscious feeling, unintended twists of partisanship; or else what is meant by the belief, which exists in every Foreign Office, that an ambassador may live at one Court too long? Not that the particular signs which suggest too long a residence at the same post are

often shown in the case of the correspondent. I do not know that he ever shows them, indeed. But, being human, he is in danger of answering more than he is aware to the various influences persistently bearing on him. It is even possible to plant him with misleading ideas, interested suggestion, erroneous sympathies; and since that is the case, we may doubt whether journalism is improved by taking from the correspondent long screeds of speculation and comment for publication under the head of News.

That is the objection. So printed, they delude—not by intention of the writer, but through the imagination of the reader. We all know how unconsciously imagination can lead us astray. Because these screeds are *telegraphed*, and because they are printed with news as news, the writer's remarks are invested by most minds with the importance due to a statement of facts. Whatever may be his aim—whether to persuade or dissuade, to appease or inflame, to allay mistrust or to alarm suspicion—all is understood as if resting on a background of actual knowledge. To the fancy of the reader, the special correspondent in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, is always a news-writer. He never loses that character, whatever he may say; and so the reader often takes that for veiled information which is merely speculative, or the fancy of excited sympathies, or even something which somebody hopes to bring into existence by persistent prophecy.

For these and other reasons, I can but think it would be well were foreign correspondents to go back a little to their old ways, which were the ways of simple and straightforward reporting. Nor are they strange to us even now. Reuter's agents adopted them, and faithfully stuck to them till quite lately; with the result that Reuter's telegrams came to have more weight generally with experienced readers than those of any newspaper correspondent. Now that Reuter's agents seem inclined, here and there, to depart from the unambitious simplicity of the reporter, reason the more for rescuing political discussion from a great deal that distracts, overloads, and fatigues it. It may be asked whether I propose,

then, that opinion and observation accumulated by watchful and keen-witted correspondents "on the spot" should go to waste. Of course I do not. But I do think that more of it might advantageously pass to publication through the sieve of editorial responsibility; and that to appear in its true character all such matter should be printed apart from the news columns, where it takes a significance and authority which it should be guarded from.

That avowed partisans should be employed to send home news from foreign parts, and be so employed because they are partisans, is an entirely new thing in journalism, and one that would have been thought incredible not very long ago. It is honestly done, however. So far from the partisanship being concealed it is proclaimed, or even vaunted; so that nobody is deceived and everybody understands what to expect. But that it is an innovation good for journalism I am not yet persuaded, nor does it seem likely to be good for those who practise it. The shrewdest of Own Correspondents may fall into error, the wariest may be taken in and become the channel of representations less accordant with fact than with policy. In short, the partisan reporter in full employment may be more partisan than he knows; and when the exaggerations and the *rusé* suggestions that he did not mean to be guilty of are discovered, he may find himself in danger of being considered a willing agent of deceit. If so, that will not be good for him—except as he is absolved for good intentions; and it will be bad for journalism, which is expected to be trustworthy first and to put on the other graces afterward.

After acknowledging the common merit of independence, courage, incorruptibility—qualities for which the British newspaper press stands far above any other in Europe—we see that the most striking claim to journalistic honors is that of the war-correspondent. Sir William Howard Russell may be said to have created a service in 1854, which, after a brilliant existence of forty years, no longer offers opportunity for the distinction that

Mr. Forbes and Mr. MacGahan won—to name two of a dozen men whose hardihood and devotion were never exceeded in any service except that of the Christian Church. The regular means of transmitting news leaves much less to personal enterprise and ingenuity; and, as Mr. Forbes has said, “nowadays the avocation of the war correspondent is simplified and at the same time controlled by precise and restraining limitations.” The precise and restraining limitations include some that the generals are more and more resolute to impose. War-correspondents were never loved by the generals—for professional reasons which, no doubt, are sound professionally; and the correspondent who, when the next great war breaks out, asks at our own War Office for “facilities” (and what more liberal War Office is there anywhere?) may count upon a cold and niggardly response, and a wise one. And so on all hands the romance of war perishes while its menaced horrors accumulate.

All newspaper editors, however, had not the good fortune to be served by Russells, Forbeses, and the like; and in their hearts, therefore, are not so very much dissatisfied with a future of “restraining limitations,” which will bring war-reporting to a nearer equality. Partly from ill-luck, partly from other circumstances more or less excusing, war-correspondents were not infrequently disappointing, and they were sometimes a trial. We say nothing about it, but British soldiers *have been* known to run. We keep it dark, but war correspondents have been known to invent—though only in detail, not in gross. If there be any case to the contrary, it is a solitary one. Yet in the files of a great provincial journal may be read, I believe, an account of the first hours of a battle that was never fought at all—the whole of its stirring details being evolved from a noise which the chronicler, sitting aloft in his hotel, took to be the sound of cannonading coming from a quarter where a fight was then expected. To forestall other reporters, whom the likelihood of the fight had drawn to the same place, he dashed off his partial report of the engagement, de-

spatching it with great secrecy and expedition to a near frontier station. The rest he would have written after a visit to the scene of conflict; but when he proposed to set out he discovered that what he had supposed to be the distant firing of artillery was, in fact, the kicking of some frightened horses in an adjacent shed.

I myself know what it is to have a perfect “handful” of a war-correspondent, and yet a remarkably clever man; but whenever a reproachful thought of him intrudes I remember that at the moment of starting for the Franco-German war he gave me a very impressive “tip.” He was a Frenchman; and he said, “Mark this: the end of the war will be decided at the beginning. I know my fellow-countrymen. If they win the first battle on German ground, nothing will stop them this side of Berlin; it will be a hurricane. But if the first engagement is a French defeat on French ground, not a single Frenchman will cross the frontier unless as a prisoner.” Had the prophet known of von Moltke’s genius and the German preparation for hurricanes he might have hedged his meaning a little. But its general significance was striking, and the events of the war as each followed each kept it in memory. The more, perhaps, because no better contribution to guidance came from *that* correspondent; but it would be monstrous in me to complain, for I had another who, for despatch, achieved the first great feat on the war-correspondents’ roll of honor—nor was it ever beaten afterward. To make it the more memorable in newspaper record, what was brought to London for the printer on that occasion was the first report of the battle of Sedan and the surrender of the French Emperor—one of the greatest and most determining events of the century. My correspondent was with the Prussian King’s staff on the Frénois heights above Sedan when the Emperor’s letter of surrender was brought in. Night was coming on, but, without so much as ten minutes’ preparation, Mr. Holt White rode down the hill, straight across the battle-field, and so over the Belgian frontier and home, contriving by various expedients, but at great fatigue, to get

a brief report into the "Pall Mall Gazette" two days before a word of the matter was published elsewhere in England. Nor did any other report appear till the day after his *second* screed had told the whole story.

Now here was a kind of competition which there cannot be too much of. For it is by no means enough to be a good courier and smart in delivery. The war-correspondent's aim would have been entirely missed if in the endeavor to be "first out" he failed in accuracy, in breadth of view, in apprehension of main points, or in close yet full and strong description. It was competition, keenly maintained, in nearly all that is excellent in journalism, or even in literature. Yet the serious fact is, it seems, that war-correspondents were a downright nuisance to the generals—nuisance and embarrassment too, they say; and are in future to be more or less uniformed and strictly regulated.

Whether the soundness and the influence of the newspaper press are increasing or diminishing is at all times a question of importance. If I am right, a very distinct period in the character and status of the newspaper press began soon after the middle of the century, and lasted for rather less than a generation. Then began another period distinct enough to be recognized as different without assistance of the label, "The New Journalism." On the whole, is it a higher as well as a larger development from its predecessor? "Higher," however, is not a word to insist upon: we should ask if the journalism of to-day is sounder for its own acknowledged purposes of usefulness than was the journalism of (say) twenty years ago. Representing that older day, I shall be expected to say that I do not think the newspaper press improved in its better qualities, and I do say so; but not without acknowledging that I may remain prejudiced after trying to take into account all that seems to detract unfairly from modern journalism in the bulk. And in what are its merits hidden more than in the enormous bulk it has attained to? Not without reason was it said at the beginning of this article

that we of the Old Guard were fortunate in not being a multitude. The fewer in the field the more noticeable the conduct of each; and on that account, perhaps, more of emulation, more of effort to secure the attention that could be reckoned on for any particularly good stroke of the pen. No doubt there is the same reward still for an unusually meritorious piece of writing; but not so much of it to hearten the writer, I fancy, as when the effect of one good day's work nearly always came home to him the next. There are now so many voices that, with rare exceptions and on rare occasions, they drown each other; and even the best commodities are in danger of being cheapened in popular esteem by a superabundant supply of "a similar article." That this has had a discouraging and deterrent effect upon minds that were once ambitious of writing in the newspaper press can hardly be doubted. Nobody used to ask "What is the good?" when urged to write at his best, or when praised for some remarkably apt and eloquent performance; but I am told that the question is heard not unseldom nowadays.

One of the reforms achieved by the new journalism of forty years since was the complete supersession of a formal, artificial, and therewith hackneyed style, by a style more idiomatic and familiar. The classic lingo of the pamphleteer was already tiring out, and now gave way completely to the unpedantic, nervous, flexible good English of common life (by nature never without humor) which men of education used in their talk and in their letters. Whether for its own immediate purpose—the expression and enforcement of opinion—or whether for its effect in improving the common practice of our mother tongue, this was a change very much for the better. But though the journalistic English of that day aimed at being familiar, it had its own restraints, and would not have been approved without a certain dignity in freedom. Of course I speak of the better sort of journalism, of which there was soon no lack. Later developments in this direction seem to me neither serviceable nor delightful. The familiar is now carried much too

far, and it is never a pretty thing in excess. At a leap I hasten to admit that some of the older journals, both daily and weekly, are either quite or almost as carefully written as ever they were; and there is nothing to say on this score against one or two of the newer ones. But of the general mass of journalism it would have to be said that it has dropped into a looseness of speech that does not improve anything, and must even diminish the writer's own sense of self-respect. With no charm of its own, it adds neither elegance nor emphasis to what it is employed upon. On the contrary, it lowers the importance of whatever it is employed upon—brings it down; at the same time giving public sanction to more slanginess than it ventures upon itself. To be sure, there is a set-off against this fault in frequent patches of earnest and laborious preciousness; but for all that, I must avow an opinion that here the newspaper press has fallen away.

In another respect it has jumped back over the whole of those forty years—some say most properly. I do not know how that may be when consequences are fully sifted out. But my own idea is that the newspaper press was quite as informing, and rather more agreeable, when the reporting of a certain kind of news was less outspoken and particular. At one time—but a long time ago—it was blunt and rough enough apparently. Then the public taste revolted, and newspaper editors seem to have submitted to the rebellion gladly. But, from whatever cause or causes, there was for many years almost as much decency of language in the reporters' columns as at the dinner-table. No such restraint, no such governance, is attempted now; and the precise date of its abandonment can be named, I think. It followed immediately upon our time of revelry in Bulgarian atrocities. It commenced then; and it has gone so far that (speaking by the card) if any family newspaper five-and-twenty years ago had printed for a week a kind of matter which is now commonly published in such sheets, that journal would have found itself on the road to ruin. Respect for art cannot be alleged in ex-

planation of the frankness now permitted, nor obligation to make things properly understood. The offence is in the detail so often dragged naked into print. Now for some readers this detail comes to mind quite sufficiently and accurately, as part of the matter, without any assistance from the reporter's speaking-trumpet; while as for the rest, who is in haste to instruct minds that have yet to learn how abominable human nature can be?

Considered up and down, this is the most remarkable change of many in the journalism of the last half-century; and it has been closely accompanied by another which seems to bear out the above account of its origin. At the time of the Bulgarian atrocities, the late Lord Derby was described by an earnest and eloquent writer as "stained with the blood and smirched with the lust of Batuk." The two things went always together. For months the unlovely conjunction was never out of the public journals and never out of people's minds: and, figuratively speaking, the newspapers have been in Lord Derby's condition as to *both* particulars ever since. They are bloodier upon every occasion of becoming so. It is not only as if a barbaric license of description was now and again provoked by Turkish massacres. That might be expected. But it is another thing—when a murder cannot be committed, nor any poor mad wretch lie down before an advancing railway-train, without an inhuman painting of the papers with blood and brains. *Why?* For purposes of further information, what need of a word-photograph of the state of the rails when the train has gone by? And if the plentiful appearance of similar pictures (in oil) at the exhibitions of the French Salon is a sign of decadence, what are these word-photographs of ours a sign of? Of decadence only in a minor sense, we may believe; but yet without doubt a something of that disagreeable character.

For improvement and advancement we must look in other directions; and, for one thing by no means insignificant, it seems to me that increasing pains are taken to detect and weed out the advertisements by which various

kinds of roguery ply their trade. Well within memory, journals quite above the lower class could be very careless in admitting such advertisements, or even indifferent to their character when it plainly peeped through. The likelihood of enormous mischief carried on by one of these advertising trades led me some years ago to make a pretty close inquiry into it; or rather a courageous, good-hearted, clever woman (long since dead) did so for me. The business was the one that was afterward called baby-farming; but it had various branches, none innocent—some laid out for the most atrocious blackmail conceivable, others running to murder as the simplest thing for all parties. Though this is known well enough now, it was not so then; but in a few weeks my ingenious and temerarious investigator had made out all that has ever been discovered since. So well did she succeed that she could lodge with me a bundle of letters from various hands which laid the business open more plainly than could have been thought possible: familiarity with its risks had evidently dulled perception. The results of this inquiry were not meant for publication in any shape, as may be imagined, and no use injurious to their writers was made of the letters. The purpose was simply to gather a firm foundation of fact for appeal against the practice of publishing advertisements conducive to a guilty trade, and in that way it was very serviceable. But now something happened which proved far more effective: a woman was hanged for pursuing this trade. After that there could be no more doubt in any advertisement office about the danger of complicity in a most cruel and infamous business. The woman who was hanged was herself an advertiser; and no doubt the lesson of her trial and execution went beyond child-murder—suggesting a wariest eye upon other dark departments of commerce. It should be acknowledged, however, that the difficulty of sifting out fraudulent advertisements is very great; and there is this additional awkwardness in the matter—that to reject what on the face of it is a harmless invitation to buy, sell, or otherwise do business, is a di-

rect insinuation of covert dishonesty. But where this difficulty was a ground of excuse it is now more often a cause of anxiety, and that is a considerable difference to the good.

Review the newspaper press as a whole, and the most remarkable advance appears first in the number and excellence of the provincial journals, and next in the multitude and variety of interests which have been brought under its surveillance. Sixty years ago, the total number of daily newspapers in the United Kingdom was no more than twelve; and the sale of the whole twelve ("Times" included) was probably less than any one of half-a-dozen daily papers now current. Of such journals there are to-day about two hundred—most if not all of them taking a larger scope than any of that period, and the best of them showing but very little difference between country and town. For many years the most masterly newspaper in English, after the "Times," was a colonial journal—the Melbourne "Argus." Out of Printing-house Square, it is still as good, probably, as any in existence; but if so, it must have gone on improving, for our great provincial journals have advanced by quick degrees to very high excellence. One or two Scottish journals, two or three English provincial journals, only lack what Price One Penny cannot supply—the fine paper and more open reading of the Walter press.

But whether the influence of the newspaper press in public affairs has increased with the multiplication of its forces is doubtful. There are reasons for thinking (one of them in particular shall be mentioned presently) that the clamor of so many voices in competition makes too much of a babel to be impressive. And there is something, perhaps, in the remark that down to Palmerston's time the machinery of Government was more limited, more compact, more capable of being influenced by any single powerful agency from without, than in these days of diffused and confused authority. The discussion of affairs proceeded upon simpler lines then than now. The questions of the day presented themselves in less complexity. The faddist

had not yet arisen to start cross currents of perversity in every stream of political action. Therefore the business of Government was more simple and direct, as also was that of the political critic in corresponding measure. His best play is made when he is able to go straight to the main points of the question in hand. He is lost if he has to run into a dozen "side issues" after as many several packs of readers.

Thus when we compare an older day with the new we find ourselves in presence of a greater (but more manifold) bulk of force, while yet the means of political power are in no small measure weakened and confounded. So it seems to me, at any rate. I still believe that one journal alone had more influence on Government in Lord Palmerston's day than the whole press has at this moment. And that brings me to the particular reason for think-

ing so which was mentioned above: it is that Governments are far more indifferent to the newspaper press than they used to be. They can be annoyed by the press; they can be embarrassed by the press; on a balance they can be helped or otherwise by its multitudinous contention. But there was a fear of the press, and an anxiety to stand well with it, which are by no means what they were, though not yet utterly destroyed.

Of one sort and another, however, there is power enough, and a fine prospect of future prosperity. Yet as to the future of individual writers, I should think better of them were fewer gentlemen and ladies going into journalism as a calling more hopeful than wine-agency and more genteel than governessing,—an influx from which no good of any kind can be expected. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

BY MALCOLM MORRIS.

NOT many months ago the Duke of Cambridge, speaking at St. George's Hospital on the occasion of the opening of a new operating theatre, said:

I do not believe that amid all the improvements, the advantages, and the additions that have occurred during the prolonged reign of Her Majesty, anything has made so much progress as medical and surgical science. Whether we look at what has been or is going on in this country, or whether we turn to foreign lands, it strikes me that there has been an advance made which has been of such enormous advantage to the human race that that alone would mark this period to which I am alluding.

His Royal Highness, with the practical sense of a man of affairs, in a few plain words expressed the exact state of the matter. It will be my purpose in the following pages to show how fully justified he was in making the statement which has been quoted.

It is no idle boast, but the simple unvarnished truth, that medicine—in which term I include the whole art of healing, and the scientific laws on which its practice is based—has made greater progress during the last sixty

years than it had done in the previous sixty centuries. The medical knowledge of the Egyptians, though considerable compared with that of other ancient peoples, was, as may be gathered from the fragments of their nosology and therapeutic formularies that have come down to us, but little above the traditional lore in such matters with which old women have in all ages been credited. The practical mind of Greece began by trying with Hippocrates to see things as they really were, but later fell away into the making of systems and the spinning of cobwebs of theory instead of observing facts. The Romans had for medicine and its professors a robust contempt, akin to that which Squire Western had for French cooks and their kickshaws. In the later days of the Republic, indeed, the *Græculus esuriens* brought his physic as well as his philosophy to the great market of Rome, and under the Empire medicine men flourished exceedingly. Medicine itself, however, was at its best a mere empiric art, and in this condition it remained practi-

cally till Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1628 laid the corner-stone of modern physiology, and thus prepared a foundation for a scientific medicine. From the seventeenth till the early part of the nineteenth century, though many improvements were made in the details of the art of healing, there was no great advance either in the conception of disease or in the principles of treatment. The discovery of vaccination itself, though one of the greatest practical importance, was merely the observation of a fact, not the enunciation of a law.

When the Queen came to the throne in 1837, it is hardly too much to say that the average medical practitioner knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, and kidneys than was known to Hippocrates. Auscultation had indeed been introduced some years before, but long after the commencement of Her Majesty's reign elderly gentlemen might be seen, when a stethoscope was offered to them at a consultation, to apply the wrong end to their ear. Fevers were classified with a sweet simplicity into "continued" and "intermittent," and as late as in the 'Fifties an eminent professor of surgery complained that his colleague, the professor of medicine, had invented a number of new fangled varieties. Of nervous diseases nothing was known. The larynx was a *terra incognita*; of the ear it was said by the leading medical journal of the day, many years later than 1837, that the only thing that could be done in the way of treatment was to syringe out the external passage with water. The diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the skin had advanced little beyond John Hunter's famous division of such affections into those which sulphur could cure, those which mercury could cure, and those which the devil himself couldn't cure. Pathology was a mere note-book of *post-mortem* appearances—a list of observations as dead as the bodies on which they were made. The New World of bacteriology had not yet found its Columbus.

In the domain of surgery progress had been far greater, and as regards operative skill and clinical insight Ast-

ley Cooper, Robert Liston, Dupuytren, and Larrey were certainly not inferior to the men of the present day. Anæsthesia was, however, unknown, and the operating theatre was a place of unspeakable horrors. Wounds were dressed with wet rags, and suppuration was encouraged, as it was believed to be an essential part of the process of healing.

Broadly speaking, it may be said that the advance of the art of healing during the last sixty years has been along two main lines—the expansion of the territory of Surgery, and the development of Pathology, which concerns itself with the causes, processes, and effects of disease. It will probably help the reader to a clearer understanding of the present position of medicine if each of these two lines of evolution is considered in some detail.

The progress of surgery in the present age is due to two discoveries of an importance unequalled in the previous history of the healing art—*anæsthesia*, or the artificial abolition of pain, and *antisepsis*, or the prevention of infective processes in wounds. The former discovery was not made until Her Majesty had been nearly ten years on the throne; the latter nearly twenty years later. Let us take a brief glance backward at what surgery was before the introduction of these two far-reaching improvements.

Of the horrors of operations before the discovery of anæsthesia there are men still living who can speak. Not long ago Dr. B. E. Cotting, ex-President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, contributed some personal reminiscences of pre-anæsthetic surgery to the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. Speaking of the first case in which he was called upon to use the knife, in the very year of the Queen's accession, he says:

Our patient (a woman) writhed beyond the restraining power of strong and experienced men, and groaned to the horror of the terrified household, and afterward to the day of her death could not think of the operation without convulsive shudders. Often did she hold up her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, that knife! that awful knife! that horrible knife!"

Dr. Cotting sums up his recollections of such scenes as follows:

No mortal man can ever describe the agony of the whole thing from beginning to end, culminating in the operation itself with its terrifying expressions of infernal suffering.

A distinguished physician, who himself came under the surgeon's knife in the days before anæsthesia, has left on record a vivid account of his experience. Speaking of the operation, he says :

Of the agony occasioned I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus fortunately cannot be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten ; but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close upon despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget, however gladly I would do so. . . . Before the days of anæsthesia a patient preparing for an operation was like a condemned criminal preparing for execution. He counted the days till the appointed day came. He counted the hours of that day till the appointed hour came. He listened for the echo on the street of the surgeon's carriage. He watched for his pull at the door-bell ; for his foot on the stairs ; for his step in the room ; for the production of his dreaded instruments ; for his few grave words and his last preparations before beginning. And then he surrendered his liberty, and, revolting at the necessity, submitted to be held or bound, and helplessly gave himself up to the cruel knife. The excitement, disquiet, and exhaustion thus occasioned could not but greatly aggravate the evil effects of the operation, which fell upon a physical frame predisposed to magnify, not to repel, its severity.

The pain caused by operations prevented their being undertaken except as a last resource, and many patients preferred death to the surgeon's knife. Sir Charles Bell used to pass sleepless nights before performing a critical operation ; and men like Cheselden, John Hunter, and Abernethy had an almost equal dislike of operations. It is related of one distinguished surgeon that when a patient, whose leg he was about to cut off, suddenly bounced off the operating-table and limped away, he said to the bystanders, "Thank God, he's gone !" Men otherwise well fitted to advance surgery were prevented from devoting themselves to it by their inability to inflict or witness pain. Sir James Young Simpson in his student days was so distressed by the sufferings of a poor Highland woman, on whom Robert Liston was performing excision of the breast in the Edinburgh

Royal Infirmary, that he left the operating theatre with his mind made up to seek employment in a lawyer's office. Fortunately for mankind he did not carry out his intention, but set himself to grapple with the problem how sensibility to pain in surgical operations could be abolished.

The solution of the problem came from America. On the 30th of September, 1846, W. T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, U. S. A., who had previously experimented on animals and on himself, made a man unconscious by breathing sulphuric ether, and extracted a tooth without the patient feeling any pain. On the 16th of October of the same year Morton administered ether, in the Massachusetts General Hospital, to a man from whose neck a growth was excised without a groan or a struggle on his part. The doctors who came to scoff remained to praise, and the operator, Dr. John C. Warren, who had at first been sceptical, said, when all was over, in a tone of conviction, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug !" A distinguished physician who witnessed the scene said on leaving the hospital, "I have seen something to-day that will go round the world." It did so with a rapidity remarkable for those days, when as yet the telegraph was not, and the crossing of the Atlantic was not a trip but a voyage. On the 22d of December, 1846, Robert Liston, in University College Hospital, London, performed amputation through the thigh on a man who was under the influence of ether, and who knew nothing of what had been done till he was shown the stump of his limb after the operation. The "Yankee dodge," as Liston had contemptuously called etheranæsthesia before he tried it, was welcomed with enthusiasm by surgeons throughout Europe. In January, 1847, Simpson of Edinburgh used ether for the relief of the pains of labor. Not being entirely satisfied with it, however, he sought for some other substance having the property of annulling sensation, and in November, 1847, he was able to announce that he had found "a new anæsthetic agent as a substitute for sulphuric ether" in chloroform, a substance then unknown outside the laboratory, and within it

looked upon as only a chemical curiosity. Chloroform for a long time held the field in Europe as the agent for medicining sufferers to that sweet sleep in which knife, gouge, and cautery do not hurt and the pangs of motherhood are unfelt. With characteristic courage the Queen submitted to what was then a somewhat hazardous experiment, allowing herself to be made insensible with chloroform at the birth of the Duke of Albany, and at that of Princess Henry of Battenberg. The late Dr. John Snow, who administered the anæsthetic on both these occasions, described Her Majesty as a model patient, and her example had a powerful effect in dispelling the fears and prejudices as to the use of such agents which then existed in the minds of many.

These feelings were by no means confined to the non-scientific public. There was strong opposition from some surgeons who held that pain was a wholesome stimulus; on this ground the use of chloroform was actually forbidden by the principal medical officer of our army in the Crimea. In child-bed, too, pain was declared by one learned obstetrical professor to be "a desirable, salutary, and conservative manifestation of life force;" another denounced the artificial deadening of sensation as "an unnecessary interference with the providentially arranged process of labor;" a third condemned the employment of an anæsthetic "merely to avert the ordinary amount of pain which the Almighty had seen fit—and most wisely, we cannot doubt—to allot to natural labor." The clergy naturally bettered the instructions of these enlightened professors of the art of healing. I need only quote one philanthropic divine, who anathematized chloroform as "a decoy of Satan apparently offering itself to bless women," but "which will harden society, and rob God of the deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help!" Simpson answered those fools according to their folly. He quoted Scripture to prove that the Almighty Himself performed the first operation under anæsthesia, when He cast Adam into a deep sleep before removing his rib. He fought the battle of common-sense with such convincing logic and

such an overwhelming mass of evidence—chemical, physiological, clinical, and statistical—that he finally shamed his opponents into silence.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to consider the advantages and drawbacks of the various agents that have at one time or another within the last half-century been employed as anæsthetics, general or local; or to discuss the dangers attending their use. It need only be said that the ideal anæsthetic—that is to say, one that shall render the patient absolutely insensible of pain while leaving him fully conscious—still remains to be discovered. This is the dream of those—and they are steadily increasing in number—who devote themselves to a special study of the subject; and it would be rash to prophesy that it will not be realized.

Even with its admitted inconveniences and possible risks, however, anæsthesia has not only been in itself an immense step forward, but has been the most powerful factor in the rapid development of surgery during the last fifty years. Without it the marvellous victories of the knife, on which modern surgeons legitimately pride themselves, would have been impossible. Nor is it surgery alone that has been revolutionized by this splendid discovery; medicine, therapeutics, pathology, and physiology—which are the foundations on which the treatment of disease rests—have all been immensely advanced by it; as without anæsthesia the experiments on animals, to which we owe much of the knowledge that has been acquired, could not possibly have been carried out.

The other chief factor in the modern development of surgery has been the application of the germ theory of putrefaction to the treatment of wounds. It had long been a matter of common observation that very severe injuries were dealt with successfully by the *vis medicatrix nature* when the skin was unbroken, whereas open wounds even of a trivial character often festered and not seldom gave rise to blood-poisoning. Thus while a simple fracture of a bone was practically certain to heal without trouble, a compound fracture, in which there was a breach of the skin

covering the wounded bone, was looked upon as so sure to be followed by evil consequences that immediate amputation of the limb was the rule of surgery in such cases. The discoveries of Pasteur and his followers furnished a key to these facts. It was shown that the process of putrefaction is a fermentation dependent on the presence of vegetable organisms belonging to the lowest class of fungi. These bacteria, as they may be for the sake of convenience be termed collectively, are often present in greater or less abundance in the air; and in places where are many persons with wounds the discharges from which are in a state of decomposition, the atmosphere swarms with these invisible agents of mischief. They find their way into the body through any breach of surface or natural opening, and they are carried into wounds, abscesses, or other cavities by the hands of those who minister to the patient, and by instruments, dressings, clothing, and by water, unless means are used to destroy them. The vital importance of doing this, and the way in which it could be done, were indicated by Joseph Lister, a man who is justly venerated by the whole medical world, and whom his Sovereign has delighted to honor in a manner hitherto without precedent in this country. His work forms, without excepting even the discovery of anæsthesia, the most conspicuous landmark in surgical progress; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the history of surgery now falls by a natural division into two distinct eras: Before Lister and After Lister.

Modern surgery dates from the introduction of the antiseptic treatment of wounds. Thirty years ago the idea was just beginning to settle itself into clearness in the mind in which it was conceived; twenty years ago it was still regarded by many "practical men" as a figment of the scientific imagination; but as the evidence became irresistible, unbelievers one after another found salvation. Now the doctrine finds virtually universal acceptance. Some years ago a doctor in Germany was prosecuted and punished for some breach of the antiseptic ordinance in an operation; and though we have not yet reached that perfection of

medical discipline in this country, the deliberate and persistent neglect of surgical cleanliness by a member of the staff of a public hospital would be certain to give rise to strong protests on the part of his colleagues.

The cardinal point in Lister's teaching was that wounds will in the absence of any disturbing influence, constitutional or accidental, remain sweet and heal kindly, if contamination from without be prevented. The theory is that such contamination is caused by micro-organisms; in practice, it matters nothing whether it is held to be due to germs or to dirt. It is certainly caused by something foreign, something in the nature of what Lord Palmerston called "matter in the wrong place;" and this something it is the aim of modern surgery to keep out, whereas to the men of only a generation ago it was an unconsidered trifle. The elaborate ritual of purification by sprays of carbolic acid and the manifold dressings, as complicated as My Uncle Toby's fortifications, by which at first it was sought to exclude the enemy from the living citadel, have been discarded as cumbrous and unnecessary; but whatever change may be made in the details of Listerism, the Listerian principle of safeguarding wounds from every possible source of contamination will stand forever as the foundation stone of scientific surgery.

The results of the application of the principle are seen in every department of surgical practice. The risks of surgery have been lessened to such an extent that the statistics of most of the greater operations before the antiseptic treatment came into general use are now valueless for purposes of comparison. A few figures will serve to show the difference. Till a comparatively recent period the proportion of cases in which death followed amputation of a limb in the large city hospitals of Great Britain was at least 1 in 3; in a series of 2089 cases collected by Simpson it was as high as 1 in 2.4. In the Paris hospitals about the middle of the century the death rate after amputation was nearly 1 in 2; in 1861 it was 3 in 5, and a few years later it was estimated at 58 per cent. In Germany and Austria things were not much better;

the published statistics of one most skilful surgeon show a proportion of deaths following amputation of 43 to 46 per cent. Nowadays such figures in the practice of any hospital surgeon would probably lead to an inquiry by the proper authorities.

A very large number of these fatalities was caused by septic diseases—that is to say, different forms of blood-poisoning due to contamination of the wound, leading to constitutional infection. The terrible frequency of such diseases a few years ago may be judged from the fact that among 631 cases of amputation collected from the returns of some London hospitals between 1866 and 1872, there were 239 deaths; and of those deaths no fewer than 86 were caused by pyæmia, a number of others being due to septicæmia, cellulitis, and erysipelas. Conservative surgery in hospitals was out of the question. Sir Charles Bell has left a vivid description of attempts in that direction in military practice in the pre-antiseptic era:

In twelve hours [after the infliction of a gunshot wound of a limb] the inflammation, pain, and tension of the whole limb, the inflamed countenance, the brilliant eye, the sleepless and restless condition, declare the impression the injury is making on the limb and on the constitutional powers. In six days the limb from the groin to the toe, or from the shoulder to the finger, is swollen to half the size of the body; a violent phlegmonous inflammation pervades the whole; serous effusion has taken place in the whole limb; and abscesses are forming in the great beds of cellular texture throughout the whole extent of the extremity. In three months, if the patient have labored through the agony, the bones are carious; the abscesses are interminable sinuses; the limb is undermined and everywhere unsound; and the constitutional strength ebbs to the lowest degree.

It was no wonder therefore that military surgeons as late as in the Crimean War went largely by "the good old rule, the simple plan" of amputating for all wounds of the limbs involving injury to bone at once, "while the soldier was in mettle." In recent wars, by the use of antiseptic "first field dressings" and by subsequent treatment with jealous regard for surgical cleanliness, it has been found possible to save a large proportion of limbs. In civil hospitals pyæmia is now almost unknown, and hospital gangrene, for-

merly a justly dreaded scourge, is extinct.

As illustrations of the improvement which has taken place in the results of amputations it need only be mentioned that the average mortality rate after amputations in a London hospital which from a structural and sanitary point of view leaves much to be desired, fell from 27 in 1871 to about 11 in 1890. Of 687 cases of amputation performed in a hospital in the North of England from 1878 to 1891 there was only 8 per cent. of deaths; in the uncomplicated cases, taken separately, the mortality rate was no more than 4 per cent. In a series of cases operated on by several German surgeons of the first rank, in the pre-Listerian era, the average death rate was between 38 and 39 per cent.; in a corresponding series, in which the antiseptic method was used, the mortality was 17 per cent. I have taken these statistics because they happen to be ready to my hand. A more brilliant array of figures in favor of the antiseptic treatment could, I have no doubt, be made by careful selection of cases. The facts which I have quoted, however, probably represent the plain truth.

In the operation for the radical cure of hernia the results have been even more striking. Twenty years ago this procedure was, on account of its fatality, considered to be almost outside the pale of legitimate surgery; now it is one of the most successful of operations. One English surgeon has performed it seventy-two times, with two deaths; another 137 times, with five deaths. An Italian operator has a record of 262 cases, with one death; a French surgeon one of 376, with two deaths. Quite recently an American surgeon has reported a series of 360 antiseptic operations for the radical cure of hernia, with only one death; and in that case the fatal result was found to be due, not to the surgical procedure, but to the anæsthetic. In the operative treatment of cancer of the breast Lord Lister's disciple, Professor Watson Cheyne, not long ago published a series of cases showing a measure of success in dealing with that formidable affection altogether unparalleled. Taking the received limit of

three years without recurrence of the disease as the standard, he has been able to show a result of not less than 57 per cent. of cures. Old statistics give the proportion of "cures" after these operations as 5 per cent., and even ten or twelve years ago it was no higher than 12 or 15 per cent. Part of Mr. Cheyne's remarkable success is doubtless due to his very thorough removal of the disease; but when due allowance is made for this, a large part remains to be placed to the credit of the antiseptic treatment as making such drastic measures feasible. It may here be stated that, generally speaking, operations for cancer are more successful now than they were in the earlier part of Her Majesty's reign; this is due not only to the rigid observance of surgical cleanliness, but to a better understanding, and in particular an earlier recognition, of the disease, which gives the surgeon the opportunity of interfering while there is yet time to prevent its spreading.

In no department of surgery has greater progress been made than in the treatment of diseases of the abdominal organs, and here, too, the way was prepared, and the advance has been powerfully helped, by the doctrine of surgical cleanliness. The development of abdominal surgery is, however, directly due to the late Sir Spencer Wells more than to any other man. Wells began his professional career as a surgeon in the navy, and during the Crimean War he had opportunities of seeing men recover from injuries caused by shot and shell which, according to the canons of surgery then generally received, ought to have proved fatal. Till that time and for several years afterward surgeons had an almost superstitious dread of wounding or handling the peritoneum, the membrane which invests the organs contained within the abdomen. Wells saw, as others had seen, men who had been stabbed in the abdomen so that their bowels gushed out brought to the hospital, where their intestines were washed and replaced, and the wound stitched up, and in a short time all was well again. He, however, saw what others had not seen—namely, the true significance of these facts. They taught him

that the peritoneum was much more tolerant than it was believed to be, and in particular that a clean incised wound of that membrane was as simple a matter and as free from danger as a like wound of any other tissue.

This simple observation had far-reaching consequences. Wells took upon himself the task of bringing the operation of ovariectomy, which, owing to its terrible fatality, had fallen into utter discredit, within the sphere of orthodox surgery. Not long before he turned his attention to the subject a well-known surgeon had been threatened by a colleague with a coroner's inquest on any patient of his that should die after the operation. Wells's first ovariectomy was performed in 1858, and the patient recovered. During the ensuing six years he operated 100 times, with thirty-four deaths—a rate of mortality that would now be thought appalling. He succeeded, however, in placing the operation on a firm basis, and as he gained experience he perfected his procedure, so that his mortality rate fell steadily till it almost reached the vanishing-point. It has been estimated that by this particular operation alone he added ten thousand years in the aggregate to the lives of women who had the benefit of his skill. By his teaching and example, moreover, he did much more than this. He proved that the abdomen could, with proper precautions, be opened freely without fear, and thus laid the foundations of abdominal surgery in its modern development. The success of ovariectomy opened men's eyes to the feasibility of operations on other abdominal organs, and to the possibility of dealing with injuries which before were believed to be beyond the resources of surgical art. Soon the peritoneum, which had aforetime been held in such awe, came to be treated with familiarity—sometimes, it is to be feared, with contempt. One celebrated operator is said to have declared that he thought no more of opening the peritoneum than of putting his hand into his pocket. At the present time no abdominal organ is sacred from the surgeon's knife. Bowels riddled with bullet-holes are stitched up successfully; large pieces of gangrenous or can-

cerous intestine are cut out, the ends of the severed tube being brought into continuity by means of ingenious appliances; the stomach is opened for the removal of a foreign body, for the excision of a cancer, or for the administration of nourishment to a patient unable to swallow; stones are extracted from the substance of the kidneys, and these organs when hopelessly diseased are extirpated; the spleen, when enlarged or otherwise diseased, is removed bodily; gall-stones are cut out, and even tumors of the liver are excised. The kidney, the spleen, and the liver, when they cause trouble by unnatural mobility, are anchored by stitches to the abdominal wall; and the stomach has been dealt with successfully in the same way for the cure of indigestion. Besides all this, many cases of obstruction of the bowels, which in days not very long gone by would have been doomed to inevitable death, are now cured by a touch of the surgeon's knife. The perforation of the intestine, which is one of the most formidable complications of typhoid fever, has in a few cases been successfully closed by operation; and inflammation of the peritoneum, caused by the growth of tuberculous masses upon it, has been apparently cured by opening the abdominal cavity. Among the most useful advances of this department of surgery must be accounted the treatment of the condition known as "appendicitis," which has been to a large extent rescued from the physician, with his policy of *laissez faire*, and placed under the more resolute and more efficient government of the surgeon. A New York surgeon not long ago reported a series of 100 cases of operation for appendicitis, with only two deaths. In the development of the surgery of the appendix and the intestine generally, a prominent part has been taken by Mr. Frederick Treves, whose researches on the anatomy of the abdomen shed a new light on a region that was thought to offer no room for further investigation, and thus showed the way to new methods of dealing with its diseases. To him, Mr. Lawson Tait, Mr. Harrison Cripps, and Mr. Mayo Robson in this country; to Czerny and Wölfler in Germany;

and to Senn and Murphy in America, it is largely owing that the abdomen, which but a few years ago was the territory of the physician, has been transferred to the surgeon—to the great advantage of mankind.

That surgery could ever deal with the abdominal organs in the manner just described would have seemed to our predecessors in the earlier part of the Queen's reign the baseless fabric of a vision. But the modern surgeon, clad in antiseptis, as the Lady in *Comus* was "clothed round with chastity," defies the "rabble rout" of microbes, and dares things which only a short time ago were looked upon as beyond the wildest dreams of scientific enthusiasm. It is scarcely twenty years since the late Sir John Erichsen declared in a public address that operative surgery had nearly reached its furthest possible limits of development. He pointed out that there were certain regions of the body into which the surgeon's knife could never penetrate, naming the brain, the heart, and the lung as the most obvious examples of such inviolable sanctuaries of life. Within the last fifteen years the surgeon has brought each of these organs, which constitute what Bichat called the "tripod of life," within his sphere of conquest. In the brain the researches of physiologists such as Broca, Hitzig, Hughlings Jackson, and Ferrier made it possible in many cases to determine the exact seat of abscesses and tumors, and it was found that with the use of antiseptic precautions the brain substance could be dealt with as freely as any other structure. In 1883 Professor Macewen of Glasgow operated with success in two cases of paralysis and other nervous disorders caused by pressure on the brain. A tumor was removed from the brain by Mr. Godlee in the ensuing year. Since then portions of the brain have been removed, and growths have been excised from its substance by Mr. Victor Horsley, who has done much to develop this branch of surgery, and Professor von Bergmann and other foreign surgeons have been busy in the same field. It must, however, be admitted that the results of brain surgery, though brilliant from the operative

point of view, have so far been somewhat disappointing as regards the ultimate cure of the disease. In certain forms of epilepsy, in particular, which at first seemed to be curable by removal of the "cortical discharging centre" in the brain which is the source of the mischief, the tendency to fits has been found to return after a time, and the last state of the patient has been worse than the first. Still, the mere fact that the brain has been proved to be capable of being dealt with surgically with perfect safety is in itself a very distinct progress; and as our means of recognizing the situation, nature, and extent of disease in that organ improve, there is ground for hope that the results of operative treatment will be more satisfactory. It is by no means impossible that some forms of apoplexy may yet come within the province of the surgeon.

Other parts of the nervous system have been brought within the range of surgical art. The vertebral column has been successfully trephined, and fragments of bone pressing on the cord have been taken away in cases of fractured spine; tumors have also been removed from the spinal cord by Mr. Horsley and others. There is a steadily increasing record of cures of intractable neuralgia, especially of the face, by division or removal of the affected nerve trunks; the Gasserian ganglion has been successfully extirpated in desperate cases by Mr. William Rose, Professors Thiersch, Angerer, and Krause, M. Doyen, and others. The ends of cut nerves have also been re-united, and solutions of their continuity have been filled up with portions of nerve taken from animals.

In the lung, tumors, including localized tuberculous masses, have been removed, but these achievements can hardly be counted among the legitimate triumphs of surgery. Wounds of the lung can, however, be dealt with successfully on ordinary surgical principles. Tuberculous cavities in the lung substance have been laid open for the purposes of drainage, but the results have not so far been particularly good. In a series of one hundred cases of which a report is before me, five of the patients died as the immediate re-

sult of the operation, seventy died within two weeks, and fifteen more in the next fortnight; "only in ten of the cases was any benefit derived," and as to these the judicious reader will probably conclude that the principal "benefit" was that the operation was survived. In cysts and abscesses of the lung and in pulmonary gangrene surgical treatment is more successful. It does not seem likely, however, that the surgeon will ever be able to annex the lung to his dominion, however far he may extend his territory in other directions.

The heart naturally cannot be made so free with, even by the most enterprising surgeon, as the brain or the lung. Yet within the past twelve months a Norwegian practitioner has reported a case which encourages a hope that even wounds of the heart may not be beyond surgical treatment. A man was stabbed in the region of the heart, the weapon entering the substance of that organ, but not penetrating its cavity. The wound in the heart wall was nearly an inch in length. The patient was almost at the last gasp, but he was revived. The heart was then exposed by an operation which involved the removal of portions of the third and fourth ribs, and the wound was stitched. The patient lived for two days and a half. On examination after death the wound was found to be healing. It is clear, therefore, that in more favorable circumstances the man might have recovered.

Of the advance in some other departments of surgery, only a passing mention can be made here. Thus "cutting," which sixty years ago was the only means of dealing with stone, has now, thanks to Bigelow, Thompson, and others, been almost superseded by milder methods. Tuberculous and inflammatory diseases of bones and joints, formerly intractable except by the *ultima ratio* of the amputating knife, are now cured without mutilation. Deformities are corrected by division of tendons, the excision of portions of bone, and the physiological exercise of muscles, without complicated apparatus. The healing of large wounds is assisted by the grafting of healthy skin on the raw surface; wide gaps in bones

and tendons are filled up with portions of similar structures obtained from animals. The labors of Bowman, Critchett, von Graefe, and Donders have made ophthalmology one of the most scientific departments of surgery. The treatment of affections of the nose, ear, and windpipe has been improved and extended to a degree that makes the scanty literature on these subjects which existed in 1837 mere medical antiquarianism.

Enough has been said to show that in the vast progress of scientific discovery, and in the immense development of the arts that have taken place during Her Majesty's reign, surgery has for a considerable number of years been in the van. It is a matter of legitimate satisfaction to all men of English speech, that both the memorable discoveries which have done most to further progress were made by men of Anglo-Saxon race; and the fact that so large and important a part in the advancement of surgery has been played by subjects of the Queen is not the least among the many glories of the Victorian age.

In the domain of obstetric medicine, a very great diminution has taken place in the mortality of child-bed. Lying-

in hospitals used to be hotbeds of septic disease; now puerperal fever is actually less common in properly conducted institutions of the kind than in private practice. This, too, is a result of the application of the antiseptic method of treatment to midwifery, and it was in recognition of this fact that the late Dr. Matthews Duncan dedicated his work on "Puerperal Fever" to Joseph Lister. The following figures, which I take from an address delivered some years ago at St. Thomas's Hospital by Dr. Cullingworth, show in a striking manner the effect of the antiseptic treatment in reducing the death rate among parturient women:—

Until the year 1877 this hospital [the General Lying-in Hospital] was scarcely ever free from puerperal fever, and the mortality, always high, occasionally became fearful. In 1838, of 71 women delivered 19 died; in 1861, 14 died out of 165; and in 1877, 9 out of 63. On several occasions the hospital had to be closed for long periods, and thousands of pounds were spent on the sanitary improvement of the building. In October, 1879, this institution, having been closed for two years, was reopened, and has since been conducted on antiseptic principles, the details varying from time to time as increased knowledge and experience have dictated.

The result is shown in the table here appended:—

PERIOD.	Deliveries.	Deaths.	Average death rate from all causes.
1833 to 1860.....	5,833	180	1 in 32½ = 3.088 per cent.
1861 to 1877.....	3,773	64	1 in 58½ = 1.696 "
1880 to 1887.....	2,585	16	1 in 161½ = 0.618 "
antiseptic period			

Similar testimony is borne by Dr. Clement Godson as to the City of London Lying-in Hospital. In an address delivered before the British Gynaecological Society in January of the present year he stated that in 1870, when he took over the medical charge of that institution, the patients were dying in the proportion of one in nineteen. The hospital was closed several times in the course of the ensuing sixteen years for sanitary lustrations of one kind or another, but still the fiend of blood-poisoning was not exorcised. In 1886 a fresh start was made under antiseptic auspices. The result was that from the 1st of July, 1886, to the 30th

of September, 1887, there were 420 confinements without a single death. From the 1st of July, 1886, to the 31st of December, 1896, there were 4608 deliveries with 11 deaths, a mortality of one in 419 or 2.387 per 1000. During the five years from the 1st of January, 1892, to the 31st of December, 1896, there were 2392 confinements, with three deaths, all of them from causes absolutely unconnected with blood-poisoning. The conclusion is irresistible that, as an eminent authority has put it, "the hygiene of a maternity depends less upon its construction and its age than upon the hygienic principles upon which it is directed, and

upon the perseverance with which these principles are carried out in daily practice."

Passing to medicine proper, or what used to be called distinctively "physick," the advance in knowledge, if less striking than in surgery, has been not less real. Unfortunately in this particular department of the healing art, knowledge is not power to the same extent as in those which deal with outward and visible disease. Hence the improvement in medicine, which deals mainly with internal diseases, has been chiefly in the direction of increase of precision in diagnosis. This has been largely promoted by the invention of numerous instruments for the examination of parts beyond the ken of the unaided eye and for recording movements and changes in the size and position of organs by graphic methods. The ophthalmoscope, invented by Helmholtz in 1851, not only revolutionized the study of eye disease, but gave physicians a valuable means of diagnosis in relation to affections of the brain and other parts of the nervous system and the kidney. The laryngoscope, which the medical profession owes to the celebrated *maestro* Manuel Garcia, who in 1855 solved a problem which had baffled Babington and several others, not only made effective treatment of the upper part of the windpipe possible, but enabled physicians to recognize certain serious affections of the chest and nerve centres, and sometimes to detect signs of impending tuberculosis. The stethoscope, though introduced by Laennec some years before the accession of Her Majesty, has been greatly perfected during the last sixty years; and the diagnosis of diseases of the heart and lungs has reached a degree of refinement undreamed of by the inventor of auscultation. The pulse and the heart beats are made visible by the sphygmograph and cardiograph. The clinical thermometer has given definiteness to our conception of fever, and the changes in the body temperature which it registers supply most useful indications for treatment; not in medicine alone, but in surgery and obstetrics, the thermometer is the doctor's most trustworthy danger signal. The inte-

rior of the stomach, the bladder, and other hollow organs have been explored with suitable varieties of electric searchlight. The spectroscope and the hæmatocytometer—an instrument by means of which blood corpuscles can be counted—enable the condition of the blood to be exactly appreciated. The microscope has revealed the secret of many diseases of which our happier forefathers knew nothing. For years after the Queen came to the throne this instrument was looked upon by the bulk of the medical profession as a toy; now a physician without a microscope would be a more incongruous figure than the captain of an Atlantic liner without a telescope. The analysis of the various secretions of the body furnishes information of the most valuable character as to the functional imperfection of the several organs, and as to forms of constitutional unsoundness which may be quite unsuspected by the patient. Now both the hospital ward and the private consulting-room are in constant touch with the laboratory. This application of chemistry to medical diagnosis has been found of the greatest use in life insurance business, particularly in regard to the detection of Bright's disease and diabetes. The Röntgen rays, though, as far as the healing art is concerned, they have hitherto found their principal field of usefulness in surgery, have been employed with some success in the diagnosis of diseases of the lungs and other internal organs. Of many other aids to diagnosis which are being introduced every year, and indeed almost every day, this is not the place to speak.

Another powerful factor in the advancement of medicine has been the development of specialism. The rapid growth of knowledge which has taken place, particularly during the last thirty years, made specialization inevitable. In the last century medical and surgical cases were mingled together in the same hospital wards, and surgeons like John Hunter and Abernethy treated diseases of the heart and stomach as well as wounds and fractures. Nowadays it would be simply impossible for any man, however gifted, to take all medical learning to be his province. Hence one practitioner gives himself to

the study of diseases of the nerves, others to that of the affections of the eye, the throat, the skin, and so on. Moreover, there are few physicians or surgeons who are not more or less acknowledged specialists in some particular class of diseases. Twenty-five years ago there was a strong feeling in the profession, not only in this country, but almost everywhere, against specialism. This feeling had a retarding influence on the general progress of medicine, contributions from special fields of practice being received with suspicion, like to that of those who asked "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" This distrust hindered the development of abdominal surgery; and had not Spencer Wells been made of stern stuff, morally as well as intellectually, he would have given up the battle against the public opinion of his profession in despair, and a vast amount of human suffering would have gone unrelieved. The prejudice has not even yet entirely died out, but it is no longer active.

Another direction in which medicine has undergone very great expansion during the last half-century is in the knowledge of the nature and causes of disease. To the growth of this knowledge the development of physiology has most powerfully contributed. The experimental study of the healthy organism naturally led to the application of similar methods in the investigation of disease. Pathology, in the strict sense of the term, did not exist in 1837, and for many years after that date it was little more than an inventory of the dilapidations caused by disease. Such investigations, though useful in their way, could not have influenced medical practice to any appreciable extent. Now not only medicine but hygiene is built on the knowledge that has been gained of the processes of disease and the causes which set them in operation, and the circumstances which modify the intensity of their action and the nature of their effects. The foundation of a scientific pathology was laid by Virchow, who looked for the starting point of disease in a perverted activity of the living cells of which the organs and tissues of the body are composed. The most fruitful, as it is the

most striking, development of our knowledge of the causes of disease has been the discovery of the infinitesimal organisms which go up and down the world seeking whom they may devour.

The "germ theory" of disease is no longer a theory, but a body of established truths. Bacteriology in its application to the healing art is the creation of Pasteur, though Davaine was the first to prove the causal relation of a particular micro-organism to a specific infectious disease (anthrax or wool-sorter's disease). This was in 1863. Davaine's experiments were not, however, accepted as conclusive, and it was not till 1877 that Pasteur proved beyond all doubt that the tiny rod-like bodies which Davaine had found in the blood of animals dying of anthrax were the exciting cause of the disease. Since then bacteriology has revealed to us the organisms which cause relapsing fever, leprosy, typhoid fever, pneumonia, glanders, tuberculosis, cholera, diphtheria, tetanus, and bubonic plague, the microbe responsible for the production of the last-mentioned scourge having been discovered so recently as 1894 by a Japanese pathologist, Dr. Kitasato. The elucidation of the origin of tuberculosis and cholera is the chief among Robert Koch's many services to science. A micro-organism of animal nature has been shown by Laveran to be the cause of malarial fever. The agents which cause other infectious and suppurative processes, and certain kinds of skin disease, have also been positively identified; others are with confidence assumed to exist, though they have so far eluded the search of our scientific detectives; others are with more or less reason suspected. Indeed, the doctrine that every disease is a kind of fermentation caused by a specific micro-organism is so fascinating in its simplicity that it is in danger of being treated by some enthusiasts as if it were a master-key which unlocks all the secret chambers of pathology. It is becoming clear, however, that if microbes are necessary causes of a large number of diseases, they are sufficient causes of very few. The living body itself and its environment must be taken into account. Hence there are signs in various quarters of a reaction

against the exaggerated cult of the microbe, and the minds of some of the most advanced investigators are turning once more to the cellular pathology, which till quite recently was spoken of as a creed outworn. It is recognized that the living cell itself is an organism varying in form and in function, and thus presenting an analogy with the different species of microbes. Like these, the cell secretes products that have a decided influence on the economy of which they form part. It has been shown by MM. Armand Gautier, Charrin, and Bouchard that the organism in its normal state manufactures poisonous substances, and that those products may under certain conditions be hurtful to itself, causing an "auto-intoxication," which may manifest itself in various forms of disease.

The change in our conception of disease is naturally bringing about a change in our notions of treatment. The fact that a specific disease is produced by a specific poison—for the poison is the morbid agent, whether it be manufactured by a microbe or secreted by a cell—inevitably suggests the idea of an antidote. Such antidotes or "antitoxins" have been discovered for tetanus, diphtheria, and some forms of blood-poisoning. The exact nature of these antitoxins is still obscure, but they are extracted from the blood of animals into which cultures of the microbe of the disease which it is desired to neutralize have been injected till they have ceased to have any effect. Artificial immunity having thus been established, the neutralizing substance in the animal's blood is expected to be an antidote to the same poison when at work in the human system. Theoretically the method appears to be rational; but practically it must be admitted that it has not yet fulfilled the hopes that were excited by the first reports of its effects. Still, there is already ample evidence that in diphtheria it is of very real service, and on this ground alone Drs. Behring and Roux must be numbered among the benefactors of the human race. Again, Dr. Yersin's success in the treatment of plague with antitoxic serum in China was little short of marvellous. The cases; how-

ever, were few in number, and the results of the method when tried on a large scale at Bombay are awaited with the greatest interest by the medical profession. Although the results in the treatment of tetanus and other diseases have not been particularly brilliant, there can be little doubt that as our knowledge of antitoxins grows their field of usefulness will increase.

Another new method of medication, which has come into use in the last few years, is the introduction into the system of certain animal juices and extracts of various organs to supply the want of similar substances, the manufacture of which is suppressed or diminished by disease. The pioneer in this therapeutic advance was Dr. George Murray of Newcastle, who has proved that myxœdema and cretinism, diseases dependent on atrophy or imperfect development of the thyroid gland, can be cured by supplying the economy with extract of the corresponding organ of a sheep. The success of this treatment has led to what the profane might be disposed to call a "boom" in animal extracts; the brain, the heart, the lung, the kidney, the spleen, the pancreas, and every gland and nearly every tissue in the body are used in the treatment of disorders supposed to be in any way connected with improper working of these organs. In spite of present extravagance it is possible that we are on a track that may lead to the transformation of medicine.

We are very far now from the blue pill and black draught which—with the lancet—were the chief weapons in the therapeutic arsenal of the practitioners who bled and purged and physicked Her Majesty's lieges in 1837. Sir William Gull is reported to have said: "One thing I am thankful Jenner and I have together succeeded in doing. We have disabused the public of the belief that doctoring consists in drenching them with nauseous drugs." Nevertheless, a good deal of faith in drugs still survives, not only in the public, but in the profession, as is shown by the ceaseless introduction of new remedies. Several hundreds were introduced in 1896. It is true, however, that there is much less drugging than

there used to be ; moreover it is better directed. Pharmacology is now a science, and is able to place in the hands of the doctor the active principles of drugs, which can thus be administered in forms at once more convenient and more effective.

Among the principal additions to the resources of the physician in dealing with disease may be mentioned the use of salicin and salicylate of soda in rheumatism as suggested by Dr. Mac-lagan, who has by this means robbed that terrible disease of its worst terrors ; the use of nitrite of amyl in angina pectoris, which we owe to Dr. Lauder Brunton ; the use of digitalis in heart disease, which was established on a scientific basis by Dr. Wilks ; the cold bath treatment of fever ; the treatment of heart disease by graduated exercises and by baths ; the open-air treatment of consumption ; the manifold applications of electricity ; and the great and ever-growing number of chemical products having power to lower the temperature, to deaden pain, to prevent decomposition, and to antagonize poisons generated in the alimentary canal and elsewhere. Reference may also be made of improvements in the manner of administering remedies, as by injection under the skin, into the veins, etc.

The greatest triumphs of all, however, in the realm of medicine in the Victorian age have been achieved in the prevention of disease and the maintenance of a high standard of public health. This subject would require an article to itself, even if handled only in the most general way. To those interested in it, I would earnestly recommend a study of Sir John Simon's standard work on "English Sanitary Institutions," a record which in itself will remain as one of the noblest monu-

ments of Queen Victoria's glorious reign. There may be read the history of a long struggle against the powers of insanitary darkness, with the result that typhus fever, which used to be a scourge of large towns, is now practically unknown ; that the mortality from "fevers" in general has been very greatly reduced ; that cholera, which several times invaded these realms in the earlier years of Her Majesty's reign, has for a long time been prevented from gaining a footing on our shores ; that consumption is being brought more and more under control ; that several years have been added to the average of human life, and that it is not only longer, but more comfortable and more effective.

Further possibilities of checking the ravages of communicable diseases appear to be opening out before us. Haffkine's inoculations for the prevention of cholera in India are founded on a rational principle—which is that of vaccination—namely, the protection of susceptible individuals by the injection of an attenuated virus, which gives the organism the power of resisting the effects of the poison in its natural state. This method of prophylaxis has also been used in regard to typhoid fever, and will doubtless find further application in other directions.

Time and experience alone can decide whether these means of protection against disease are efficient. It is certain, however, that medicine, which had wandered for so many centuries through quagmires of speculation after *ignes fatui* of one kind or another, is now at last on the right path which leads through the discovery of the cause to its removal or to the prevention of the effect.—*Nineteenth Century*.

GOETHE AND WEIMAR.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

O Weimar! dir fiel ein besonder Loos!
Wie Bethlehem in Juda, klein und gross.
GOETHE, "Auf Mieding's Tod."

O Weimar! but thine is a singular fate!
Like Bethlehem city, so small, yet so great.

WEIMAR is a city of memories and of graves. The existing city is scarcely the reality: it dwells on the airy borderland between a dream and an actuality: but, nevertheless, very vivid and very dear to the imagination is the now torpid town, peopled vitally by the shadows of the mighty dead. It is the city emphatically of a genius and a prince; although round Goethe, like planets placed too near the sun, move the comparatively fainter spectres of Schiller, of Herder, of Wieland, and other minor stars; while the fair images of noble and graceful women—as the two Duchesses, Frau von Stein, Corona Schröter, and others—lend woman's charm to the group and complete the constellation. Yes; it is a city of the past, a city of the dead—but of the dead who are living yet; of the dead whose life and work posterity will not willingly let die. As you gaze upon the houses, and learn to know the dwelling-places of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, the men as they lived cease to be mere names, and become once more living personalities. Day by day, as you linger in quiet, quaint little Weimar, the impression deepens; and you realize clearly to the imagination the days and ways of the heroes of the *Glanz-Periode*. These were the streets they saw; these were the houses in which they lived. "Things seen are mightier than things heard;" and he who would care to image in his fancy these men as they lived, and moved, and had their being, must go to Weimar, and there, intensely receptive, must allow the Athens of the Ilm to work upon the mind. Creative criticism must visit Weimar. Of itself, the place would not greatly attract; but Weimar is pre-eminently the city of Goethe.

But for its galaxy of writers Weimar would be in no way great; but it is

darkness which enables us to see the stars, and before we study the little city as it now is, we should essay to look upon Weimar as it was when the men who have made it so great first arrived in it—that is, we must begin by trying to recall the Weimar of the last quarter of the last century.

It now contains 21,500 inhabitants. In the last five-and-twenty years of the eighteenth century—Karl August reigned, it must be remembered, from 1775 to 1828—Weimar contained 6000 inhabitants, and about 500 houses. In 1851 Weimar was computed to possess 12,000 inhabitants, dwelling in 1000 tenements. The old streets, narrow, winding, and dirty, the old houses, still exist; but the city walls, the old towers, the city ditch, which then still in part lingered, have disappeared. Weimar may now be termed a park, with a villette added to it; but at the time which we are now trying to recall, the park—which we owe chiefly to Goethe—had not been made; and Madame de Staël says, "*Weimar n'est pas une petite ville, mais un grand château.*" It was a great palace with a village attached to it. Schiller, writing to Körner, speaks of *das Dorf Weimar*; calls the place a village. The *Präsidentin von Schwendler* asked her postillion "when they were going to arrive at Weimar?" "Madame, you are now in Weimar," was the answer. At the gates, a *Thorschreiber*, a registering clerk, took down the names of all who in carriages passed into, or out of, the city, in order to report such names to *Serenissimo*. This regulation was in force in Karl August's time. Goethe writes to Frau von Stein, with whom he wished to take a drive into the country, and begs her, in order to avoid being reported at the gate, to get out of the carriage at the *Sternbrücke*. He does not like to prohibit the *Thorschreiber* from reporting names, because *das sieht kurios aus*—that would appear singular or suspicious. To the westward of the old esplanade, a new quarter, consisting of

large, quite modern houses, has recently sprung up; but toward the end of the last century there were, in Weimar, none but old houses. The streets then were not lighted at night. The houses were dirty and discolored; but now paint and white-washing, which add to cleanliness and cheerfulness, hide something of the aspect of antiquity. The pavement was then notoriously bad; it is not good now. Weimar to-day enjoys the reputation of being very free from *Räder-Gerrassel*, from the rattling of wheels; but when the men who made the place what it now is first saw Weimar, few indeed must have been the peasants' carts, or extra-posts, which disturbed the still serenity of its ever-quiet streets. The old market-place is (with the exception of a new town-hall) pretty much now what it was then. Old houses, some quaint and picturesque—especially that house, dated 1549, in which the two Kranachs, father and son, lived—surround the open space. The old *Schloss*, the *Herzogsburg*, was burned down in 1774, a year before Goethe came to Weimar; and while the present palace, erected under his superintendence, was being built, the ducal family lived in the *Fürstenhaus*. The new *Schloss* was first inhabited in 1803. The railway station is mercifully placed far from the heart of the city; but to attain to it, you pass the new museum, and observe several new houses and streets. Karl August did not become Grand Duke until after the Congress of Vienna: but Weimar, on the death of Wilhelm III., had passed, in 1482, into the possession of that Ernestine line to which the Duchy still belongs. In those old days Weimar contained no statues; not even one of Bernhard of Weimar, the successor in command of Gustav Adolf; but it now boasts statues of Wieland (a bad work); a good one of Herder, which still records on the pedestal his aspiration toward *Licht, Liebe, Leben*; and a double statue of Goethe and of Schiller, standing together before the theatre, which was built in 1868. Rietschel has succeeded better with Schiller than he has with Goethe. Schiller was easier to treat; he answered much more nearly to the popular idea of a poet; but Goethe

was himself too ideal to be successfully idealized by a sculptor. Rietschel has given to his Goethe a *bourgeois* air and manner; and has half-subordinated the poet to the Philistine.

In trying to recreate in our fancy the dull little city into which Karl August attracted so much grace and genius, we can scarcely picture to ourselves any image which shall be too small, dark, and narrow. The citizens were poor, and their way of life may be mildly described as simple. All splendor, or even comfort, centred in the *Schloss*.

In our dream-walks through Weimar we always inevitably turn to the Park. Goethe, even as a mere gardener, worked for posterity; and time ripens all natural beauties. Seventy years have improved the trees which were planted, the walks which were first designed. There are no boundaries to the Park, and it seems, therefore, to be almost boundless. There are no railings, gates, fences. It begins just behind the *Bibliothek*, and five minutes bring you into it from the heart of the little city. It contains winding walks, with cool shade when the sun shines; it contains rocks, mosses, huts, houses, temples, monuments; and you can still identify Schiller's favorite bench. There is the Templar's house, and that *Römisches Haus* which the Duke built twenty years after Goethe's arrival in Weimar. The gardens give an idea of great space, so well are they designed. There is the *Borkenhäuschen*, or little hut, built of the bark of trees, to which Karl August, attended by a single hussar, so often retreated in order to escape from the tedious ceremonies of little Court-life. Opposite to the *Borkenhäuschen*, the gentle Ilm flowing between them, is that *Gartenhaus* in which Goethe lived, summer and winter, for seven years. When first he reached Weimar, the young poet lived for some little time in the *Jägerhaus*, since pulled down, which stood close to the *Frauenthor*, near Wieland's modest dwelling; but he took a fancy for the *Gartenhaus*, then belonging to Bertuch, and Karl August said playfully to its owner, "*Bertuch, ich muss deinen Garten haben!*" and the Prince bought the little residence,

and gave it to the poet. From the house there is no view of the city or of other houses. A road, leading to Ober-Weimar, runs before it, and, opposite to it, wide meadows, tree-surrounded, stretch out to the banks of the quiet Ilm. Goethe came from the one side, Karl August from the other; the one from the *Gartenhaus*, the other from the *Borkenhäuschen*, when they met to bathe, as they often did o' nights, in the river. Goethe loved the *Gartenhaus*, and he always retained it after he had moved to the greater house in Weimar. He speaks of it as a "*Hohes Dach und niedriges Haus*," a high-pitched roof, and lowly house. It contains but very few rooms, and those are simple and are small. A modern gardener would probably object to reside in this *Gartenhaus*, which was for so long the dwelling-place of Goethe. Karl August, it is said, ceased to visit the *Borkenhäuschen* because he there saw an apparition. He told the details only to Goethe. The *Gartenhaus* is surrounded by fine trees, and it is set in a pleasant little garden, which Goethe himself delighted to cultivate. The rooms are preserved, so nearly as possible, in the state in which Goethe left them. His simple furniture still stands in the few and small rooms in which he lived and worked. We find that, sometimes, in summer, Goethe slept, wrapped in a cloak, in the balcony of his *Gartenhaus*. He was, until the later years of his long life, always hardy, fond of exercise—of dancing, swimming, fencing, riding, skating—and he was, in this respect, somewhat un-German. Goethe was an almost perfect instance of a just balance between physical and mental qualities, of a healthy mind in a healthy body. His attribute of physical health and beauty rendered him an Apollo in his splendid youth, a Jupiter in his stately age; and mentally he is, perhaps, the greatest man who, since Shakespeare, has left a record of himself.

In the *Wittumspalais*, or Dowager Palace, Weimar possesses a unique relic of the life of royalty during its *Glanz-Periode*. Here, after the accession and marriage of her son, Karl August, lived and died the Dowager Duchess Anna Amalia; and the house, as regards fur-

niture and decoration, is in the state in which the gay, genial, pleasure-loving Duchess left it. Occasionally the present Grand Duke gives a *fête* in the old palace, at which the dishes and drinks are all those of the day of Anna Amalia, while the plate and china used are those which she used. Ladies and gentlemen come to these unique *fêtes* in the costume of the end of the last, or the beginning of the present, century; and the servants wait in the liveries of the by-flown time. The effect is said to be illusion; but no Goethe is now among the guests. You see still in their quaint, old-fashioned condition the very rooms, the very furniture, that the Duchess and her friends used and knew. You see the wretched little bedroom, small and inconvenient, in which Anna Amalia, who was but thirty-six when her son came to the throne, slept and died. You see her small, delicate, high-heeled red shoes, which suggest coquettish charm; and on the walls hang, not only the portraits which she had collected, but the pictures which she possessed and loved. Like the paper on which an old letter has been written, the house is of a faint yellow color, and its whole aspect suggests the forms of life of the day of powder, of patch, of wig, of feminine hooped dresses, and of masculine wide skirts. The ghost of Weimar, in its time of glory, people these rooms, and live in, move in them; though in our vision of the past they move, and bow, and smile,

With the splendor of a revel,
And the stillness of a dream.

On the second floor is the room of the Duchess's memorable lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Göchhausen. This little lady, short, and even somewhat deformed, was the wittiest woman at the Court of Weimar, and could attract all the great men of its brilliant period. There in that little room of hers they have all sat, have jested, and have talked. It is recorded of Fräulein von Göchhausen, under her bust now at Ettersburg, that "she was happy in that she was the favorite of all the muses, but happier yet in that she was the favorite of Anna Amalia." Goethe sported with her. At Tiefurt

he walled up the door of her room, and he was ready to play kindly practical jokes upon her, but he admired her wit, and cared for her opinion. She is one of the distinctive figures of the *Glanz-Periode*. The present ducal *Schloss*, dating from 1803, contains *Dichterzimmer* or rooms in which grateful royalty has sought to do honor in fresco to the great poets; but most memorable to me is the room in which, and the arm-chair from which, Goethe so often read aloud to the Court his own plays and poems, or those of other writers.

Weimar contains, naturally, many portraits of its celebrities. Each palace has its own collection; but the art of portraiture, as represented by sculptor and by painter, finds its fittest home in the *Bibliothek*; once a palace, and the birthplace of Bernhard von Weimar; now a library, a portrait gallery, and a treasure-house of relics of the heroes of the little city, so small and yet so great. Its collection of old garments contains characteristic relics of the three great men who are most representative. It has the buff coat in which Gustav Adolf was shot (the bullet mark is just over the left shoulder-blade), the gown of Luther, and the ministerial uniform of Goethe. There, too, is Trippel's fine bust of Goethe, made in Rome; there is Dannecker's nobly idealized, colossal bust of Schiller; and there is the gigantesque head of great Goethe, through which David d'Angers, in 1831, has essayed to represent the poet in a fine, if theatrical, frenzy, inspired by the demonic *afflatus* which animated him when he conceived the Mephistopheles of his *Faust*.

Of this fantastic, wild bust, Goethe said only, when he first saw it, "*Kurios!*" and we can but echo his perplexed exclamation. We find, also, a full-length, life-size portrait of Karl August, by Jagemann, the brother of Frau von Heygendorf. The Grand Duke is in the costume of a sportsman, of a "forester," and is about sixty years of age. The portrait, though valuable as a likeness, is not a masterpiece of painting. At that period of his life, the face, with its short upper lip and fallen-in-mouth, of the genial Duke had become broad and squat;

nor had his figure retained many traces of the youthful ideal which we find in earlier portraits of him. And here, all so still—as still as death—live the effigies of Herder and of Wieland, of Anna Amalia, of Göchhausen, of Madame de Staël, of Corona Schröter, of Zacharias Werner, of Lessing, and of Kant; of Oeser, Winckelmann, Ludwig and Friedrich Tieck; of Knebel and Einsiedel; of Musäus, Bode, Fernow, Heinrich Meyer—and, indeed, of all the heroes and heroines of that period of Weimar's intellectual glory of which Goethe is the chief and king. Portraits of Napoleon and—this latter is a bad one—of Cromwell, suggest great men of other lands; but the *Bibliothek* collection forms a Walhalla of, essentially, German genius.

It may here be mentioned that one of the attendants at this gallery is, or was, Herr Karl Grosse, who was twenty-eight when Goethe died, in 1832; and who has often seen, and has spoken to, Germany's greatest poet and thinker. "Time rolls its ceaseless course;" and those who have seen Goethe with living eyes are now very few in number. Not without interest does one look upon, and speak with, the polite and friendly old Herr Karl Grosse. He has also seen Napoleon. May he long linger in his *Bibliothek* as a living man who has seen, and has known, Goethe!

Not only in Weimar itself, but all round the city are haunts indissolubly connected with our memories of Goethe; and to look upon the very places in which he lived and worked (work and life were one to him) deepens our impression of the god-like man. Close to Weimar are the *Lustschloss Belvedere*, and the country palaces of Tiefurt and of Ettersburg. The two former places are each about three English miles from Weimar, but it takes two hours to drive to Ettersburg.

In all three places Goethe has dwelt, has written, has lived; in all three he has caroused with Karl August, has worshipped fair and gifted women, has talked with noble friends. In each place is *his* room—always plain, and simple, and homely. As we look at the dining-rooms of the three ducal palaces, we hear the clinking of glasses,

we see the sparkle of Rhine wine, or the foam of champagne; we hear once more the now hushed voices, we see the figures, and we gaze upon eyes once so brilliant with frolic wit, or so calm in serene wisdom. Open-air theatres exist still at Tiefurt and at Belvedere. At Ettersburg he played Orestes, while winning Corona Schröter acted his own Iphigenia. The palaces, the theatres, are still there, though the actors are melted into air—into thin air—and are, like an insubstantial pageant, faded. These three places must be visited with reverence by every Goethe student. From a hill near Ettersburg you can see those Harz mountains, to which Goethe, as the landscape painter Otto Weber, once made his very memorable and charitable winter excursion.

The principal church in Weimar is the *Stadtkirche*, an old, if scarcely venerable building. Just behind the church is the house of Herder, and in this church he often preached. Beneath its pavement sleeps Herder; the hypochondriac *problematische Natur*; and there rest also Anna Analia, and Bernhard of Weimar. There is another remarkable church in Weimar—the bald and dreary *Jakobskirche*, in the churchyard of which were interred Goethe's wife, and Schiller.

No stone, no record, marks the spot in which Madame von Goethe was buried, and no man now knows the place of her interment. Goethe, it is certain, never raised any memorial to mark the grave in which his wife was laid to rest. "She died June 6, 1816, and left her great husband in "a state bordering on despair." It was in 1788 that Christiane Vulpius made Goethe's acquaintance by presenting to him a petition in the Park. They were married October 17, 1806, in the *Schlosskirche*. We cannot avoid speculating upon the causes which led Goethe to abstain from rendering to her remains that last mark of tender remembrance which is implied by a gravestone, however simple. Had certain events in her life rendered him unwilling to perpetuate her memory: or was his seeming want of respect and care merely a part of that want of reverence for the dead, which—as we shall see in the case of Schiller—obtained in small Ger-

man cities so late as the early part of this century?

On a gabled house stands the inscription "*Hier wohnte Schiller*;" and this is the house in which the most popular German poet passed the last three years of his life in Weimar—in that Weimar which he never loved, and in which he hoped not to die. But he did die in Weimar, and in this house. He bought the house (February, 1802) from Mr. Mellish, for 4200 gulden. It then stood on what was called the *Esplanade*. Opposite to the house were then trees, and the city ditch; the place was open and was quiet. It is now called the *Schillerstrasse*, and opposite to Schiller's dwelling has arisen a row of, for Weimar, splendid mansions. Schiller's house is smaller than Goethe's house, but the rooms in which Schiller lived and worked are larger than those which Goethe used for himself. Schiller had a very little, Goethe had a good garden. As we cross the threshold of the house, we may remember that here Schiller and Goethe parted from each other for the last time. Schiller was going to the theatre (his last visit to it); Goethe, who was very unwell, was going home to his house in the *Frauenplan*.

Hofrath Schwabe lived then on the ground-floor of Schiller's house. The Frau von Schiller, and her children, occupied the first floor; and Schiller himself, and his sister-in-law, Madame von Wolzogen, lived on the upper story. And there are his rooms now, in pretty much the state in which he, dying in his forty-sixth year, left them forever.

That is the little bedstead upon which he died. A mask of the dead face, and Jagemann's picture of Schiller dead, stand at the head of the bed. On it are strewn laurels, ribbons; and there is a general aspect of disorder, which gives the impression that the body had just been removed from the bedstead. The room is full of relics of him. There is his simple furniture; his writing-table, in a drawer of which were contained those rotten apples which stimulated Schiller and revolted Goethe. The room has two windows toward the street (then no street), and

one window toward the little side-street. There are manuscripts in his handwriting, the rather commonplace engravings of Palermo which he hung there, and a little spinnet lies by a guitar (with broken strings) on a small sofa. Yes, these are the rooms—a small room, looking out upon the garden, was Schiller's bedroom until he was seized with his last fatal illness, and was moved into the larger room—in which Schiller lived, and worked, and died. The memorable house now belongs to the city of Weimar, and is freely open to the public.

Turn we now to the night of May 12-13, 1805. By the dim light of a single candle, placed on the landing-place of the stairs, we look into the room which we have just been visiting, and we see Rudolf, Schiller's servant, weeping as he watches by the coffin which contains the dead poet. It was then a custom in Weimar that the dead were carried to the grave by the members of one of the trades' guilds, and the guilds took this office in turns. When Schiller died it was the turn of the Tailors' Guild, and the members of it were already in attendance, when Hofrath Schwabe, indignant at the thought that Schiller should be borne to the grave by hireling hands, brought eleven of the poet's friends and admirers who were willing to carry Schiller's bier. The night was dark and rough, the air was cold, and the streets were, near midnight, wholly empty and deserted. One mourner only, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, followed the procession at a little distance. This mourner was Schiller's brother-in-law, Wilhelm von Wolzogen. Goethe was ill, and was confined to his house.

Into a common vault in the churchyard of the *Jakobskirche*, a vault which already contained ten or more coffins, the remains of Schiller were turned. Hofrath Schwabe afterward possessed himself of the skull, which was for a time exhibited in the *Bibliothek*. On November 17, 1827, the remains, or such remains of Schiller as could be found and identified, were collected together and transferred to the *Fürstengruft*. When they searched the vault in which Schiller had first been buried they found that thirteen coffins, which

had been piled the one upon another, had all burst, so that the bones of their inmates were huddled together almost indistinguishably. The skeleton of Schiller was pieced together by the anatomists, and was found to be complete, with the exception of one bone of one arm. The skull was identified, and was added to the rest. Goethe designed a coffin (that one in which he now rests is a counterpart of the one he devised for Schiller), and the remains of the author of *Wallenstein* were laid to their final rest, this time, in the Prince's Vault.

We pass next to that place in Weimar which was once called *Frauenplan*, but which is now known as the *Goetheplatz*; and we stand before the chief sanctuary of Weimar—this is Goethe's house.

The house is long and low; high-roofed, one-storied, though with dormer windows in the roof; but not rising high. Of a dull, dirty yellow, with its long row of blank, lifeless windows, the house now looks unspeakably sad, and resembles a neglected monument. The door, led up to by a wide flight of steps, is large and noble; and, as if in mockery, "*Salve*" is still inscribed upon the deserted threshold. Since Goethe's death, in 1832, the house had been jealously shut up by the hospitable poet's two morbid grandsons, who also shut out from the sight and the use of men that full and glorious *Nachlass*, or literary remains of Goethe, which have been, since the death of Walter von Goethe, inherited by the Grand Duchess, and which are now being given to the public. That part of the Goethe house which is of transcendent interest—those two small rooms, namely, in which Goethe chiefly lived, and worked, and slept, and died—was, when I was there, still closely shut up from the sight of pilgrim admirers by the order of the present Grand Duke, or by the over-zeal of his too obsequious servants.

Apart from the memories of Goethe, which idealized it, the house itself is stately, noble, dignified. In addition to a certain lofty worth of character, the dwelling creates an impression of home and of family life, and it is much that it should do so in its present deso-

late condition. It is a house which suggests fulness of life, and of death. When you pass through the hall into the garden, you find a little arbor at the top of the stairs which descend into the garden itself, and in this little arbor, Goethe himself, Schiller, and the other great men of Weimar, have often sat, and talked, and drank the gay Rhine wine. The garden itself is now dank, and tangled, and overgrown; but along that walk how often has he paced, *sinnend*, thinking, dreaming, and writing poems, as yet in the air!

Goethe first rented his town house in the *Frauenplan* in November, 1781; and, ten years later, Karl August bought and presented the mansion to his poet minister. Seventy-two years before Goethe first took it the house itself had been built by Kammer Kommissar Holmershausen, so that we well know its age. One of its attractions was, perhaps, in Goethe's eyes, the fact that this house was very near to the dwelling of the Frau Oberstallmeister, Charlotte von Stein. Above his garden door is a little summer-house: and, if you issue from this gate, a very private little street (then hardly a street), which runs along the *Ackerwand*, leads to the house in which Charlotte resided. She had a key of his garden-gate. The house of the Frau von Stein still stands, and still looks over that *Ackerwand*, which is a part of the Park. Before the house stands a row of orange-trees, in green tubs, and there, too, is still the bench on which, on sunny days, the old Court lady sat, in almost the privacy of her own private garden, and looked upon the quiet greenery of the near Park. The distance between her house and the garden entrance to Goethe's house can be easily traversed in two or three minutes, and there were, at the end of the last century, no houses to overlook, no crowds to observe. Communication between the residences of lover and of lady was easy, and was private.

How vividly, as you look upon their houses, do their loves seem an actuality which is yet happening! The mist of years rolls away, and you fancy Goethe in his youth, and Charlotte nearly young, but both living and loving in that still, old Weimar. When

first they met she was thirty-five, and he was twenty-seven. When he returned from Italy he was the Apollo of Trippel's bust, and she was almost fifty. He first entered Weimar at 5 A.M., November 7, 1775. She was then graceful, refined, self-possessed, a woman of the world, and lady-in-waiting to the Grand Duchess; married to a neglectful husband whom she did not love, and she had gradually become the mother of seven children.

She died January 6, 1827, being then over eighty-five. She had burned letters and poems of Goethe which had been addressed to her. Some sentiment must have lingered in her to the last, for she left orders that her funeral procession should not pass Goethe's house—orders which were not complied with. The regrets of life are often the legitimate offspring of its ideals.

Madame von Stein was, emphatically, Goethe's great Weimar passion, and as such she deserves special mention here. Owing to the atmosphere of sexual glamour which surrounds them, which seems to show an ideal while it hides the actual woman, women are often mistaken even by the greatest and the best of men; and it is doubtful whether Charlotte von Stein fully deserved the love of Goethe. She was cultured and intelligent; she was an *Anempfnderin*; her sympathy with the greatest genius of her land and time was partly real, partly stimulated; and a man easily trusts a woman that he idealizes, a woman to whom he ascribes all the qualities that he desires to find in her. In his youth, Goethe, the poet, longed ardently for a woman to whom he could give his whole confidence, for a woman who could understand his plans, and share his ardent life. Charlotte was a coquette, and was vain of the adoration of so great a lover. She knew well how many women of her land and day envied her her relations with Goethe; and yet she remained married to a husband whom she scorned, while she encouraged Goethe as a lover. He wanted to marry her, and it would have been easy for her to have obtained a divorce; but yet, while she could, she would not marry him. Possibly, she distrusted herself, and her power of retaining the husband as a

lover. Perhaps, too, she keenly felt that she was so much older than he was; and she knew that he would remain so much longer young. Goethe lived to find that his love for Charlotte von Stein was a *Krankheit*, a disease, which affected mental health, and the flight to Italy had, for a part object, the severance of the *liaison*. While idealizing, he had over-estimated her, and he resented the unhealthy fluctuations of her capricious rule. He is always the humble and unselfish Titan, subjected to the changeful, wilful moods of a variable woman. One German writer compares her to Beatrix Esmond, who, in love, would give nothing, but who required from her lover all his life and all his passion.

In Weimar there exists still much oral tradition about the heroes of its brilliant time; a tradition derived by descendants from contemporaries who lived close to facts which were known to them; a tradition which has not yet been exhausted even by German writers. Weimar was then fuller of life than it now is. It is now, despite its material growth, a city of shadows; it was once a city made very much alive by Goethe, and by his great contemporaries. One tradition that I find in Weimar is that Frau von Stein did not yield to her lover's passion until she became jealous of Corona Schröter. Poets cannot be judged in their relations to women by quite the ordinary standards. It is to them a necessity to find the ideal woman who could, as they fancy, render life as noble as happy. Of course, they generally fail. They do not, and cannot, find the ideal woman; and then, as Goethe did, after the sadness of vain tentative, they subside upon an inferior nature, which gives content if it cannot rouse enthusiasm. There is a magical attraction between the poet and women. The poet is an ideal of humanity, and noble women love ideals. By force of temperament, and by vividness of imagination, such a poet as Goethe is irresistibly attracted by the grace and charm and sympathy of woman; and women are subjugated and spellbound by the gifts and personality of the poet. Take Goethe in his youth. With a splendid physique, which was in itself a fascina-

tion; with fire and with force; with gentleness and with dignity; with noble manners and personal witchery; with a fervor of eloquence, and with dark, brilliant, piercing eyes of passion and of light; with versatility, veracity, glory, genius—he was born to exercise over all lofty and charming women an influence which was little short of magical.

In his fiery youth he was easily attracted and captivated; but it is noticeable that none of his amours were excited by base or unworthy women. He was no seducer, or wronger of women. He fled from temptation. He did marry Christiane Vulpius; he would have married Charlotte von Stein. His irresistible impulses may not always have been free from error; but then "best men are moulded out of faults;" and his age survived into the noblest dignity of wisdom and of virtue.

His wife would not have suited the strenuous idealism of his soaring youth. Only the disillusioned man could sink down upon this gay, soft, submissive, lively, sensuous little creature, who charmed him by deferential sympathy and devotion, who held him by serviceable sweetness, who made no pretensions, and urged no claim, and who was more than contented with that love which the great man could give to her.

On his return from Italy, the jealous and querulous von Stein became intolerable in her complaints and exactions. She drove him into the arms of Christiane.

When, in February, 1774, Karl Ludwig von Knebel introduced in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Karl August to Goethe, the Duke was seventeen, the poet was twenty-five. When he was eighteen Karl August began his reign in Weimar, in September, 1775. The Duke gained, at almost the same time, a wife and a friend. He married Luise, a Darmstadt princess, whom Goethe, when he first saw her, termed an *Engel*. When Goethe first arrived in the duchy, Luise was something jealous of his influence over her husband, and believed that the poet led the Duke into wild ways. They had, in their youth, many frolic days and gay adven-

tures; but temptation came mainly from the more sensual and pleasure-loving young prince. It may be fearlessly maintained that the influence of Goethe upon Karl August was exercised for the Duke's good. Goethe was his friend, but never a flatterer. Attached to Karl August alike by friendship, loyalty, and gratitude, he loved the man, but he was not cordially contented with Court life.

He says (1781): "A great part of the good-humor with which I suffer and work arises from the thought that all my sacrifices are voluntary, and that I have only to order post horses"—in order, if necessary, to escape. On June 11, 1776, Goethe was made *Geheimer Legationsrath*; and on September 3, 1779, he was raised to the rank of *Geheimer Rath*, and became President of the Council. He was Finance Minister and War Minister, Director of Mines, and adviser of the Duke on almost every subject; and he discharged all these offices with activity and enlightenment. He often opposed Karl August; he always advised the Duke for his good. "No one knows what I do, and with how many enemies I have to wrestle, in order to do a little good." The wonder is that, amid the pressure of so many avocations, he should have found time to live to himself, and to write so much. "In the smallest village, or on a desolate island, I should, in order merely to live, have to be as active as I am here." His many-sided activity in Weimar was also, in part, helped by the small distances, and the nearness of his house to the Palace, or to the dwelling of Frau von Stein. He records, on May 13, 1780: "The theatre is one of the few things in which I find at once the delight of an artist and of a child."

To judge of life in Weimar about the end of the last and the beginning of this century, it is necessary to know something of the morals and manners which then obtained, of the ideas which guided the lives and actions of women and of men, especially in their relations to each other. A wave of moral, or rather of immoral, influence, spread from France to Germany in the days of Louis XIV., and this wave had not dispersed itself in the earlier days of

Goethe. The French may have had more sentiment, the Germans more sentimentalism, in their amours, but the amours existed in both countries, and the marriage tie was a Gordian knot which could easily be cut where it could not quite easily be untied. Schiller says: "The Weimar ladies are astonishingly susceptible; there is scarcely one that has not had an affair"—i.e., a *liaison*. Gallantry and coquetry were lords- and ladies-in-waiting at the gay little Court.

Take one curious instance of German morals and manners. After the birth of her last child, the Duchess Luise saw herself compelled, under the advice of her physicians, to live apart from her husband. He desired, and she desired with him, that he should obtain a compensating *Häuslichkeit*, or domestic arrangement. Karl August fell in love with Caroline Jagemann, a young, and clever, and beautiful actress (though of very obscure extraction), then playing at the Ducal Theatre in Weimar. The lady at first declined to become the mistress of the Duke; but the Duchess Luise wrote, with her own hand, a letter to the actress, in which she begged the fair player to accept the appointment. The application was successful; and in after years the children of the two families—the legitimate and the illegitimate—gambolled and grew up together in sweetest amity and concord.

The actress, ennobled under the title of Frau von Heygendorf, acquired influence over her ducal lover; but she was always jealous of Goethe. Schiller she liked better, but she was the means of preventing the production of his "*Jungfrau von Orleans*" on the Weimar stage. She would not accept a part so ostentatiously virginal. Her intrigues embittered the relations between Goethe and the Duke, and nearly drove the poet from Weimar. Edvard Devrient, in his "*History of the German Stage*," tells the story of the intrigue which the favorite carried on in order to bring upon the Weimar stage Karsten's dog, in the drama of the *Hund des Aubry*. The object was less to please the Duke than to annoy Goethe, who, as any one could foresee, would not suffer a dog to appear in his

theatre; and who, after a very painful correspondence with Karl August, retired from the management of the Weimar theatre.

The *Rechtsanwalt*, Dr. Robert Keil, of Weimar, is the enviable possessor of a large and valuable collection of the manuscripts and the relics of Goethe, and this collection he was courteous enough to show me when I was in the German Stratford-on-Avon. These manuscripts have been inherited by Dr. Keil from Rath Kräuter, the friend and last secretary of Goethe.

There, in Goethe's own bold and massive handwriting, are the manuscripts of many of the immortal lyrics; and there, too, is a portrait, drawn in part by Goethe himself, but finished by one of his many artist friends, of the fair and delicate young Milanese lady who so strongly attracted Goethe during his stay in Rome. Her name is not recorded. Goethe fled from her, as he had done from Lotte in Wetzlar, when he found that she was betrothed. Dr. Keil also possesses in original, and has published, Goethe's *Tagebuch*, or Diary, of the years 1776 to 1782; and this diary is of singular interest to the Goethe student. The *Genie-Periode* extends from 1775 to 1782, and is almost covered by this diary. Goethe makes use of astrological symbols to indicate persons. Thus the sign of Jupiter, ♃, stands for Karl August; the sign of the moon, ☾, for the Duchess Anna Amalia; the sign of the star, ✨, for the Duchess Luise; the sign of Venus, ♀, for the Gräfin Werther; and the sign of the sun, ☉, for Frau von Stein. For Corona Schröter he uses no sign, but he terms her Crone or Cronen.

In the language of the Weimar of the *Genie-Periode*, to make love was *miseln*, and pretty girls, or darlings, were called *Misels*. This caressing title would apply alike to a peasant girl or to a young lady of the Court; and both Karl August and Goethe used this "little language," which appears frequently in the diary.

Corona Schröter was a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit. She was actress, singer, painter; and her portrait shows us a woman of great vivacious charm, with a voluptuous,

laughing expression, and with a flash of quick, sensitive feeling and intelligence. She had not enough depth of character to hold Goethe permanently, or very long; but still she is one of his lighter loves of the *Genie-Periode*. Apart from a poet's joys and sorrows, the diary shows how Goethe was learning to rule himself, to rise step after step to noble, pure clearness and harmony. He already desired to wean himself from living in the half of life, in order *im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben*.

In the January of 1776 began Goethe's passion for Frau von Stein, the wife of a contemptible and neglectful husband, and on April 30 we find the entry "with Madame von S., *Le Maître en droit*." On May 17 he is "bey Stein zu Nacht." "Mit Miseln gekittert" is another entry. On November 16 he records: "Nachts Corona!" On January 15, 1777, we find "bey ☉ gegessen. Neuer Streit."—Quarrels have begun . . . but on the 17th there is a note of reconciliation with ☉. The fluctuations of his love for Charlotte are well reflected in the brief entries in this laconic diary. He would seem to have been calmly happy with her only by snatches; but when she was kind and tranquil she fascinated him thoroughly. She could alternately attract and repel him. It would appear that Goethe was at one time jealous of the Duke in connection with the Schröter. Thus, we read, January 10, 1779, "a radical explanation with ♀ about Crone," the result of which was satisfactory. He was then living in his narrow nest (*enges Nest*) in the *Gartenhaus*, waited upon by the *alte Dorothee*. He had already begun *Wilhelm Meister*, and on February 14, 1779, he made a beginning with the dictation of *Iphigenie*. On July 13, 1779, he thinks that "his relations with Crone are firmer and better." As regards himself, we read: "*Anhaltend in stiller, innerer Arbeit, und schöne, reine Blicke . . . Stiller Rückblick aufs Leben.*"

Gäbs nur keinen Wein
Und keine Weiberthänen,

he would have been happier. Sometimes he feels like a bird entangled in

a net, which knows that it has wings but cannot use them. All his reflections upon life, and on himself, are deep and true. Then, again comes "Nachts Missverständniß mit ☉." In October, 1780, he begins *Tasso*. In the same year, Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" first appeared. The diary closes in March, 1782, when he was settled in his new town-house. It contains suggestive pictures, rapidly dissolving views of his loves, his pleasures, his struggles, and his sorrows; of his acting and writing; of his Government work and Court life; of his inner growth and development, and of the upward progress of his many-sided nature. One noteworthy, distinctive characteristic of Goethe's mind is the wide range and the activity of his interests and pursuits; his intense receptivity, and the ready warmth of his sympathy with all intellectual effort.

That high, abstract thought, which goes deeper than passion, and rises above incident—which floats in the fine air which spreads between earth and heaven—is, perhaps, the chiefest glory of the chiefest poets. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, and it becomes well such poets as Shakespeare and Goethe. Among the thousands of *Sprüche*—of teachings, of proverbs—which the latter has recorded for us, I refer to one, not because it is the best, but because—though we may scarcely care to learn its lesson—it contains a truth of moment to our literature. His avowed principle is, to give to the Real, poetic form; and he ever teaches that the true Ideal is based upon the Real.

Some of the old hotels in Weimar are interesting on account of the guests who have resided in them. I stopped in the *Hôtel zum Erbprinzen*, which has given refuge both to Schiller and to Goethe. The first fortnight that Schiller spent in Weimar was passed in the *Erbprinzen*, and tradition states that he occupied the room No. 4. Goethe was several times in this hotel, and tradition assigns to him the room No. 7. In those days of slow travelling on horseback, or in a carriage, men could not easily reckon upon the exact time which a journey would occupy, and thus Goethe, when he returned from Italy, found that his house in the

Frauenplan was not ready for his reception, and stayed at the *Erbprinzen*. Bettina von Arnim afterward lived there; and many great Englishmen—as, for instance, Carlyle—have lodged in it. Close to Goethe's house is the old inn *Zum weissen Schwan*, in which many Goethe pilgrims—for instance, Zacharias Werner—have lived. Weimar has long been remarkable for the character and quality of its visitors.

Our next walk must be to the *Friedhof*, or cemetery, which contains the *Fürstengruft*, or Prince's Vault, in which sleep not only members of the ducal race, but also the two royalties of genius—Schiller and Goethe. It seems strange to find two poets in a vault otherwise occupied solely by members of a German ducal house.

It is a popular belief that Karl August rests between his two poets, but this is an error. Karl August occupies the place of honor among the members of his race, and Goethe and Schiller repose together, side by side, apart from the royalties.

A circular opening in the floor of the chapel gives admission to the dead into the vault, into which you can descend, and stand among the coffins which contain the earthly remains of poets and of princes. You can touch any of the coffins. On those of the two poets lie flowers, ribbons, wreaths. The Duchess Maria Paulowna (died 1859) wished to rest beside her husband, and yet to be buried with the consecration of the Greek Church, so that over her remains rises a Greek chapel. On one side of the vault repose the poets; on the other many princes and princesses, who are, comparatively, of but little interest. I thought of Preller's admirable and noble drawing of laurel-crowned Goethe lying on the bed of death; and of Jagemann's picture of dead Schiller; and here they lay, the poets whom, thanks to art, we have looked upon in death.

The cemetery contains many whose names and memories belong to the life-records of the two poets. Madame von Stein, Eckermann, Alma von Goethe (the grand-daughter of the great Goethe), and now his two grandsons, besides many others, rest in this Weimar cemetery. All the life of that

great time has passed into the death of that which was mortal. This *Friedhof* is now almost the most truly living part of the little city of the Muses.

Our delight in Goethe's writings leads us first to seek to know the man ; and fortunately we possess the fullest record of that fullest life. Of no man so great does there exist a record so ample and so trustworthy. In his correspondence, as in his diaries, he has depicted himself, and many memoirs add to our knowledge of Goethe. A thorough acquaintance with Goethe, alike in the events of his life, in his workings and strivings, is attainable, though it cannot be attained easily or quickly ; and how supreme is the interest in knowing fully the greatest man, short of and after Shakespeare, that has lived upon the tide of time !

Hence the study of the manifold "Goethe literature" becomes one of the most fascinating of all studies, and we wish regretfully that we could know as much of Shakespeare. We find a subtle harmony between Goethe the man and Goethe the writer ; and in both qualities he has unfolded himself completely. He is as genuine as he is genial and full of genius. Schiller said with true modesty, *Er hat weit mehr Genie als ich* ; "he has far more genius than I have ;" and Goethe is incontestably the greatest thinker and writer of his land and of his century. In him there is no shadow of antagonism between that which a man is and that which he does. His works are the essential outcome of the man ; and we can know the man as well as we know his works. The man is one to be loved and revered. His power of will is always set to high aims, and he became sovereign over life as over himself. He is full of all fine and noble courtesies ; he works ever in the good, the beautiful, the true ; he rises always on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, until his age seems to be an incarnation of noblest, serenest wisdom and goodness. He is full of dignity and sweetness, of nobleness and sympathy. He is always generous, helpful, magnanimous ; and he is devoid of any taint of jealousy or hatred. He lived down the early envy of Schiller, the rancour of Herder ; he despised en-

mity, and never descended to antagonism. He conquered enemies by wit and patience, by tolerance and love. His character is so great and lofty that we rise, as we contemplate it, to the glow of a generous ardor of admiration and delight ; we cease to look for the blemishes of mortality, and are elevated to an ideal sympathy with the heights to which humanity—in rare cases—may attain. The only difficulty in the study of Goethe arises from the altitude and the complexity of the subject—though the mass of material requires labor to master it—but the study is its own exceeding great reward, and uplifts our conception of humanity.

As a poet, his one want was the impulse of a nation behind him. *Im eigentlichen Volke ist alles stille*. Not Weimar, not even Germany, in his day was a nation.

He belongs to the few greatest poets ; but he is not only poet. His studies extended over the whole range of human faculty ; and he is a man of science, of art, of politics, of learning, of criticism ; while he knows well, and discharges fitly, the duties of a ruler of men. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with the hand of a man, and not of a phantom. Learning itself may be rendered comparatively barren where there is an absence of those developed mental qualities which alone can put learning to vital use. Goethe used learning itself to elevate his life itself. His qualities and faculties are singularly balanced. His physique is of rare force and beauty ; and his genius is supreme. The fire and fervor of his temperament were impelled by a glowing imagination, and he was a born poet-lover. He was the idol of women whose characters and emotions contained a strain of idealism, and he was sorely tempted. Of course he never found the one woman who could obtain and retain his entire constancy ; he was too full of gifts, of grace, of genius for that ; but he gave in love more than he received—though he received much. Those who judge him by the standard of to-day, mistake him grossly. Lili, who was not fully worthy of his love, was yet ennobled by it. Christiane played contentedly the part of *Bayadere* to Goethe's *Gott*. Fred-

erike was happier in having loved and lost than she would have been had she never loved him at all. Frau von Stein was *grande dame*—elegant, aristocratic, coquettish, capricious, heartless. He deceived himself in her. At the beginning of their amour she may not have fully recognized the greatness of her immortal lover; but she was yet proud of his homage, and exacting in her demands upon it. She tortured and ultimately repelled him. She was not genuine, not unselfishly devoted enough to hold him. But for her coquetry and desire to retain her empire, she might have married him. The *naïve* Christiane suited him better, as a wife, than the fantastic great lady would have done. A poet, and such a poet—could he help loving women?

Women are born hero-worshippers; and a poet must needs love the loveliness of women.

Our race is created infirm and erring; not one is perfect; no, not one; but after making all allowances, Goethe impresses us as having been one of the greatest, wisest, best of men. We regard him, if we have really attained to knowledge of him—and we regard him especially in his calm and kingly age—with a loving awe and with a reverent wonder. In so short an essay, I can only hope to reach to imperfect suggestion on such an infinite subject. The greater part of his long life was spent in the city of his adoption; and this is why I have here tried to picture Weimar—as a background to Goethe.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

COLERIDGEIANA.

LETTERS, when possessing any individuality and written with the unreserve of friendship, have a relative as well as an intrinsic value. In Coleridge's case they are, to quote his own phrase, "the confessions of an inquiring spirit," often humiliating, but furnishing abundant evidence of the fascination which throughout his erring life seems to have accompanied Coleridge as surely as his own shadow. His many friends—not only the famous, such as Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb, but the less-known Poole, Stuart, Gillman, Wedgewood, and others—were sorely tried at times, yet they forgot and forgave, and stuck loyally to a man whose genius they never doubted for a moment.

It was the same thing with Coleridge's brother, George, the Ottery schoolmaster, whose memory is cherished in his native place to this day. He was a quiet, practical man, so thorough in his profession that he sent up William Hart Coleridge, his nephew, to Oxford, straight away from Ottery School, and the lad won two first classes mainly on the training given him by his uncle George. In writing on the subject of his family to Thomas Poole, Coleridge is good enough to acknowledge the elder brother's merits. "My

brother George is a man of reflective mind and elegant genius. He possesses learning in a greater degree than any of the family, excepting myself. His manners are grave and hued over with a tender sadness. In his moral character he approaches every way nearer to perfection than any man I ever yet knew; indeed he is worth the whole family in a lump."

This language, in the main true, is rather hard on the other brothers, notably John, James, Luke, William, and Francis, whose antecedents in their various professions gave excellent promise of future distinction. Edward, "the wit of the family," lived to a great age, and died at Ottery, a more ardent fisher of trout than of men. He had been ordained, and kept a small school in his native place. When he retired into private life, his pupils presented him with silver plate, and the first name among the subscribers is that of Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War.

Edward Coleridge had a curious habit of making a low bow whenever he entered Ottery Church, though the country clergyman in the early days of "Farmer George" was not, as a rule, conspicuous for reverence. Between him and his brother Samuel there was

what the latter called "an unintermitting dyspathy," and "Ned" was held in slight esteem at Ottery when compared with his brother James—Colonel Coleridge—an old comrade and intimate friend of Marshal Beresford, who presented him with a Court sword, worn subsequently on State occasions by the late Lord Chief Justice of England. Francis so distinguished himself at the siege of Seringapatam that Lord Cornwallis presented him, in the presence of the army, with a gold watch. He died early from a fever brought on by overexertion. John, an East Indian officer, William, a school-master, and Luke, a surgeon, were all of them earnest and practical men, the very reverse of their youngest brother, whose early vagaries were terribly trying to those of the family, who joined in round-robins of exhortation to him, which met with indifferent success. When Ottery wrote to Bohemia the answer came in a penitential tone. Here is a specimen: "I have heard from my brothers, from him particularly who has been friend, brother, father. 'Twas all remonstrance and anguish, and suggestions that I am deranged.—S. T. C." Small wonder, for the brothers, one and all, had gone far beyond the future marked out for them by their father.

John Coleridge, the vicar and school-master at Ottery St. Mary, with all his learning (for he was a good mathematician as well as a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar), had so little of parental ambition that he had destined his children to be blacksmiths; and the sons were roused into activity and professional earnestness by their mother, whose pride and spirit kept them up to the mark in their different careers of usefulness and honor. Coleridge's devotion to Ottery was poetical, but he never revisited his home after his twenty-eighth year, and the combined efforts of his brothers failed to persuade him after his marriage to make a home near them. On this subject he observed, in Johnsonese grandiloquence: "My family wish me to fix there, but that I must decline in the names of public liberty and individual free-agency. Elder brothers, not senior in intellect, and not sympathizing in

man's opinions, are subjects of occasional visits, not temptations to a co-township."

Coleridge was very frank in after life on the subject of his youthful follies. The two volumes of his letters edited by his grandson, Mr. Ernest Coleridge, form an admirable supplement and commentary to the biographies of the poet, of which the two best are those by Mr. Dykes Campbell and Alois Brandl. The letters add but little to what is already known of his history at school and college. His acceptance of the King's shilling is still more or less a mystery, for he had won in his freshman's year at Cambridge the Greek ode, and was bracketed with Keate, Butler, and Bethell for the Craven Scholarship, the classical blue ribbon of the University. In cases of equality the scholarship, according to the will of its founder, was awarded to the youngest of the candidates, and the future head-master of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield took the prize. There was more of insincerity than truthfulness in the letter from Cambridge ending with "Reverend in the future tense and scholar of Jesus College in the present time," for very shortly afterward we read in another letter, "Scepticism has mildewed my hope in the Saviour."

From his confidences in letters to Mary Evans we infer that the poet-philosopher had a weakness for dress. "Without a swanskin waistcoat what is man? I have a swanskin waistcoat, a most attractive external," and the wearer employs a M. de la Penche, a professional fiddler, to teach him the violin, as part of a scheme of self-defence against two fiddle-scrapers, and a flute tooter, "whose vile performances in undergraduate rooms at Jesus College would make the gruntings of a whole herd of cows by comparison a seraphic melody." Coleridge's love of music was more genuine than his military ardor. Though his tears were rather of the "cheap driblet" order, he certainly was moved by the concord of sweet sounds. In later life he had his favorite composers, and in his youthful days would sentimentalize and rave about hymn-singing, which we may assume to have been an improvement on

that of the rural church choirs in his native Devonshire. The organ loft at Ottery, and its native vocalists, were hindrances rather than helps to devotion.

But things were different at Worcester, in private establishments at any rate. "What lovely children Mrs. Barr at Worcester has!" writes S. T. C. to his friend Josiah Wade. "After church they sat round and sung hymns so sweetly that they overwhelmed me. It was with great difficulty that I abstained from weeping aloud—and the infant in Mrs. Barr's arms leaned forward and stretched his little arms and stared and smiled. It seemed a picture of heaven, where the different orders of the blessed join different voices in one melodious hallelujah; and the baby looked like a young spirit just that moment arrived in heaven, starting at the seraphic songs, and seized at once with wonder and rapture." Coleridge, very incurious as to the welfare of his own children, was rapturous over those of other people. The first Lady Coleridge used to tell of the old gentleman from Highgate calling on her on purpose to play with her infant son. After rolling the future Chief Justice on the carpet, the sage was heard to mutter: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Another melting subject was the sight of a baby in a clergyman's arms at a christening. In his extravagant sensibility there was a dash of Captain Costigan in Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The successors of Elliot's 15th Light Dragoons are to this day proud of having enlisted Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *alias* Silas Tomkyn Comberbach, as a trooper, fresh from Cambridge, with a medal for a Greek ode. "The very indocile equestrian, who rode a young horse as indisciplined as himself," was a favorite in the regiment. His portrait, now a part of the regimental baggage, is carried about as carefully as the colors were in the good old days of the army. The expenses incidental to the discharge of this poet-trooper fell on Coleridge's family and friends, who were naturally eager to get the prodigal back to Cambridge.

We quote from an interesting letter in the *Times* of 13th August, 1834,

headed "The late Mr. Coleridge, a common soldier:—"—

"He was discharged from the regiment, not from his democratical feelings, for whatever these feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the 'Bear Inn,' Reading, and, the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, while his old companions of the tap-room gave him three hearty cheers, as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath Road to London and Cambridge."

To this letter there is a note appended, informing the readers of the newspaper that Coleridge wrote his "Religious Musings" in the tap-room at Reading. A certain Captain Ogle, once an Oxford undergraduate, showed him great kindness, and probably saw at a glance through the Comberbach disguise.

The master of Jesus gated the renegade trooper for a month, and condemned him to translate the works of Demetrius Phalereus into English. He probably enjoyed the imprisonment; most people under such circumstances would not have desired to be bailed, and the fields and groves of the college must have been a paradise after the barracks and stables at Reading. Yet he complains of Dr. Pearce's "great asperity," and contrasts it with the exceeding and most delicate kindness of Mr. Plampin, a college don, whose letter to George Coleridge has been preserved. It is creditable to the writer, and, in a measure, to the poet who had made himself ridiculous. "I am happy in adding that I thought your brother's conduct on his return extremely proper, and I beg to assure you that it will give me much pleasure to see him take such an advantage of his experience as his own good sense will dictate."

Coleridge from boyhood to age wore his heart on his sleeve. The ex dragoon fancied himself deeply in love with a certain Mary Evans, who played the part of Laura to his Petrarch in very early days. Southey was asked to share the secret of the lover's despair, when Mary was safely married to a

more prosaic and reliable mortal than the Jesus undergraduate. He was soon consoled, and possibly believed in the truth of his chivalrous utterance to his *fidus Achates*, in announcing his union with Miss Fricker: "I was married at St. Mary's Redcliffe—poor Chatterton's church—to the woman I love best of all created beings."

This ill-starred wedding took place in 1795. By the year 1802 the "dyspathy" between man and wife became ominously plain, and the best of created women was threatened with separation. Southey from first to last was the long-suffering friend who, sorely tried as he was by his brother-in-law's vagaries, allowed nothing to interfere with his persistent kindness to Coleridge's children. Happily for them, Uncle Southey had backed out of the famous emigration scheme, profoundly indifferent to Coleridge's abuse for his "falling in love with that low, dirty, gutter-grubbing trull, Worldly Prudence." The more sane and practical man of the two was invariably appealed to in great emergencies by the visionary.

It is hard to understand the grievance alleged by her husband as being good ground for setting aside poor Mrs. Coleridge and her three children. Southey must have been sorely perplexed by the husband's charges. "Mrs. C. is so stung with the very first thought of being in the wrong, because she never endures to look at her own mind in all its faulty parts, but shelters herself from painful self-inquiry by angry recrimination. Never, I suppose, did the stern match-maker bring together two minds so utterly contrariant in their primary and organized constitution." Reading this very curious indictment, so vague and unsubstantial, so unconvincing in its language and scope, we feel disposed to congratulate Mary Evans on her escape, and condole with Sarah Fricker on her misfortunes.

The letters from Germany and Malta are curious and interesting. Probably no one was more surprised at his taking up official duty under Sir Alexander Ball than Coleridge himself. In the early days at Stowey, the poet, content for a time with his short and mar-

vellous outburst of poetry, prophesied in words partly falsified, partly justified, by his subsequent career—"I am not fit for public life; yet the light shall stream to a far distance from my cottage window." He more than satisfied Sir Alexander Ball in his capacity as secretary, and the light of his imagination pierced far beyond the limits of the Somerset horizon.

A fruitful episode in the German period was the production of Coleridge's version of Schiller's "Wallenstein." Unfortunately this is a torso, for the poet, distrustful it may be of the English equivalents for the soldiers' slang and camp jargon in the "Lager," left that brilliant prelude untranslated. There are some glaring inaccuracies in Coleridge's version, which was published in the first year of this century, but these are more than compensated for by the grandeur of isolated passages, in which the translator has amplified and improved upon the original idea. This work has not met with the appreciation it deserves. Coleridge warned Longman that it would never answer as a commercial success. The publisher lost £250, fifty of which had been paid to the author. "Poor pay, Heaven knows, for a thick octavo volume of blank verse; and yet I am sure that he never thinks of me, but 'Wallenstein' and the ghosts of his departed guineas dance an ugly waltz round my idea."

Many of the letters throw additional light on Coleridge's relations with Southey and Wordsworth; but there were other men, less known to fame, who played no inconsiderable part in the story of the poet-philosopher's broken life. Such were Poole, Greene, Sir George Beaumont, Sotheby, and Gillman, who have appropriate niches in the two volumes. It is only fair and just to their memories that these real benefactors to a man of genius should be permanently recorded, and the poet's grandson has done wisely and well to recognize the claims of such correspondents. Coleridge's letters have not the charm and finish of Cowper's: they are full of matter and substance, but lacking in beauty of form, and at times awkward in construction. Yet their spontaneity, and

the great thoughts which find occasional utterance, even in a random, slipshod letter, more than atone for

their crudity and roughness.—*Temple Bar.*

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE SPERM WHALE FISHERY.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

LOVERS of marvellous tales have indeed an embarrassment of riches in these days. What with the wonders of science, the achievements of commerce, and the kaleidoscope of Africa, to say nothing of fiction, the menu never lacks variety, and discrimination becomes a fine art. Yet one can hope that even to the jaded palate of a latter-day reader a gentle thrill may be given by the simple recital of a few incidents in the ordinary course of the sperm whale fishery, now, alas! through neglect almost moribund. Perhaps these recollections may be found of greater interest just now in view of the imminent departure for southern seas of the Antarctic Expedition, from which so much is hoped and expected.

These encounters carry us back to primeval conditions. In them man, armed with primitive spear and harpoon, meets upon equal terms one of the most terrible monsters known either on land or in ocean. Equality may well be insisted upon, because to counterbalance man's high intelligence comes the disadvantage of boat handling, from which, of course, the whale is free. The unstable sea, too, ranges itself upon the side of its denizens, and since man is ever but an intruder upon those mobile plains, in warfare with the mightiest and oldest of its inhabitants his disabilities are exceedingly great. Again, the sperm whale, cachalot, or pott-fisch (*Physeter macrocephalus*), as this marvellous mammal is indifferently termed, is, compared with the great *Mysticetus*, or Greenland whale, as a shark to a cod, a tiger to a lamb. No timid mountain of blubber-laden flesh is he, whose only thought is of flight, and as easy to kill as an exaggerated *Holothuria*. The huge, unwieldy cetacean, long familiar to the wondering eyes of childhood from numberless pictures of the Arctic re-

gions, is so inoffensive and gentle that when attacked by a pair of "killers" (*Orca gladiator*), either of which he could swallow whole were his gullet proportionate to his size, he meekly submits to their importunities, and allows them to enter his mouth, devour his huge tongue, and depart delightedly.

It happened on one occasion that we were cruising off the coast of Japan during a very successful season, and having just "cut in" a large "fish," were busy "trying out" the blubber. A violent commotion near the ship drew our attention from the work in hand, and for the next quarter of an hour we witnessed as tremendous a fight as old Homer himself could have wished to describe. Two "killers" and a huge swordfish (*Xiphias*), desperate with hunger, had combined their forces and ventured to attack a half-grown bull cachalot. Nothing, I am persuaded, but the direst necessity and pressure of want could have prompted them to undertake so grave a conflict, although it must needs be confessed that their combination was a powerful one. It fell to the swordfish to lead off, and he launched himself at the whale like a Whitehead torpedo, pointed direct for the most vital part. But a gentle swerve of the wary cachalot presented to the attack, instead of the vulnerable broadside, the oblique impenetrable mass of his head. The awful blow of the sword impelled by the furious speed of the mass behind it struck just before the whale's eye, ripping a white streak diagonally upward through the gristly substance covering the skull, but spending its force in the air above, while the great body following glided serpent-like right over the whale's head, and fell helplessly upon the other side. With incredible agility for so vast a bulk, the cachalot

turned, settling slightly withal, then rising lower jaw uppermost, he caught the xiphias fairly in the centre between those mighty shears, and cleft him in two halves. A sideways shake of the great head, a scarce perceptible gulp, and the tail half of that swordfish slid down the whale's cavernous throat with as much ease and rapidity as it had been an oyster. Meanwhile, the Orcas had not been remiss in supporting the spirited attack of their ill-fated coadjutor. One hung upon either flank of their giant foe and worried him as dogs a boar. But their time had come. After vainly endeavoring by rolling and writhing to free himself from them, he suddenly changed his tactics. Rearing himself majestically out of the seething eddies like a mighty column of black rock, he fell backward, tearing himself away from the clinging monsters. Up rose his enormous tail from the boiling vortex, and, descending like a gigantic scythe, literally crushed one of his aggressors beneath it, the sound of the blow reverberating like thunder. The survivor fled, but the infuriated Titan pursued, leaping, like a dolphin, half out of the sea at every bound, and although we could not see the end of the chase, we had little doubt but that *Orca gladiator* paid the full penalty of his rashness under the lethal sweep of those terrible jaws.

One prolonged interview with a sperm whale remains minutely impressed upon my memory above a vast number of others. We had recently left one of the Friendly Islands, where, by the terms of their agreement, the whole native portion of our crew had rejoicingly left us. All efforts to induce others to fill the vacancies were unavailing, the impression left by the tales told of whaling life being as yet very vivid. Therefore we were very short-handed, and, to make matters worse, most of us were in feeble health, as a result of our plentiful indulgence in fruit after the long course of filthy food such as whaling crews usually starve upon. We were making the best of our way to Futuna, near Fiji, seeking recruits, and hardly expected to sight sperm whales. Nevertheless, one evening just before sunset a large

solitary cachalot was sighted by the look-out, and two boats were at once manned and lowered, leaving the ship in charge of the captain, four hands, and the cook. As ill luck would have it, the whale was going very deliberately, so that with the stiff trade blowing we were soon "in his water." All witless of our proximity, he threw up his broad flukes for a leisurely descent, when our harpooner by a very long dart managed to pierce him with the barbed iron. When the usual preliminary writhings and struggles were over, and the aggrieved monster had sought the solitudes below, we found that the sun had set, and darkness was coming on with its invariable tropical rush. But the weather was fine, with little sea running, the harpoon was well fast, why should we not hold on? Grudgingly we gave him line, literally inch by inch, for the spectacle of a line running out so fast as to set a boat on fire by its friction round the loggerhead existed only in the imagination of those who have stated it—except, of course, where an ignorant or foolhardy harpooner has struck one of the clipper-built useless whales that, from their speed, are practically uncatchable.

When at last, after an absence of forty minutes, the object of our attentions returned to the surface the gloom of a moonless night was upon us. A wide-spreading glare of phosphorescence alone betrayed his whereabouts, but so indefinitely that our hopes of getting to effective close quarters with him were faint indeed. The second boat, however, managed to get fast to him, which was a doubtful benefit, since the danger of collision with each other now that our volition was not independent was very great. But the big "fish" seemed peaceably inclined, and steadily ploughed ahead through the glowing sea at an even rate of about ten knots per hour, so that the outlook was not yet at all bad. Steadily we hauled up as near to where we supposed him to be as we dared, and occasionally hurled a lance into the darkness amid the bright foam where he might reasonably be expected to be. As the boats were towing one on either side of him, this practice was risky in the extreme, for a lance vigorously

darted glided over the whale's back and pierced the other boat's planks, happily without injury to the occupants. For some time we scurried on without injuring or being injured until our chief, brought butt up against the whale's flank, at once plunged his long lance into the great mass up to the socket. The effect was marvellous. Forward at tremendous speed we were hurled, while all around us in one wide turmoil the dazzling waves foamed and boiled, and the boat-steerers bent their best energies to keeping the boats as far apart as possible. In a moment all was still, and as suddenly the two boats spun round as upon an axis and rushed at each other as if bent upon mutual destruction. The crash came with a violence that threw all hands on their beam ends, but without a moment's pause away we flew in the opposite direction. This little game pleased our friend the enemy so much that he repeated his subaqueous summersault several times, after each of which we invoked blessings upon the heads of those faithful boat builders whose work was being put to so terrible a test. Such tremendous exertions could not, in the nature of things, go on indefinitely, and accordingly after a while, which was doubtless much shorter than we thought it, leviathan slowed down again. Then the chief handled his bomb-gun. This antique weapon is utterly unworthy of the go-ahead American genius, but "down East" whalers are notoriously conservative. It is a short thick musket, carrying an iron or brass bomb about a foot long and an inch in diameter, and filled with gunpowder. A percussion cap within the hollow steel arrowhead ignites a short fuse connected with the powder when the weapon strikes the whale, and if it penetrate a vital part, that whale's career comes to a sudden and violent end.

The mate fired his bomb, and the immediate result was, to say the least, astonishing, probably to the whale, certainly to us. Almost simultaneously with the discharge the vast creature leaped fully twenty feet into the air, and the sight of his mighty form entirely outlined against the blue-black sky filled us with wholesome dread.

Then he fell—fell like the apocalyptic mountain, while the indignant ocean rose in glittering columns of shining water all around, which, falling in their turn, created a seething maelstrom in whose vortex we poor chips were tossed like toys. Drenched with spray and baling for dear life, but all unharmed as yet, away we sped again into the darkness upon our apparently unending journey. Many an unuttered wish arose from the crew that the lines might part and set us free, but no such thought troubled the iron heads of the officers. With them it is a point of honor to kill the whale or be killed by him, and nothing short of a complete smash up would make them loose voluntarily from a whale. So the weary night wore on. At last the pace slackened again, and calling up what physical reserves were yet available we got alongside of him good.

Thrust after thrust of the long lances reached him without any attempt at retaliation. He was apparently pumped right out, for his movements became feebler and fewer until he gently turned upon his broad side and relaxed into the limpness of death. Exhausted with the long fight we gladly sought comfort in a pipe, and lolled at our ease enjoying to the full our much-needed rest, while the chief used his remaining strength to bore a hole as usual through the great tail fin wherein to fasten the whale line. A short spade-like weapon with a razor-keen edge is always used for this, and the mate hacked vigorously away anxious to get the line passed ready for transference to the ship. All at once, without the slightest warning, the apparently dead whale started into life, and with one fearful back lash of his tail hurled the spade from the mate's hands into the midst of us. It struck the tub oarsman, a genial Irishman named George Flynn, splitting his head literally in two halves lengthways. No moment was available for regret or mourning, we were all in confusion and withal rushing along at incredible speed. Before any further damage could be done all was over. It had been a last flash of energy, but, unhappily, had cost us a valuable life. Before we had quite realized what had happened profound

stillness reigned among us, while our thoughts were too solemnly engaged with the awful event that had just visited us to speculate upon the whereabouts of the ship. Of course our poor shipmate never realized what had happened, his death being instantaneous. Very silently we sat and waited for the dawn, while the probability of our being out of sight of the ship became unpleasantly prominent to all our minds. Being without food or water, as usual, the horror of our situation had such been the case needs no emphasizing. Further misery was mercifully spared us, for the dawn revealed the old ship at no great distance. Speedily she bore down upon us and got our capture alongside, after which we sought the greasy shades below for a long and well-earned sleep. The whale was one of the poorest ever seen for his size, his blubber being like leather and yielding scarce any oil. This was due doubtless to the fact that his great lower jaw was twisted at right angles to his body, the result probably of some juvenile freak, while his bones were soft, and must have disabled him permanently from successful combat with the gigantic squid, his proper food.

As a general rule it may be expected that a cachalot will try to escape when first attacked, but very dangerous exceptions are frequently met with. In cases like the preceding, should the whale after a long conflict escape and survive, he is almost sure to develop into a terrible foe. Conscious of his own powers as well as of the limitations of his enemies, he is quite capable of carrying the war into the enemy's country with dreadful results. Many reminiscences might be recorded of cases like these, where not boats alone but the ships themselves have been destroyed by the furious monsters.

But in this paper only personal happenings are set down. We unfortunately met with a sperm whale of this eminently undesirable class near Norfolk Island, and it seemed hardly short of miraculous that any of us escaped with our lives. Fortunately we were in first-rate fighting trim, full manned and well trained, while our officers were veterans versed in all the ways of the wily whale. It was just after break-

fast on Sunday morning when "fish" were sighted, and we managed to get fast to a medium-sized bull cachalot in about half an hour after lowering. Contrary to their usual custom the remainder of the school made off, going at such speed to windward that the loose boats were hopelessly distanced in their pursuit. Well for us that it was so, for our "fast fish," instead of convulsively endeavoring to free himself from the iron or "sounding," deliberately "milled" round and came for us head on. He looked an exceedingly ugly customer. It was just all we could do to dodge him, and but that he would try to bite we could hardly have kept clear of him. He, however, wanted to settle matters off-hand, and as the cachalot is incapable of raising the massive lower jaw, but must, like a shark, turn on his back, we always managed not to be there when he arrived in the first biting position.

But get astern of him we could not. The other boats returned from the chase, and while one of them sailed in and got fast, the other two hovered around waiting an opportunity to rush in and use the lance. The whale seemed to be quite satisfied with the new arrangement and immediately adapted his tactics to meet present requirements. Instead of rushing along the surface at us as when we were singly opposed to him, he kept making short journeys below, rising again with fearful velocity, jaws gaping to their full extent. This sort of thing was very wearying, and kept all hands looking over the side and ready to take to the water instantan should he manage to come up and catch the boat in that awful cavernous mouth of his. Again and again we just cleared him by a foot or two; once, indeed, he wrenched the tub oarsman's oar from his grasp. It was evident that if he did not soon tire something would happen that must almost certainly mean severe loss of life. Suddenly he bounded into the air like a salmon, nearly swamping us all in the disturbance created by his fall. Before we had recovered from the shock our ever-watchful mate caught sight of the ominous livid gleam in the water beneath us and

screamed hoarsely, "Stern all!" just too late—we were all baling, boat half full of water. Up came the black column of his head on one side, the white serrated shaft of the lower jaw on the other, and like so many frightened frogs we bounced into the water, the last sound in our ears the horrid scrunch of our boat being ground into a shapeless bundle of splinters. Knowing that the cachalot never attacks a man in the water we were under no apprehension of becoming Jonahs, although we were amply satisfied as to his ability to swallow the six of us at a gulp had he been so minded. So we were comparatively comfortable until picked up by one of the loose boats. The ship being in close attendance we at once returned on board, and the captain, taking charge of the boat that brought us, returned to the scene of battle to try his luck. He took with him several "black fish pokes," or bladders of the *Grampus macrorhynchus*, which, when inflated, are about two feet in diameter. These, upon approaching the whale, he threw overboard. The animal immediately struck at one of these decoys with his flukes, proving that it was possible thus to divert his aggressive attentions from the boats. Our dexterous skipper then loaded his bomb-gun and, watching his opportunity, rushed in behind the monster and fired a bomb into him at short range. It was a grand shot, taking effect just abaft and slightly above the pectoral fin. The very next spout that issued from his spiracle was stained with blood, and the following one was thick with the clotted gore. Nothing was now needed on our part but to keep out of his way while he died. Truly a sublime spectacle this, the final agony of the mightiest of God's creatures bowing to the all-conqueror. He rushes at incredible speed around the circumference of a vast circle, upon one side, with the uppermost fin waving convulsively, jaws snapping, and body writhing, while the surrounding sea is incarnadined by the torrents of hot blood foaming from his spout hole. With one final Titanic effort he raises himself two-thirds out of the gory flood, then falls supine with a long groaning expiration and is dead. Like a low

shoal he lies, over which a small surf breaks with a monotonous moan.

Not the least of the perils attendant upon this fascinating pursuit is the liability of the boats to lose touch with the ship. For as their capacity is exceedingly limited, the crew large, and equipment extensive, there is but little room for any provisions, so a few biscuits and a keg of water must suffice for the needs of six men during a fishing. Of course, generally speaking, there is little danger of a boat being lost, except at night, when indeed fishing is rarely undertaken or carried on. The sperm whale's habit when "fast" is to run more or less in circles, and it is seldom that this practice is deviated from. It does happen, though, occasionally that a cachalot with a boat attached to him will head straight to windward and in one undeviating rush cover many miles of sea. Such a monster of iniquity it was our evil hap to encounter one Christmas Eve, at about four bells in the afternoon, one of a school we fell in with near the equator in the Pacific. Each of the boats were fast to whales, as they were all of moderate size, and none of them might be expected to take out more than one boat's line. A good stiff breeze was blowing when we struck, but the way that beast travelled with us behind him dead in the teeth of it was marvellous. On we rushed for at least three hours, leaping from crest to crest of the rising sea, which drenched us with heavy spray and kept us constantly baling. A heavy rain squall came down bringing with it more wind, but through the blinding, threshing downpour our giant steed remorselessly dragged us on. When at last he slowed down a bit the ship was out of sight, although we all believed that she was merely hidden by the immense squall through which we had passed. No thought of giving up our prize occurred to us, but we took instant advantage of his slackening speed to haul up and get a lunge at him with the lance. Only one, and he was off again with renewed vigor, and although he certainly did not run so far this time, yet he covered a good mileage before he tired again. We wasted no time, but hauled up to him and succeeded in getting home some

searching thrusts with the hand lance. He sounded and came up again almost at once, rushing for us open-mouthed. But we met him with a most unusual *coup*; the officer in charge darted the hand lance down his great throat, where it disappeared entirely. It must have pierced his heart, for almost immediately he went into his "flurry," and in less than ten minutes he was dead. Having made all snug and secured the fluke rope through his tail, we had leisure to think of our position. Night was falling, the ship was nowhere to be seen, and by the look of the weather we might reasonably expect a series of ugly squalls from all quarters, which would make it exceedingly difficult for her to work up to us supposing that she had our bearings and no whale alongside. Neither of these latter contingencies were probable, however, and we quietly made the best of things. We were fairly sheltered by the huge carcass of our dead prize, and we rode very easily in the smooth area of quiet sea formed by the exuding oil—the "sleek" of whaling parlance. True we were drenched to the skin, but that allayed our thirst, and between the squalls the night was, of course, sultry enough. But it was a weary time. All round beneath us the incessant incursions of the immense tiger sharks, as they tore at the huge bulk of the whale, kept the sea ablaze with emerald light, which glared and faded alternately as the ravening monsters rushed to and fro, struggling and fighting for a place at the feast of fat so bountifully provided. Out of the darkness drifted toward us an innumerable company of sea birds, silent as disembodied spirits, but for an occasional melancholy wail. And every little while the floodgates of heaven opened, and the rain fell in solid masses of water, which beat the breath out of us, and necessitated steady baling that we might at least keep between salt water and fresh. At last the steaming gloomy day dawned, and presently out of the pall of clouds rushed the furious sun, as if about to scorch out the sodden fragments of life yet left to us. The assembled myriads of birds fell upon the carcass with so

deafening a clamor that we were dazed by the horrible discord. They rushed and fought and writhed over us in the boat, utterly regardless of our presence, and we had much ado to avoid suffocation beneath the palpitating feathery masses. Only by veering away to a good distance could we get even partially clear of our noisome visitors, foul-smelling, and unclean as harpies for all their snowy plumage. Meanwhile under that sweltering heat the body of the whale rose higher and higher, gradually increasing in bulk until by midnight it loomed up like a water-logged timber ship bottom upward. With this exception all remained as before, and a hopeless, helpless outlook it was. But for the copious showers that fell we should most probably have been raving with thirst, but that unspeakable torture was mercifully spared us. Still no sign of the ship. Toward noon the body of the whale lay upon the sea surface like a vast bladder inflated to its utmost capacity. Suddenly, with a tremendous commotion, it burst asunder from head to tail, the pent-up gases within rending the body apart as if by a dynamite explosion. The indescribable effluvium completely asphyxiated us for the time, and had not a heavy squall burst upon us, I have no doubt some of us would have died. Not daring to loose from the carcass altogether, we kept as far away as we could by means of our long line, although, owing to the habit of these animals when dead to drift bodily to windward, we were unfortunately to leeward of the horrible fœtor all the time it existed. We had prepared for another weary night, fast relapsing into that lethargic condition when nothing matters. Very much to our amazement, and re-awakening our will to live, we were hailed, and a boat appeared. Had she arisen from the depths beneath we could not have wondered more at her approach, but she was speedily alongside, and we recognized our shipmates. The ship had come up in a heavy squall, which, even had we been keeping a bright lookout, would have effectually screened her from our view. The rest was peace. To salve our grievous disap-

pointment at the loss of our whale—for the putrid blubber was worthless—we picked up an immense mass of ambergris, which in the eruption had been dislodged from its hiding place in the whale's bowels. The value of this precious drug is so great that it more than compensated us for the loss we had sustained, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that under ordinary

circumstances we should have known nothing of it.

But it is more than time to pull up. Memories of fringing reefs, waving palms, foaming breakers, and fighting whales come thick and fast, but must be sternly suppressed with the hope of again recalling them upon some future occasion.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SUMMARY PROCEDURE.

BY HENRY MARTLEY.

MISS MARJORIE MOON paid a long visit to my neighbors, the Turners, in the early summer of last year, and I at once recognized her attractions. She was one of the few small women left in England, and I, in common with most men, prefer small women. If I hankered after questions of the kind, I might be puzzled to explain why modern girls should have grown to their undue proportions in contradiction of the laws of supply and demand, and of the survival of the fittest; but I take things as I find them, and merely regret, as very solid facts, that the lively little women of the past are giving way to the heavy and badly modelled young amazons of the present day. Therefore I welcomed Miss Moon as a pleasing anachronism. She was not only small, but she possessed eyes like the eyes of a serious-minded angel, and a mouth like the mouth of a naughty child. I have always been intimate with the Turners, but after her arrival I visited them with, I fear, marked frequency.

Mrs. Turner had done her best to provide me with a wife ever since I came down from Oxford, and soon came to the conclusion that she was at last on the way to success. Personally, even at the risk of being guilty of the obvious, I was quite ready to fall in with her wishes. Marjorie was different from Mrs. Turner's previous exhibits. They were either rural and unfinished, or urban and disappointed. The former she called sweet, the latter smart, girls. I fancy the classification is a common feminine technicality.

For a while I entertained strong hopes of success. At first Marjorie was friendly enough, but when I got to know her better, and when, I suppose, my feelings became more apparent, an unpleasant change occurred in her. I am merely a plain country gentleman, and, before my acquaintance with Miss Moon, I had never been ashamed of the fact, but I speedily discovered that she regarded me with scorn on that account. Marjorie was the daughter of a London clergyman, and she had caught just a little touch of over-education at some establishment in town for what is called the higher education of women. Over-education takes different forms, and Marjorie's attack was not a very acute form of the disease. She was merely an advanced Radical. In the early days of our acquaintance the views that she expressed were broadly theoretical, and I only smiled inwardly, knowing that girls often talk in that way before they are married, and that, when they settle down and mellow, exuberant sympathy for humanity at large is narrowed down into the more practical desire to do their duty by the tenants.

However, when we got more intimate, Marjorie's expositions of Radicalism became painfully concrete. I occupied the position of awful example to point the moral of every invective, and soon I ceased to smile. She would insinuate pretty openly that she regarded me as a blot on society and a disgrace to my country. I was a "partridge breeder of a thousand years," an accusation of the deepest dye to her

mind, because she had lived in London most of her life. Though I flatter myself that I am a fairly good landlord, and remitted twenty-five per cent. of my rents a year or two ago, I was a "rackrenter." I am a J.P., and therefore I made "criminals of the poor," poachers being in her conception hard-working peasants out for an evening's harmless and well-earned amusement. Also, I was an entirely uncultivated ignoramus, because that characteristic completed her ideal of a country gentleman. As a matter of fact, I did not read the little oblong books which she professed to love; but, though I never pretended to be intellectual, I knew my Shakespeare and Dickens a good deal better than she did. Altogether her attitude toward me was most distressing. If she had invariably preserved it, I might have abandoned the pursuit, for I had no wish that my wife should regard me as a Squire Western; but at times she thawed and treated me as a human being.

About this period of our acquaintance I strolled up to the Turners' house one morning, meditating over Marjorie, and found her reading on the lawn.

"Have you been killing anything to-day?" she asked cheerily.

"No," I answered as good-humoredly as I could. "There's not much to kill at this season of the year."

"Only time," she said. "That is, I suppose, the very hardest thing for a sportsman to kill. Then you must have been playing something?"

"Perhaps so," I replied mournfully; "I almost think that I've been playing the fool."

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, sitting up with an air of astonishment. "You mustn't get discontented with your whole life. This will never do."

"No," I said, "it won't."

"What has happened?" she rippled on. "I do hope nothing has injured any of your horses, or foxes, or game-keepers."

"Please go on, Miss Moon," I returned, rather indignantly; "you've made all this up very nicely."

"Mr. Grant," she answered, "you ought really to take as much trouble

in preserving your composure as your game."

"Is Mr. Turner in?" I inquired abruptly, seeing that Marjorie was in one of her most belligerent moods. "I came over here to see him."

"I think so," she said, "and he's bought a new cow, which might amuse and interest you."

I walked away hastily, but I had only got a few yards when Marjorie called me back.

"Mr. Grant, have you got nothing to do this afternoon?"

"Of course," I answered, "you know that I never do anything."

"You are really," she said in a deeply injured tone, "one of the worst-tempered men I have ever met. But about this afternoon?"

"I suppose you want to tell me that it would be a good afternoon for killing poachers?"

"Oh, very well!" she replied. "It's of no consequence. I was going to ask you to take me round the golf-links to-day, as you promised."

"I'm not always so bad-tempered," I pleaded.

"Oh, never mind me," she said; "go and amuse yourself with the cow. It's a most interesting animal, with as long a pedigree and as short a temper as a country gentleman."

"Please!" I urged.

"Well, then," she asked, "why are you so annoying?"

"If I were disposed to argue—" I began.

"You'd get very much the worst of it!" she interjected, and took up her book.

"I notice," I went on, "that you are reading a small handbook on the Nationalization of Land. Now I'm prepared to bet that you don't even know how many square yards go to the acre."

"Betting," she rejoined, "is the only form of proof known to some intellectuals."

"But," I persisted, "do you know?"

"That," she said, "is my own concern. If you know, I wish you would carefully measure out three acres, tether the new cow there, and talk to it till this afternoon."

"Then you are going to let me teach you golf?" I answered.

"Didn't I tell you so ten minutes ago?" she retorted petulantly. "You said you came to see Mr. Turner, and if you stay here much longer, I shall suspect that that wasn't true."

"Perhaps it was not," I allowed.

"What size in hints do you take, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"Very well," I said. "What time at the club-house?"

"Half-past two," she answered, and returned to her book.

I visited Mr. Turner, and interviewed him on the flimsy pretext which I had invented for my call. I was also compelled to visit the new cow, which really was a very perfect prize animal, and was beginning to rouse my expressions of admiration, when Marjorie looked over the low wall at the end of the lawn and smiled maliciously. Soon afterward I took my departure, but Marjorie had left the lawn and retired to the house.

In the afternoon we met at the links. I borrowed some clubs for her, and she set out to play. It was not without fear and trembling that I entered on the performance, for a golf novice is not generally sweet-tempered, and, as a preliminary precaution, I explained that it was impossible to play even passably without months of practice. Marjorie, however, replied light-heartedly that a belief in the difficulties of golf and shove-penny and that kind of thing was one of the dear old-world myths which lingered in country minds, and that, at all events, she was not such an idiot as to be annoyed about a silly game. At the first tee I carefully pointed out to her how to swing for the drive.

"Do you imagine," she said, with wide-eyed astonishment, "that I'm going to take all that trouble over useless pedantries? No, I shall just hit the ball as hard as I can."

"Very well!" I answered; "try!"

She tried, and made a long drive for a lady. The same thing happened most of the way round. Marjorie absolutely refused all my suggestions, on the ground that the object of the game was to hit the ball hard and nothing more. It is true that she sometimes

got into difficulties; but she possessed a good eye and a lithe figure, and went round in a miraculously low score for a beginner. It was I, and not she, who began to get angry. I had hoped that she would at least conceive some respect for my superior knowledge of golf, but she merely jeered. Of course I have known the same thing happen before with other beginners. The first time they play with a success which they never attain for years again; but, perhaps because she had no apparent desire to play well, Marjorie's case was remarkable. In the club-house she compared her card with that of Miss Lafone, one of our best lady players, who happened to be off her game, and found that she would have beaten the latter in match play.

"How silly it is!" she remarked as I walked back with her to the Turners'. "I often suspected that the only difficulty in these games is due to lack of education. You country people find an uneducated peasant playing about with a ball, and you not only imitate the game, but the way he plays it. Of course, an unprejudiced person with any knowledge of dynamics gets on quicker."

"Have you," I asked, "ever studied dynamics?"

"Of course," she answered airily. "Every *educated* person has some knowledge of the subject. Did you teach Miss Lafone to play?"

"I did," I reluctantly admitted.

"And she took your advice," she laughed. "How funny!"

"Just wait till you play again," I suggested.

"Play again?" she said. "I'm not going to play again. Golf is merely a long walk under false pretences, and I hate long walks."

I felt disappointed at the announcement, and said nothing.

"I know what I shall do," she went on. "I shall expose all those silly amusements that people in the country pride themselves on. I've read somewhere about conjurers being sent to expose the magic of savage tribes. What do you people do at this time of year? Fishing! I shall try fishing."

"I should be only too delighted," I

said, with reviving hope, "if you would fish my water."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Grant," she answered, "I'll begin to-morrow."

"I'll come and give you a lesson," I suggested.

"Will it be as useful as the golf lesson?"

"You really can't fish on dynamical principles," I urged.

"I don't know," she replied; "I daresay one might, but I haven't studied the question as yet. At any rate, you must not come. People would give you the credit of my fish, and besides you haven't been at all nice this afternoon."

"What have I done this time?" I inquired.

"You lost your temper again," she said, "just because I played well. Now candidly, Mr. Grant, didn't you?"

"I suppose," I admitted ruefully, "that I did."

"What a dreadful agricultural depression!" she laughed. "And you know you told me the other day that field sports taught a man to be good-tempered as books never could. I shouldn't like to be with you when I landed my first big trout."

"Well, well," I said, "I deserve to be punished. I'll just scribble a permit for the fishing on a card. The keepers may ask for it." "And," I added, with forethought of the future, "you must only use a fly. Of course, even with that restriction you'll have an advantage over uneducated people, but at the same time worms and minnows might be more dynamical and—er—more democratic."

"The torture of dumb animals is one of the privileges of wealth," she retorted. "You need not be afraid. I disapprove of live bait on principle."

"Do you?" I said with a smile. "Very well. Shall I lend you a rod and some flies?"

"Thank you," she answered haughtily, as we reached the Turners' gate, "Mr. Turner will lend them to me. Good-by. Thank you so much for the golf lesson."

I left her with mingled feelings. I was annoyed about the golf, and particularly at my folly in losing my temper, but I looked forward with some

hope to Marjorie's fishing experiences. Fishing is not an amusement where a beginner has the beginner's proverbial luck, and the water then was rather low and bright. The prospect of her failure was not so unimportant as it might seem, for I felt that I had been losing ground during the last week, and that if she once had to acknowledge herself beaten, her sense of ridicule might lose some of its edge.

The next morning I was sitting at a window when I sighted Marjorie's form in the distance on the bank of one of the upper reaches of my water, nearly opposite to my house. I got down a field-glass and watched her. She was accompanied by the youngest of the Turner boys, who is a good fisherman for his age. He fitted up the rod and got ready a cast. I could see that some argument occurred about this, and I guessed that Marjorie was explaining the theories of an educated person about the choice of flies. After a time Bobby Turner rose with a melancholy air, and pointed up stream to the only decent pool in that part of the river. Another argument followed, and then Marjorie walked out full into the light on the highest part of the bank, and prepared to cast into a smooth shallow some six inches deep. The first cast fixed the flies firmly in her blouse, and Bobby had to disinter them. Then, as I judged from his gestures, he offered to take the rod and give her some preliminary instruction. This she presumably refused, and began to cast again. It was only occasionally that she hooked her blouse, or the grass behind her, but, when she did manage to hit the water some five yards out, I could distinctly see the splash that she made. After a few minutes another colloquy with Bobby occurred, which ended in the small boy putting his hands in his pockets and retiring in the direction of home. I sympathized with Bobby.

Marjorie continued to flog the water until he was out of sight, and then walked up the bank toward the spot which he had previously advised. I chuckled, knowing what was coming. The spot was a rapid, ending in a deep pool, and somewhat overgrown by trees. Marjorie took several minutes,

during which she stamped angrily, to free the top of the rod. The second cast landed the flies securely in the branches of a tree. At first Marjorie pulled gently, but the line remained fast. Eventually she gave an angry tug, with the natural result. After contemplating the line, she rose and threw a large stone into the river. Then she took the rod to pieces and disappeared.

The next morning I strolled up to the Turners' again and found Marjorie in her accustomed place on the lawn.

"Did you have any sport yesterday?" I inquired.

"It was a day," she said, "on which no one could have caught anything."

"Indeed!" I suggested. "I thought it was a nice gray morning with a southwest wind."

"That," she replied, "is a typical instance of the cut-and-dried rules of your folk-lore. Do human beings necessarily eat a bigger breakfast on a nice gray morning with a southwest wind?"

"Ah!" I observed. "The fishing, then, is on Darwinian and not dynamical principles?"

"If you do want to know anything about Darwinism, I could lend you a book on the subject," she said icily.

"And if you should wish to know anything about fishing, I believe I've got the Badminton volume on fishing somewhere," I remarked.

"It's one of a series of easy books for country gentlemen, isn't it?" she inquired.

"It's not much use to us," I said.

"You see, we most of us have not had the advantage of a board school education, and we can't read."

"I can!" she said, taking up her book.

"Might it be bi-metallism to-day?" I asked.

"At least," she said, "it is not the bucolics."

I thought it better to leave her, and retreated to the house. On the way out I made a vain attempt at a reconciliation. I expressed my remorse at having put my foot in it, and she made some retort about calf's foot jelly. I finally departed with the conviction that I had not been exactly tactful.

The next day I was compelled to go

to Quarter Sessions, and came home late. On my arrival I found a basket waiting for me with Miss Moon's compliments. It contained four trout, from half to three-quarters of a pound each. The laugh seemed going against me again, but I was puzzled. The fates were indeed malicious if Marjorie had caught a fish on a day like that. The next day I shrank from facing her derision, and stayed at home. In the evening I was thunderstruck to receive another basket from Miss Moon, and among its contents was a fish of over two pounds. I was sitting in mournful meditation when I was told that one of the keepers wished to see me.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, "but did you give the young lady up at Mr. Turner's leave to fish?"

"I did," I said.

"With worms?" he asked.

"Why?" I answered.

"I thought, sir, as you mightn't have," he replied. "When they saw me watching them to-night they put away the bait mighty quick and put on a fly."

"Who are they?" I inquired.

"Master Robert and the young lady."

A light began to dawn on me. I dismissed the keeper, and pondered the matter. Marjorie had been so annoyed that she had induced Bobby to aid and abet her. Would she have been so annoyed if—? The question bore itself in on me strongly, and I was conceited enough to decide that Marjorie must have attached considerable importance to her relationship with me, if she had stooped to such a subterfuge. After pondering for a while, I began almost to hope. If I waited too long I should certainly lose, and I resolved to try my fate at once. Then I thought further, and decided on a plan of campaign.

The following day I called early at the Turners'. Marjorie was, as usual, on the lawn, and I imagined that she was expecting to see me.

"I wanted," I said blandly, "to thank you for the fish. I'm glad you had such good sport."

Marjorie looked at me with something of an air of disappointment.

She had hoped to find me more humiliated or more angry.

"I told you," she answered, "that fishing was quite easy. My trick again, I think."

"It is, indeed, one of your tricks," I said to myself.

"I shall give up any pride I may have had in my capacity for casting a fly," I said to her.

"Insect worship," she replied, "is common among uncivilized peoples."

"Did Bobby help you much?" I asked.

"Bobby? Oh, you knew Bobby was with me? Of course not. He only brought a landing-net," she said with a flush.

"It's a good thing," I observed, "for a beginner to have an experienced hand like Bobby with her."

"He made no difference whatever," she protested.

"*Femina dux facti: facilis descensus Averno*," I murmured to myself. I liked to quote Latin to Marjorie. Her acquaintance with the classics was limited to classics for English readers, and her ignorance annoyed her.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing, nothing," I said. "I was merely remarking that I did not consider Bobby entirely responsible for the fish. At the same time—"

"How superlatively mean!" she exclaimed. "You're a finished scholar, Mr. Grant. Doesn't *aurea mediocritas* mean the golden mean?"

"I believe so."

"Then it's the inscription that I should put on your tomb among the rude forefathers."

"I think," I said, "that I could devise an inscription for you too, Miss Moon."

"Something neat and sportsman-like, I suppose? Is it, 'Died of a choke bore on—? What's to-day?' she rejoined. "Never mind! What is your brilliant idea?"

"*Animula, vagula, blandula*," I said.

"Does that mean," she asked, "that I am to be translated?"

"No," I answered. "It means a perfect woman."

"My fishing," she said indignantly, "does not extend to fishing for com-

pliments, and some compliments are coarse fish."

"If you only had Bobby to help you with a landing-net," I suggested, "you might get some really good ones."

"I have," she said, "discovered the religion of the aborigines of this country. It consists in a belief in nothing but themselves!"

"Well," I replied, "I'm going to invite Bobby out for a rat-hunt to-morrow with the keeper, and you can try your skill alone then."

"Mr. Grant," she exclaimed hotly, "I am not accustomed to have to prove the truth of my statements."

"That," I said, "would be an intolerable hardship for a Radical."

I could see that Marjorie was pondering over my proposal, and I added, to allow her an excuse for accepting it:

"You told me the other day that there are not enough alms-houses in the village. I will put up a new one for every fish you catch to-morrow."

She took the bait eventually, and I made assurance doubly sure by securing Bobby for the rat-hunt. Also I interviewed two of the under-keepers and carefully explained what I wished them to do. Finally I invited my married sister to come over and stay for dinner the next day, and then I waited.

About seven o'clock the next evening I was informed by a somewhat astonished servant of the arrival of the under-keepers. I went into the library and ordered them to be shown in. One of them appeared, and, in a voice loud enough to be heard in the hall, remarked that he had a poacher in custody. "The young lady's in an awful tantrum," he added in an undertone. I took out my wig and gown, relics of my call to the bar, sat down, and told the keeper, in stentorian tones, to bring the prisoner in. Marjorie entered with the other keeper, and she certainly was in a terrible tantrum. She was flushed, and biting her lips with anger.

"Miss Moon!" I said, rising. "What can this mean? Tompkins, you've made some dreadful mistake."

"Let me leave the place at once!" she burst out furiously. "It's not the

fault of your underlings. It's your fault that I've been insulted, sir. You can hear their explanations without me."

"Please, sir," said Tompkins, "I haven't done anything but obey orders. The young lady had only leave to fish with a fly, and she was using worms."

"Is this true, Miss Moon?" I asked with mock gravity.

"What does it matter if it is?" she answered heatedly. "Am I to be dragged up here like a common thief because I chose to catch fish in a common-sense way?"

"This," I observed solemnly, "is very, very painful to me. I must now do my duty. Tompkins, bring in the dock!"

"I shall go at once," she said, moving to the door.

"Johnson!" I said with a melancholy inclination of the head, and he barred her way.

"Let me pass, you cowardly ruffian!" she exclaimed.

"Miss Moon," I said, "this is now a court of justice, and you must really treat it as such. I shall try to show you every consideration in my power, and I trust you will make this scene as little distressing as possible."

"Do you really mean to say," she went on, "that even you are mean enough to persecute me for taking some of your wretched fish?"

"If it were merely a private matter," I answered, "you would be welcome to every fish in the river; but, as a Justice of the Peace, I must do as the law commands."

"Fiddlesticks!" she observed.

"Prisoner," I remarked, "I must now act in my magisterial capacity. Silence!"

Tompkins then brought in the dock, which was a wooden square improvised out of a packing-case that morning.

"Accommodate the prisoner with a chair in the dock," I said.

"If you knew what a fool you looked in that wig and gown—" she burst out.

"I must warn you," I interrupted, "that everything you say may be used in evidence against you."

"Christian name," I went on, be-

ginning to write, "Marjorie. Age, please!"

"I'm not going to take part in this impertinent farce!" she exclaimed.

"You'll be sorry soon for insulting me."

"Refusing to give her age," I continued imperturbably; "and of no occupation, I think?"

"That," she rejoined, "you will at least think an extenuating circumstance."

"Tompkins," I said, "I will now hear your evidence."

I solemnly wrote out Tompkins's narrative of her arrest, a proceeding in which Tompkins and I nearly broke down.

The prisoner refused to ask any questions, and only glared at me with silent ferocity. I concluded the performance by committing her to the Quarter Sessions for trial.

"Two fish!" I remarked, consulting a book. "This is really very serious. It is not a bailable offence. Tompkins, order the brougham to be brought round. You will have to take the prisoner to Deesborough for trial. Perhaps, Miss Moon, you would like Mr. Turner to be communicated with?"

"You're not going to send me to prison, are you?" she asked, showing signs of giving way to tears for the first time.

"The law allows no option," I said. I felt rather a brute, but if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

"Johnson, you can go. I wish to speak to the prisoner alone."

When he had disappeared, I threw off my wig and gown, and began to pace the room with a tragic air.

"This is too, too horrible," I began.

"It is," she said, "extremely characteristic of you. I presume the whole thing is a low revenge arranged by you."

"A low revenge! Great heavens! If you only knew!"—I was extremely glad that she did not—"My duty, my oath, my solemn oath to do justice. What am I to do?"

She looked at me with a somewhat softened air. I sometimes think now that I did this part of the business rather effectively.

"And they can't fine you!" I pur-

sued. "It's bound to be hard labor. Oh! that I should have been the means of injuring you!"

I sat down and buried my face in my hands.

"Twixt love and duty," I murmured. I looked up and saw that she was gazing out of the window.

"Marjorie, come what may," I said, advancing toward her, "you shall not suffer. Only remember sometimes in the days to come that it cost the man who loved you some little pain to be false to his duty for your sake."

She still continued to contemplate the landscape, but I noticed that she was drumming the floor with her foot, and this urged me to further flights.

"I know," I continued, "that I never could have won your love. I never deserved that, but you have sometimes, I think, judged me a little harshly. May what has happened to-day soften your memory of me! Go free! Good-by! We shall probably never meet again."

Marjorie remained immovable.

"You are free," I went on. "Good-by, Marjorie, good-by! You have nothing to fear. I can silence the tongues of the keepers."

"You are," she said, turning round, "about the biggest fool that I ever met."

She looked particularly like a naughty child at that moment, and I was taken aback at the remark.

"I was afraid," I said sadly—the sadness began to be genuine—"that you would not see the matter as I see it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you're getting a bigger and bigger fool every minute."

"May I ask what part of my conduct strikes you as so very foolish?"

"A man," she answered, looking up with a smile, "who can make such a fuss about not sending his future wife to prison for catching his fish must be a more than average idiot."

"What?" I almost shouted.

"If you come up to the Turners' tomorrow morning you may hear of something to your advantage. I'm not going to say any more now. No, go away. I shall walk home alone, too. You deserve some punishment."

"I'm bothered if you shall. You'll probably read some silly little book this evening and change your mind," I said, going to the door. "Ada, come here."

"Ada," I explained, when my sister entered promptly—the details of the scene did me great credit as stage manager, "such a ridiculous thing has happened—perhaps two ridiculous things. Tompkins arrested Miss Moon by mistake for a poacher, and the Court dismissed the charge on the prisoner promising to be of good behavior when she marries me."

"You're just as mean as I always said you were," Marjorie protested. "I haven't—" But Ada judiciously cut her short by kissing her and taking the matter for granted.

"I really must go and speak to Tompkins about his mistake," I said, to prevent any further attempt at recantation. The worthy man was just explaining to Johnson that it was better than a stage play, it was, and his mirth was not diminished by the amount of punishment which he received for his mistake. However, when I informed him that the establishment was likely soon to possess a mistress, he looked at me a little doubtfully. Marjorie's powers of invective while in custody perhaps made him uncertain of my future happiness.

Now would any one have believed that a plan so carefully concocted could have been spoiled by a mere trifle, and its dramatic completeness ruined? Of course, I had not intended to explain that my law and procedure were somewhat unorthodox until our engagement was publicly announced and things were practically beyond recall. But when I returned, having found Marjorie alone, I persuaded her to stay for dinner, and I rang the bell to speak to the servant about making the necessary preparations.

"Please lay a place for Miss Moon," I said. "She is dining here."

"Please, sir," answered that nincompoop of a servant, "Mrs. Street gave orders about it this afternoon."

Of course, that gave the whole show away. Ada, with a sister's fond belief in her brother's irresistible attractions, had taken the result of my ven-

ture for granted, and, with a woman's incapacity for minding her own business, had exercised a little deadly, tactful forethought. Marjorie understood the point at once, and a question put by her to the servant placed the matter beyond the reach of explanation.

"I understand!" she burst out, after the servant had quitted. "You arranged to arrest me, you coward! You were going to send me to jail if you couldn't bully me into imagining you something different from your cunning, crass self."

This was worse than the truth. I unreservedly and humbly made a full breast of the whole affair.

"Of course, I need hardly say," she observed, when I had concluded, "that our engagement is at an end."

"It seems," I said, "extremely likely."

"What have you to say for yourself?" she asked.

"Nothing," I admitted.

"Not a glimmer of romance about it!" she went on scornfully. "Your heroism? Just a vulgar practical joke! I might have known that your highest possibility was some form of grinning through a horse collar."

"That's right," I answered with the calmness of despair; "rub it well in."

I caught her eye, and there was a twinkle in it.

"You're not really angry?" I hazarded.

"I don't believe I am," she said; "but I ought to be."

"It was rather funny?" I urged.

"It was merely rustic," she said, but she suddenly went off into a spasm of laughing.

"I'm only laughing," she added with returning severity, "because you're too contemptible for anger."

"Quite so!" I said. "I guessed that was the reason."

"Marjorie," she continued, striding up and down in mimicry of me, "come what may, you shall not suffer."

"You are," I answered, in rival mimicry, "about the biggest fool that I ever met."

"Which looks the biggest fool now, you or I?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," I said.

"Let me think," she answered, sinking down into a chair in front of the clock, "for five minutes. If you interrupt me I shall never speak to you again."

Those were about the longest minutes that I ever passed, but at their end Marjorie remarked gravely:

"After full consideration, I have arrived at the conclusion that I shall appear more ridiculous if I break off the engagement now than if I don't. Remember this is the only reason—How dare you attempt to touch me! As mean as ever."—*Longman's Magazine.*

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THE DOWNFALL OF GREECE.

BY H. W. WILSON.

"STATES and individuals that have a future are in a position to wait," observed Lord Beaconsfield, in 1878, at the Congress of Berlin, when discussing the rectification of the Greek frontier. Above all, it is their impatience that has brought upon the Greeks their disasters. Without sitting down beforehand to count the cost, they rushed into a war which must ruin the hopes of Greece for a generation.

Their own history might have instructed them, had they reflected. For all this has happened before. History,

it has been said, repeats itself, or, if we like to transmute the saying, the character of races does not change, and will from generation to generation issue in similar actions. On the eve of the Crimean War, when Turkey was hotly engaged with Russia, before England and France had as yet actively intervened in the struggle, it occurred to King Otho that the moment was favorable for the seizure of Epirus and Thessaly. Regular troops were collected at Athens and along the frontier, by the simple expedient of opening the jails,

and by dismissing from the ranks of the army soldiers who, it was well understood, were to enroll themselves in guerilla bands. Greek volunteers and soldiers left for the frontier, acclaimed by mobs, blessed by priests and bishops. Incendiary proclamations were circulated throughout Thessaly and Epirus. In January, 1854, the war for ἡ ἔξω Ἑλλάς began, exactly, it will be observed, as it began forty-three years later. Six thousand or more of the irregulars crossed the frontier—M. Tricoupis having just before given assurances to England and France that Greece was not arming or preparing to attack Turkey. The war cry as announced in proclamations was "The Hellenic Empire or Death!"

People who put forth such proclamations should live—or die—up to them. The Greek irregulars did nothing of the kind. With the slightest dash or courage they might have taken Prevesa, Domoko, and Volo, all strangely familiar names to us, but then garrisoned with Turks. They had, however, no stomach for fighting. At Pelta the Turks stormed their entrenched position, and they fled in a wild panic, which anticipates the features of the scurry from Larissa, flinging away arms, equipments, and everything. At Domoko the Greeks besieged a small Turkish garrison. The garrison made a sally, and immediately the Greeks ran away. They devastated Epirus and Thessaly in revenge, living at free quarters on the unhappy inhabitants, Christian or Mussulman, and stealing and sending over the frontier 10,000 head of cattle and 50,000 of sheep. Finally they were driven over the frontier to plunder their own countrymen; and the Christian subjects of the Sultan were only too delighted to be rid of them. The judgment of Finlay, from whom I have taken these facts, is instructive to-day. "They [the Greeks] overrated their own military strength and political importance; they mistook the violence of Christian hostility to Mohammedanism among the population of European Turkey. . . . The want of capacity to execute any plan on the part of the Greek Ministers, the neglect of discipline in the Greek army, and the disor-

derly and cowardly behavior of the soldiers, criminals, and brigands . . . rendered the treachery of the Greek Government abortive."

Finlay is a harsh critic, and Greece, perhaps, had more provocation than he is willing to admit. But the complete failure of the raid, followed as it was by an Anglo French occupation of Athens, ought at least to have taught the Greeks prudence and foresight. In 1877, Greece caused Turkey little trouble, and tried the waiting game. She obtained a very handsome reward, though, all things considered, not so much as she was entitled to, or as was originally intended to be bestowed upon her. The 13th protocol of the Berlin Congress shows that Italy and France promised her a frontier which would have run from the northernmost summit of Olympos to the mouth of the Calamas, making Ellassona, Metzovo, and Janina, Greek towns. This frontier was delimited by the Powers, 1st July, 1880, and accepted by Greece on the 16th July. On the 26th, however, Turkey declared against it, on the ground that it gave Greece great strategical advantages—as it undoubtedly did. On 25th August, the Powers declined to reopen the question with Turkey, only to give way on the 27th March, 1881, when the present frontier line was drawn.

Unkind people and M. Couitéas, a Greek, among them, ascribe the inaction of Greece to other causes than trust in the Powers, or goodwill to Turkey. It could scarcely be expected that Greece would, of her own free will, have missed so good a chance of pressing the cause of "unredeemed Greece." But when the time came to mobilize the army, terrible discoveries were made. A force of between 8000 and 10,000 men was all that could be assembled. "Not only was there no army, but there were no stores, material, ammunition—nothing for a defensive campaign, much less for an offensive one." The whole people wanted war, and a Greek army corps in the field in the doubtful hour of Plevna might have moved the Greek frontier forward to Salonika. But realizing the hopeless impotence of Greece, King George held his subjects

in, and the Greek armies did not cross the frontier.

The Congress of Berlin and the famous treaty had not solved the Eastern question. Foreseeing that it would, before long, be reopened, the Greek Government determined to arm. In 1882 a law was passing, enforcing universal military service, and a flotilla of torpedo boats was purchased. The term of service was to be two years in the active army, and eighteen in the reserve, which would give a "mobilizable" force, it was hoped, of 150,000 men. Before this new system had been long at work came the *coup d'état* in Eastern Roumelia. At that moment, in September, 1885, both Greece and Serbia began to mobilize. Turkey had not in Europe more than 30,000 or 40,000 men, and had they struck, might easily have been defeated—at all events at the beginning of the war. But the Bill of 1882 and the army reorganization in Greece had not after all produced an army. The soldiers were wanting; for, owing to the extreme poverty of the country, the privates had been sent on furlough, and practically only *cadres* of officers had been maintained. However, the whole male population of Greece volunteered. Nothing now remained but to arm, clothe, and equip the volunteers, and declare war. Unfortunately, arms, clothing, and equipments were not to be found in the arsenals. The Greek army took eight months instead of eight days to mobilize, and then could collect only 40,000 men, in place of the nominal 75,000, on the Thessalian frontier. And meantime Turkey had echeloned 200,000 soldiers along the Servian and Thessalian frontiers, and the Powers had intervened against Greece, in spite of Greece's protest that she only wanted Ellassona, Metzovo, and Janina, which were hers by the Protocol of Berlin.

The Greek generals reported absolutely against fighting; the reserves, after the first flush of enthusiasm had died away, did not come forward freely, and the Powers closely blockaded the coast. It was the best thing for Greece that could have happened—short of the complete satisfaction of her wishes—since her Ministers, by

bowing to the irresistible force of the Powers, were enabled to avoid a struggle with Turkey, which could only have issued in defeat for Greece. There was a little burning of powder, meanwhile, on the Thessalian frontier, in which the Greeks had much the worst of matters. On 31st May, 1886, Greece demobilized.

Twice, then, within seven years had Greece failed to carry out her laudable policy of freeing captive Hellas, because she lacked material force. On each occasion she found that her army was no army, her arsenals and magazines were empty, and that her mobilization scheme was hopelessly slow. On each occasion she lost a magnificent opportunity. If the Greeks had had any backbone in them, they would have sat down to provide a strong army and to remedy defects of organization. Between 1886 and 1897 they have had eleven years, a period quite long enough to eliminate the older and more incapable officers, to train a respectable force of privates, and to fill magazines and stores. But they have done none of these things. And then in 1897 they have blundered into a hopeless war.

The quality of the army was in no way improved between 1886 and 1897: indeed, if anything, it deteriorated. It was corrupted by politics. By degrees the Greek Prime Ministers, M. Delyannis and M. Tricoupis, overthrew discipline and overrode orders. The King was the nominal head and commander, but by artful evasions his authority was undermined. Each Minister had a train of political adherents, generals, colonels, and majors; and commands in the army were part of the Greek "spoils system." The profound demoralization which such intermeddling of the politicians produced can be easily understood. The orders of the unhappy King were disobeyed; the authority of politicians was substituted, till finally, as we should expect, even the Prime Minister for the time being found himself flouted. In 1894 M. Tricoupis removed from his command of the 6th Chasseurs at Larissa a certain colonel, says M. Couitéas,*

* *La Grèce après la Faillite*. Paris, 1895.

and sent an officer to replace him. With insolent insubordination the deposed colonel said to his supplanter, when the latter arrived, "*J'y suis, j'y reste!*" and refused to go. M. Tricoupis actually passed over this glaring act of disobedience, and beamed on the offender—outwardly at least. The erring colonel was not got rid of till some months later, when he was given another appointment. And then comes M. Delyannis back to power, and the offender is reinstated in his command at Larissa!

In 1890 there were other instances to show the discipline of the Greek army. On 18th February there was one of the periodical crises at Athens, and all the troops were confined to barracks. Their officers, however, disobeyed the order, and captains and lieutenants of the artillery and engineers had a little *fracas* near the palace, and in the actual sight and hearing of the King. The engineers were well-disposed toward the Royal Family, and therefore an aide-de camp of the War Minister ordered them off. On this, a colonel of artillery appeared and asked what the aide-de-camp was doing out of barracks. The aide-de-camp ordered the colonel to withdraw in the name of the War Minister: the colonel refused saying, "I only take my orders from the King." And this in poor King George's presence!

Even more disastrous were the jobbery and speculation which, according to M. Couitéas, prevailed in all ranks. Captains embezzled the pay of their companies and passed unpunished so long as their political friends were in power. The conscription was shamefully evaded by those who had money to bribe or friends to vote. "The law of 1882 filled the ranks and augmented the army: the want of funds, favoritism and exemptions decimated it. . . . Discipline could not resist the contagion." People of high family stooped to the most dishonorable expedients to avoid military service. An eye rubbed with tobacco juice was enough to physically incapacitate a conscript. Absence on leave in bad health was counted as service, and, says an ironical observer, "Hercules could under the present conditions get leave of absence for ill-

health." In fact, the state of things was even in 1895 much as in 1863, when, Finlay tells us, pay was drawn for 1160 men in a certain battalion, though there were only 410 men with the colors, and when one regiment actually paraded in the streets of Athens with five officers, ten sergeant-majors, twelve sergeants, eleven corporals, and *seven privates*. This beats even Nicaragua.

With such facts before us, how can we wonder at the complete collapse of Greece? Untrained levies can never hope to face with success the stolid, unflinching courage of the Turks, the only race perhaps in Europe which feels the true *gaudium certaminis*. At Plevna, as we all know, the Ottoman showed himself quite able to face the Russian infantry—judged by General Gordon to be among the bravest, if not the bravest, in the world. An army without discipline is liable to go to pieces at the slightest check. We have seen this once at least already at Bull Run, when, after attacking with vigor, bravery, and dash, men of our own race suddenly bolted ignominiously. And yet, the privates who ran on that terrible day were afterward the backbone of the heroic army of the Potomac. On many a bloody field they showed that they were no cowards. Two conditions are necessary, says Mr. Ropes in his criticism of this battle, if the raw soldier is to fight well. He must be brought upon the field in good order and condition, and "he must have no cause to distrust the skill of his commanders." We know that in the case of the Greeks both conditions were lacking.

The distressing feature to the Phil-Hellene is that on no occasion as yet have the Greeks shown heroism or stomach for the fight. At Bull Run the Northerners lost 11 per cent. of their force before they made their "strategic movement to the rear." In the fighting at the Milona pass the Greeks seem to have fallen back with a loss of less than 1 per cent. At Pher-sala, again, they retired without losing heavily. In this war they have displayed all the mismanagement which characterized the French conduct of the 1870-71 campaign, and little of the

passionate devotion, the recollection of which tempers the Frenchman's shame and sorrow for the events of that terrible year. No Greek Marguerite has ridden to death, and compelled from his adversaries the cry of "*Ah! les braves gens!*" "Defeat is great, death and dismay are great," sings the poet, but surely not such a defeat, such a dismay as this. The pity is that Greece has not realized what Europe and what her admirers demand of her. Had her soldiers fallen gloriously by the hundred or thousand in stubborn fight at Larissa or Phersala, though she had lost all she would have won the world's respect. "Italy," says Bandiera, "will never live till Italians have learned to die." Greece, too, must realize this hard truth. If others are to give their lives for her, she must be unsparing of her own sons.

In all this there is no matter for jeers. A chivalrous nation will not taunt the fallen, but the welfare of Greece is dear to most reflecting Englishmen, and the criticism of a candid friend, however ill-received, will be salutary. Before Greece can aspire to that empire on which her affections are fixed she must purge herself. Four lessons already she has had, in 1854, 1878, 1886, and 1897. If she neglected the teaching of the first three, will she heed the last? Will she understand that right without force at its back is helpless? Will she abandon her shiftless, dishonorable ways? Will she reform and reorganize her army? And last, but not least, will the conditions of peace permit her to do all this?

It cannot be denied that the character of the Greek nation is such as to dim one's hopes of the future, as it has first and foremost contributed to the disasters of to-day. I have often wondered why the individual Greek is so unpopular among our naval officers who have been much in the Levant. I imagine that the explanation is to be found in his want of truthfulness and of a high sense of personal honor. This is seen in the corruption of which I have given instances, and in the venality of Greek politics. Centuries ago Polybius wrote of the Greeks of his day: "Their public men cannot keep their faith, though they be trusted

only with a talent in the presence of twenty witnesses, and though they sign and seal ten solemn declarations." Their bad faith in the matter of their debt has brought upon them the cruellest punishment by alienating Germany and estranging France. Their weak, treacherous, underhand diplomacy has produced a general distrust of their promises. They have given their whole mind to petty politics, and over-educated the great mass of the people, till to-day, as a Greek said sadly to Miss Armstrong, "We produce nothing but writers and professors in Greece." They have thrown up no really able man in all their sixty years or more of freedom. Writers, professors, education, all are good in their way, but the fate of Greece warns us that a smattering of universal knowledge does not necessarily make a good citizen. Like England, Greece has forgotten that education of character is the essential complement of education of the intellect. The sense of duty, said Finlay, forty years ago, is wanting in the Greeks. The sense of duty would steady their instability, temper the turbulence of their politics, and favor public morality. If instead of having more *lycées* per thousand inhabitants than any other state of Europe—except Germany—they had paid their debts, how much better their position would have been to-day. Honesty is sometimes, after all, the best policy.

Another contributing cause to the Greek defeat has been the weakness of the present frontier. The line runs in the north of Thessaly along the hill crests, but these crests are commanded by higher ranges in Turkish territory, and within gunshot. Thus the Turks could mass their artillery ready to strike; they could see from their look-out points every movement of the Greeks, while their own dispositions were veiled from the enemy. The wedge of territory in which stands Ellassona enabled them to menace Larissa and Trikhala at once. By the 13th Protocol of the Berlin Congress and by the frontier proposed in 1880, all this territory and the crests of the higher range would have been Greek. In that case the frontier might have been defended with far greater success.

The numerical strength of the Turks, however, enabled them to attack, and in war the assailant generally beats the defender, because the first can make his own plans and attack at any one point, whereas the second, unless he happen exactly to divine the assailant's plans, must be prepared at every point. As in 1885, the tardiness of the Greek mobilization lost Greece her opportunity. Had she been ready with even 80,000 men early in March, before the Turkish concentration was half completed, she might have reached Salonika without a battle, though remembering the raw, undisciplined character of her army it is doubtful whether she could not have been badly beaten in the end. Still, her army once at Salonika, the powder mine in the Balkans would have exploded: Servia and Bulgaria would probably have joined in the fray: Macedonia would have risen, and the task of the Turks would have been rendered infinitely more difficult. It is said that Russia has held down Macedonia by her influence, but writing, as I hope without bias, I cannot forget that in 1853-54 Thessaly and Epirus failed to rise when Greece was marching to their rescue, and when the influence of Russia was certainly exerted in her favor. Is it after all so certain that the Christians of Macedonia wish for union with Greece? Or have centuries of Turkish cruelty and oppression deprived them of all courage?

The Greek reserves were called out on 4th March: a day earlier the Turks had begun their concentration on the Thessalian frontier. Before the end of March, according to perfectly trustworthy correspondents, Turkey had 135,000 in line on the frontier. The Greek mobilization—including the territorial army—should have produced about 170,000 men: as a matter of fact, there do not seem to have been more than 60,000 or 70,000 men at the outside with the colors, and of these at least 10,000 were in Epirus, so that probably a bare 50,000 men represented the army in Thessaly. As in 1885, the arsenals were empty: shells, ammunition, rifles, uniforms, equipments were wanting to enable the reservists promptly to take the field. The numerical weakness of the Greek force

had no compensations. The men, as we have seen, were not well-trained or well-handled. In artillery, by far the most important arm, the Greeks were grievously outnumbered. Their whole force of guns was only 120, whereas each Turkish army corps has 234. Though the Turkish artillery has not succeeded in inflicting heavy losses on the Greeks, it has done its work well, since its fire has demoralized the Greek infantry. To be subjected to a heavy shell or shrapnel fire must always be a severe trial to the nerves—especially when the soldier has not the moral support of artillery on his own side, and when he is not thoroughly disciplined. In the initial artillery duel the Turks have invariably had the advantage.

Again, the Greek infantry were badly armed. The old Gras single-loader which they carried is inferior to the Martini-Henri and still more inferior to the Mauser magazine-rifle. The range is shorter; the shooting less accurate; the cartridges much heavier. Of cavalry the Greek army has next to none. On the peace-footing it nominally possessed 1600 officers and troopers, but we may doubt whether in fact so many men were with the colors. In the first period of the war, when the fighting was in the mountains to the north of Thessaly, this lack of mounted men did not influence the course of the struggle, but when the Greeks had been driven back on Phersala, they were unable to reconnoitre or obtain information of their enemy's movements, and were condemned to grope blindly in the dark.

Not less serious was their want of an organized commissariat and train. The troops have been wretchedly supplied with food, both in Thessaly and Epirus. The soldiers who had fought at Pentepegadia were for twenty-four hours without anything to eat; and ammunition failed them at the most critical moment. At Arta, *The Daily Mail* tells us, the soldiers broke into the bakers' shops, and their colonel came down and made appealing speeches to them, by way of satisfying their hunger. Lee's army in the American Civil War did, indeed, manage to subsist almost without food for days and weeks

—without food, that is to say, supplied by the commissariat. But then this army was composed of veteran soldiers, not of raw recruits. On the Turkish side Mr. Steevens waxes quite enthusiastic as to the excellence of Edhem Pasha's train. The Turkish army has been reorganized by Germans, whose methodic foresight and practical experience have led them very rightly to attach enormous importance to the train and commissariat. An army nowadays must be regularly fed, and to ensure the regular and orderly transmission of supplies to the front, an extensive organization is necessary, which makes no show in peace. Greece, being a desperately poor country, has sacrificed the solid for the showy; but England can throw no stones at her so long as the Crimean War is remembered.

The utter impotence of the Greek fleet has been a remarkable feature of the war. Composed of three good, though small, battleships, and a dozen effective torpedo boats, with a discipline far superior to that of the Greek army—it has only made mistakes. From the first it has had the command of the sea, as the Turkish ironclads have prudently kept within the friendly shelter of the Dardanelles. The Greek bombardments of Prevesa, Katerina, and Platamona, have been resultless; for a poor navy they were almost criminal, since in them valuable ammunition has been wasted, which Greece might not be able to replace. To strike hard and decisive blows an expeditionary force will always be required, for ironclads cannot, like some of the ships created by Jules Verne's fancy, act upon dry land. It is obvious that the Turkish line of communications should have been aimed at in any naval operations undertaken. These could have been menaced at three points—Salonika, Kavala, and Dedeagatch. Salonika was, perhaps, open to an attack in force early in March, but the defences were greatly strengthened before the war began, and could latterly defy any bombardment. At Kavala Bay the Salonika-Constantinople railway comes down to the sea; the ridge, however, above the railway, gives very fine positions for artillery, which could attack the ironclads with

a plunging fire. At Dedeagatch it is much the same.

A force of troops—at least 10,000 strong—if landed at other points might have cut the railway and fatally hampered Edhem Pasha. Sea-power gives great mobility, and enables the predominant navy to threaten in all directions at once. The mere menace of 10,000 men held ready in transports must have compelled the Turks to concentrate considerable bodies of troops for the protection of the railway, and so must, at the outset, have diminished their army on the Greek frontier. The question for Greece was, Could she spare the men? The position was much the same as in 1795, when Nelson urged the Austrians to detach a force, which was to be transported in British ships, and which was to seize a point on the French line of communications. This plan, says Captain Mahan, was not really practicable. "Retreat and embarkation under cover of the guns of a squadron, when pressed by the enemy, are too critical to be hazarded for less than the greatest ends." With an ill-disciplined army the operation would probably entail defeat and disaster. Yet in war risks must always be run, and considering what Greece stood to gain, if successful, how hopeless was her situation if she did not make some such attempt, it seems that the risk might have been run.

The men needed could not have been diverted from Thessaly, but they might have been drawn from Epirus, where by all accounts there are 10,000 Greek soldiers and irregulars. It is difficult to understand what the Greeks expected to gain by their advance on Janina. By operating with a weak army on two fronts they ensured their own defeat. Epirus might have been conquered in Thessaly or at Kavala, if it was to be conquered at all. Had Arta been strongly garrisoned and defended with earthworks, it is not probable that the Turks, who in this direction have displayed little energy or enterprise, would have gone far. The range of Pindus would have effectually prevented them from menacing the Greek left in Thessaly. The country is so wild and difficult, and the passes are so bad, that

they could not well have forced their way to Lamia in the rear of the main Greek army.

It is possible that Greece was not permitted by the Powers to attempt any such operations on the Turkish sea-board; and it is certainly significant that as soon as the Greek fleet moved toward Salonika, Italian and French warships appeared on the scene. It is known that for years Greece has been meditating a maritime attack on Turkey, since Mr. Bickford-Smith, in his work on Greece, written in 1893, tells us that the Greek plan of campaign was a landing at Dedeagatch and a march on Constantinople.

The Greeks have been urged by their supporters in England to fight on, and—in the manner of the Spaniards—to harass the Turks by a protracted guerilla warfare. Unfortunately, the Turks would meantime be advancing with leisurely but irresistible steps on Athens; and, it should be noted, that there is no manner of war which so embitters the combatants as a guerilla struggle. The Germans in 1870 were as merciless to the *Francs-tireurs* as Napoleon in his day was to the Spanish bands he captured. The Turks would not be likely to spare Greece under such conditions. Moreover, the Spaniards through a great part of their war had the solid support of a British army and of British gold. For fighting cartridges are wanted, and these cost money. Greece is already out of ammunition, and in the most desperate financial straits. I cannot see where she is to get even powder and bullets. The Greeks were not likely to further their cause by protracting the war, with an empty exchequer and a hopelessly disorganized army.

The Powers have intervened to put a stop to the war, and to impose terms of peace on both combatants. It is to the interest of England that Greece should be strong, for a strong Greece, side by side with a strong Serbia and a strong Bulgaria, would be a sure bulwark against the advance of Slavdom. Nor need we be deeply concerned about doing the Turks what is—ironically, I suppose—described as “injustice,” by forbidding them to extort the cession of Thessaly, the surrender of the Greek

fleet, and a great indemnity. “Justice” has still to be done for the Armenian atrocities, and this nation, whose will was flouted by the Sultan, can now show him that it has a long memory and a strong arm. The reversion of Thessaly from the Cross to the Crescent is impossible, and would be an intolerable shame to Europe. A slight rectification of the frontier is the most that can be permitted. A large indemnity simply means a payment by Greece to Russia, for if anything is certain, it is that Russia would at once claim the arrears of the debt which Turkey owes her. The most that should be allowed by the Powers should be the payment by Greece of Turkey's bare expenses in the campaign. The transfer of the Greek fleet to Turkey would mean a considerable reinforcement of the German navy, and, as such, would disturb the balance of power to our disadvantage. If the Powers could in 1878 deprive Russia of her spoils, they can to-day act in the same way toward Turkey, and with far greater justification. They are responsible for the weakness of Greece, since they gave her so confined a territory and so weak a frontier. They are responsible, in part, at least, for her defeat, since they have localized the struggle.

If there is to be any occupation of Thessaly, as a security for payment, it should be a joint occupation by the Powers. In this way the Turks would be protected against any sudden or treacherous attack by Greece in the near future. But let us hope that the Hellenes have learned at last the lesson, “*Recta animi primum debuit esse via* ;” and that they will reform at once their diplomacy and their administration. Adversity is a cruel school-mistress: if it purges them of their turbulence and corruption this war will have been not without profit to them. They must, however, for at least a generation, be condemned to impotence as the result of their heedless precipitancy. High aspirations do not, unfortunately, compensate for the total lack of material strength in this world of ours, much less when men do not live up to them.—*National Review*.

A SECRET OF THE REIGN.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

EULOGISTS of the Reign of Queen Victoria do not weary of recounting "the fairy tales of science" belonging to this wonderful threescore years, and they almost unanimously attribute Progress to Invention. In steamships and railways, in telegraphs and free postal communication, in mechanical contrivance and cheap food, in extended education and the multiplication of books, they see the causes of spreading civilization. But it is worth asking if a deeper and, as I hope to show, far more instructive reason is not to be found. The forces now brought into action have been latent from the beginning of time: many only half-latent for several generations precedent to 1837. The most wonderful thing was that England at this particular period produced a breed of men so distinguished by courage, energy, and perseverance that they developed and bent to their will powers that others had only trifled with. If any one were so foolish as to question the fact that war stimulates and braces a nation, there is no answer more adequate than the story of '37. The men advancing to their prime in that year were singularly fortunate. Begotten in the stress of the great conflict ended at Waterloo, the fiery energies with which their fathers endowed them were exercised in peace, and the valor that in other circumstances would have shone in battle, won its victories in subduing the forces of nature, and carrying out ideas in the teeth of hostile and ignorant majorities. The most precious heritage left by the War was the undaunted spirit, the pride and confidence of this matchless brood.

Absolutely plain is the fact that, if the nation had at the time been depressed by defeat, instead of elated by victory, so far from leading the van, it was more likely to have fallen into the rear. Carlyle said, not without reason, that England was "dying of inanition"—was "sitting enchanted, the poor enchanted that they could not work, the rich enchanted that they could not enjoy." The heavy depression under

which commerce labored in and about '25 had been partially relieved by a succession of bountiful harvests in '32, '33, and '34; but the stormy and miserable '36 had made things as bad as before. Our eyes are apt to be fascinated by the merely picturesque view of the England of that time: the stage-coach, at its break-neck eleven miles an hour, hurrying off from the "Bull and Gate," or rattling up to the "Swan," the drivers and guards and ostlers, the fine old inns with landlords and landladies descended from those of Fielding, the fashionable ladies with their poke bonnets and bunched petticoats, the bucks and dandies with candle-wick hair and flashy waistcoats. But there was a species of journeying much more eloquent of the true state of the country. A few years before, William Cobbett had written in his *Rural Rides*:—"Ten large ships have gone this spring with their fugitives from the fangs of taxation." And I know of one old man, still alive though close on ninety, whose regular business sixty years ago was that of carting emigrants to the seaports: a long journey it was, for it took him ten days, with his heavy load, to get from Yetholm in Roxburghshire to Glasgow. Statistics amply bear out the tradition. Between '37 and '50 the gross increase of population in England, that is the excess of births over deaths, was 3,647,000; but the net increase was only 1,512,000, because no fewer than 2,135,000 had emigrated. Most of these exiles ceased to be subjects of the Queen. The United States, then keen to attract settlers, had begun the excellent practice of giving the newcomers a grant of land, and England had not yet learned to allure settlers to her Colonies by a similar plan. "Those villainous Colonies," as Cobbett termed them, had a certain convenience as shoots for human refuse, and that was all. Captain Cook gave Botany Bay its name on account of the profusion of its flowers, and no better use for it was found than as a Convict Settlement! The Queen, at the beginning of her

reign, had only 200,000 subjects in all Australasia, whereas the population of Sydney alone is now 361,000.

By inquiring into the causes of this exodus we shall see why England appeared to be "dying of inanition." Historians looking back on the centuries draw the conclusion that, by a sort of right instinct rather than clear insight, the root of English policy is a determination to hold command of the sea. For that the Elizabethans fought Spain; and, when Spain lost, she disappeared from the ranks of first-rate nations. Holland next disputed the pretension, and Holland, too, had to recede. Our final dispute was with France, and the victories of Nelson established our pre-eminence. But though "position" had been played for and won in the Great Game, no one knew exactly how it was to be utilized in '37. The visible and palpable results of the long conflict were an apparent exhaustion of the nation, the increase of taxation and the public debt, and the disorganization of trade and agriculture. During the first two Victorian decades, population grew very slowly; but there had been a rapid increase in the early part of the century, and there were, to put it plainly, "more dogs than there were bones for." It was demonstrated by the bad harvest of 1809 that England could no longer export foodstuffs, as she had done up to 1795; a greater multitude had been called into existence than her internal resources could feed. Starvation, approaching to actual famine, was the primary cause of discontent. How did the poor of town and country live in '12, when wheat sold at one hundred and fifty-five shillings the quarter? On and off for the next forty years they hovered on the verge of want. As late as '47 the Queen wrote:—"The price of bread is of an unparalleled height" (wheat was one hundred and two shillings the quarter); "we have been obliged to reduce every one to a pound per day, and only secondary flour to be used in the Royal kitchen." If this was so in the palace, what must it have been in the cottage? Sheer hunger was a potent stimulant of emigration.

Scarcity of work was another. Under the old Poor Law the laboring classes

multiplied like rabbits in a warren, and consequently, high as the cost of provisions might rise, supply so largely exceeded demand in the labor market that wages were very low, and always tended to get lower. Not yet could full advantage be taken of the labor-saving inventions in machinery, because adequate markets had not been opened. Discontent found expression in Anti-Corn Law Leagues and Chartisms, in riots and rick-burnings. More than once it seemed likely that civil war and anarchy would break the enchanter's spell, and that inanition would be succeeded by the disruption and the wrecking of England. Again it has to be repeated, that the only saving feature in the situation was the unconquerable spirit bequeathed by a generation of fighters. It is something to be proud of, that the poorest in England never quite lost heart under difficulties. In Wellington's hands, those wretched, ill-fed farm servants, reduced to accepting the King's shilling by the recruiting sergeants who lay in wait for them at the annual "mop," where they broke bounds once a year and drank themselves wild and tipsy, proved as good soldiers as general could ask, and, while the French had to be fought, bore private hardships like men, and gave "Boney" to understand that he had to do with a nation united in reality as well as name. But they might well be forgiven for losing heart and patience, when, peace declared, year after year passed, and their outlook only got gloomier. They brawled and clamored for a Reform Bill; but in '37, after five years' experience, they saw it could never make a ha'porth of difference to *them*, and they were ready to plunge into any kind of anarchy on the off-chance of gaining by the scramble.

Food was dear and wages low, but there was a still greater cause of demoralization. In town and country alike the one-roomed dwelling prevailed to an incredible extent. What it meant may be understood by any one who will turn up the Report of a Commission that sat in the Forties. He will there gather a true idea of the cottage homes of England, not as they were sung by Felicia Hemans, but as they were: he will learn how twenty-nine people lived

and ate and slept under one small roof ; how a bedroom ten feet square accommodated eleven adult youths and maidens ; how mothers bore their children on the bare boards of bedrooms similarly crowded ; and how these are but the mentionable illustrations of conditions unspeakable. And the Commissioners did not exaggerate—they minimized. The tale of mingled sexes, of brothers and sisters, and lodgers and daughters all pigged together, is one to make one wonder, not at the many who went to the bad, but at the few who did not : even under these vile conditions England produced a remnant of strong men and wholesome women ! True, even they were exposed to many dangers : one remembers how many pock-marked faces there were among the elders. With the kitchen midden close to the door—a contemporary writer asserts that some of these middens rotted there for centuries—without drainage, with water drawn from a brook into which was tossed the sewage of every house on its course—can you wonder that cholera and typhus epidemics frequently visited the English villages ? Or take the horrible Gang System. The gang master left his young men and women to seek out for themselves an empty barn, where, instead of courting honest and refreshing sleep, they spent the night watches as misguided youngsters will. I mention these things to show that if at the time England had been essentially dejected or desperate, there were corrupting and enfeebling forces at work in her system sufficient to have drained her of blood and vitality.

In the commercial world the period was one of difficulty and depression that came to a crisis in '36 and again in '39. Even our carrying trade seemed doomed to pass to the United States ; for it was still the era of wooden ships, and, if that had continued, nothing could have maintained the mercantile pre-eminence of a small country with few plantations. No wonder that observers took a gloomy view of the future. The material facts were before them ; they are not to be blamed for failing to see that the energy which had carried us triumphantly out of war was to win victory when it was pitted

against the difficulties of peace. But the more we think of it the more shall we admire the men of the time. Not to one but to many is the glory due. They appeared almost simultaneously in trade and politics, in science, literature, every department of human activity ; they came from hall and cottage and rectory, from pit-village and cotton-weaving town. In fact, the glory was the achievement of a generation begotten in war but nurtured in peace.

Let us try to recall some of the events of '37 that were to have such a momentous effect on the fortunes of Britain. Perhaps the most important were those that ushered in the Age of Steam. On the afternoon of a bright April Sunday in that very year, people on their way to church stopped to look at a black-funnelled little vessel that went puffing down the Bristol Channel. It was the *Great Western* racing for the honor of being the first steamship to cross the Atlantic—an honor it did not win, since the *Sirius* had started from Cork on the preceding Wednesday, and managed to get into New York just a few hours before it. Twenty-five years before, Henry Bell, an enterprising publican of Helensburgh, had launched his *Meteor* on the Clyde, and in the interval river and coasting steamers had grown familiar ; but these were small matters compared to the proof that henceforth ocean traffic could be accomplished by steam. Two years later the Cunard Line was established ; and in '40 the *Britannia* carried Her Majesty's mails from Liverpool to Halifax, and soon began that Atlantic racing which culminated in '95, when the *Campania* made the outward voyage in five days nine hours and eighteen minutes—so far an unbroken record. No other country was so well fitted to take advantage of the new locomotive as England—"thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers understood to be the strongest, the cunningest, the willingest earth ever had."

Meanwhile George Stephenson was gradually winning his battle against ignorance and prejudice. He was emphatically one of the strong men. Born in a tiny cottage with a mud floor and bare rafters, without a scrap of

book learning (for old Bob could not school as well as feed and clothe his progeny out of twelve shillings a week), bundled out at seven to earn his twopence a day by "herdin' kye," he grew up as strong and hearty, as stubborn and withal as merry a youth as the North Country has had. Yet we are less surprised by the success of the burly engine driver at Killingworth than by the courage and determination of the band which backed him through thick and thin, in the teeth of smart writers, obtuse Parliamenteers, and unscrupulous lawyers hired to raise obstacles in the way. At a time when canals were in vogue, Stockton and Darlington could not raise funds to construct one; yet, what to a vast majority appeared a mad, hare-brained scheme was carried through by English pluck and enterprise. It cost some £72,000 to get a single Bill through Parliament—that for the London and Birmingham line—in addition to the £750,000 paid to the landowners. It seems to us now that the battle should have been won in '25, or at any rate in '30, when the *Rocket* carried off the first prize at Rainhill; but after that difficulties enough cropped up to have discouraged men of punier build. Still, in '37 the struggle was practically ended. It is true only one line had been laid down in London—that between Deptford and Greenwich, "with a barrel-organ to play the passengers in," and musicians dressed as beef-eaters to play them out; but gangs of big-boned, stalwart, rough-spoken navvies—themselves a proof of the vigor of their time—were plying mattock and shovel on this same Birmingham and London line, on the Midland, the York and North Midland, the Birmingham and Derby, the Sheffield and Rotherham, and several others: bridging and boring and levelling and cutting and tunnelling, carving monuments to the workman's thoroughness as well as the skill of the engineer. The coaches were still running; but old Weller on the box and the guard with his horn, the ostlers who ran out the fresh team, the plump landladies presiding at the inns, the pike-keepers on the roads, and the barges on the canal—all these felt that their several vocations were about to go. Steam

had conquered, or rather those vigorous few who had taken it in hand had overcome the resistance of the many.

Quick internal communication, a sure and speedy means of ocean traffic—these were great factors in the industrial development of Victorian England; but others were needed, and the great feature of that robust generation was that it had a man ready for every requirement. It was in this same wonderful year '37 that Rowland Hill published his famous pamphlet:—*Post Office Reform: its Importance and Practicability*. He met with an opposition similar to that encountered by Stephenson. Red tape, in the person of the Postmaster-General, declared the scheme impracticable. Witty Sydney Smith jibed and jested at it. But at that time there were enough strong business heads in England to see that no plan which could stand investigation should fail for lack of support, and in '40, when the Cunarders first began to run, and over 800 miles of railway had been constructed, the Penny Post was established. Moreover, in '36, Cook, working on independent lines in electricity, had invented a plan for transmitting the letters of the alphabet by means of needles, and the first public telegraph wires were set up between Paddington and Slough in '40. Every one of these contrivances was another step toward dispelling the enchantment of those 15,000,000 workers.

England was thus furnished with a perfectly new equipment. There were new mills and factories, and they were fitted with new gear and new engines. New roads were built of iron for the use of new carriages. On the ocean was a new style of ship. The question was whether the country had flexibility enough to adapt itself to the changed conditions. Until then the Landed Interest had been predominant. It had furnished the great statesmen, the military and naval commanders, the ambassadors and representatives of the country. Agriculture was the leading industry, the country gentleman the type of English character. Naturally enough, laws had been made to favor this commanding section. Possibly there would have been no interference for some time to come with this tendency but for the

Corn Law of '15. It was hasty and ill-considered. For a generation back the sufferings of war had been quietly and heroically borne, and now, when relief was both needed and expected, there was passed a measure to prohibit the importation of grain till wheat reached eighty shillings a quarter. It led at the time to rioting and dissatisfaction, and eventually gave birth to the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Free Trade Agitation. The practical question was whether Trade or Agriculture should be more favored in the fiscal policy of Great Britain. Till now the Squire had looked upon himself as the backbone of the country, but at this period the trader stepped in and said :—" You did very well in the jolly old times, but you cannot work all this new machinery. You cannot even feed the present population, and have not been able to do so since 1795. Give place to me. From overseas I will bring food more cheaply than you can produce it, and at the same time I will find work for all this multitude." Thus the Manchester School set itself to oust the Landed Interest.

Public life sixty years ago reflected as fully as any other the energy of a generation sprung from the loins of War. The Parliament elected in '37 contained some of the most remarkable men of the reign. Even then one might have almost called Mr. Gladstone a veteran. True he was only twenty-eight ; but he had been a member for five years and already had held office, first as Junior Lord of the Treasury and then as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His path to the Tory Premiership appeared to be straight and easy. No doubt he would have travelled it but for the brilliant and restless rival who that year made his entry into political life. Benjamin Disraeli, though four years older than Mr. Gladstone, was a novice in Parliament.

Before mastering his craft he had to devote himself for nine years to a voluntary apprenticeship. It was in '37 he made his first appearance, and not till '46 did he step forth a finished and accomplished leader, a sagacious judge of opportunity, a profound strategist, a leader who could at once express the ideas of those he meant to control and

" get home" on the object of his assault. Parliament had not fulfilled the expectations of those who excited themselves over the Reform Bill. It remained very much what it was before '32, and the substantial gains by the Tories at the General Election of '37 showed how Whig enthusiasm was waning. As to the approaching struggle the Whigs were less prepared for it than their opponents. Lord Melbourne did not conceal his contempt for Free Trade ; Lord John Russell temporized till the tide ran fully in its favor ; even Macaulay had no clear utterance on the point. It was outside that the movement gathered force. Neither Cobden nor Bright was a M.P. in '37. But the history of the Reform Act had shown the effectiveness of stump oratory and popular agitation, and during these nine years in which Disraeli was mastering the technique of Parliament the standard of the Big and Little Loaves had been paraded over all the land and was rallying the forces of discontent. They were strengthened by the commercial difficulties of '38 and '39, and by the heavy depression of '41-'46, which culminated in the suffering and high prices of '47, and was accentuated by the railway speculating mania. Finally came that crowning misfortune the Irish famine, completing a long series of object-lessons on Free Trade.

It is not my purpose to repeat the oft-told tale or revive an ancient controversy. All I now do is to note the fire and energy of those who took part in it. Admirers of Lord Beaconsfield do not claim for him that he was great on domestic policy, but rather that more clearly than any of his contemporaries he recognized the fact that the welfare of England depends on her foreign policy, that this huge population crowded on a little island demands markets and territories beyond the sea to keep its machinery busy and give "swarming ground" to its surplus. There is no need, therefore, to justify his rebellion against Sir Robert Peel. The incident gave him a start and a following ; it eventually carried him to a position in which his genius had full scope. We may be the more thankful for that inasmuch as he frankly recognized in later life that, as Lord Sal-

isbury put it some time ago, "Free Trade is the only fiscal policy that suits our peculiar circumstances." Apart, however, from any judgment that may be formed about a particular man the briefest survey of the time shows the strength of the race. In the House of Lords there was the Duke getting on toward seventy, but with his fine common sense and his robust judgment unimpaired; there was Brougham, who still had a good thirty years of life before him, though his activity was henceforth to be exercised elsewhere than in politics; and there was the incomparable Lyndhurst. In the House of Commons, in addition to those already mentioned, were Lord Palmerston (few as yet had realized his capacity), and Lytton, the novelist; and Grote, the historian; and Molesworth, the philosopher. None can say that the politicians did not compare even with the inventors and the merchant princes of the time.

But the spirit of an age is still more likely to be enshrined in its literature than in its Acts of Parliament, and it is curious to note, as time begins to devour what is petty and insignificant, how aptly the writers fit in to the situation. From this distance we can see the great big-boned navvies of George Stephenson plying mattock and shovel, and scarce looking up as the mail coach dashes past on the adjoining highway. And in the realm of ideas appears the high priest of labor going forth to preach "the perennial nobleness of work." In that very May when William IV. was sickening for death Carlyle was making his first public appearance as a lecturer:—"Yellow as a guinea, with downcast eyes, broken speech at the beginning, and fingers which nervously picked at the desk before him." Late one night in the previous January he had written the last word of his *French Revolution*:—"Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely; thine also it was to hear truly." His supper of porridge and milk awaited him, but he rushed into the night air to walk till the fever of composition had cooled. In '37 Carlyle had come into his kingdom. He was forty-two, and his long apprenticeship was ended. There is no writer more characteristic of his

age. Let him rail against his contemporaries as he may, one sees that his pages reflect the life of his time, and that only. He was not capable of that perfect mental detachment which enabled his exemplar, Goethe, to view life as a whole, and to see that human nature, alike in its weakness and its strength, is practically the same at all times. To Goethe, as to Fielding, to Scott, and to Shakespeare, life was a kind of dream play of which he could be a dispassioned spectator. Vice and foible were noted only as filling in the picture. But Carlyle had not that characteristic of the Artist. It was impossible for him to consider Sin with no more indignation than Virtue, with only an intelligent curiosity as to its effect on the drama. On the contrary, he is forever being carried away by his own emotion, and rushes into the crowd with storms of pity, or hatred, or contempt. And thus it is that you find his books reflecting the fleeting characteristics of his age. Even its indeterminate nature is there; you hear the hammering of iron, but know not its object. In those many turgid political rhapsodies of his you see the acute observer of detail puzzled by the flux and change around him.

Not only was England rigging herself out with new implements, but a change was coming over her form of government, and power was gradually passing into the hands of the stump orator and the agitator. Carlyle undoubtedly placed his finger on many real weaknesses, but much that he mistook for hopeless chaos was but the confusion incidental to setting the house in order. And so, as the years go on, and the issues of early Victorian days grow dim and distant, he looks less and less to us. All the same his was a wholesome medicine for the diseases of his day—a day of which Thomas Carlyle was as characteristic as George Stephenson. His brilliant energy and intensity matched well with those of that strenuous folk who wondered at the first railway train and the first steamship. I may note as one of the coincidences of '37 that on the evening of that very day when Carlyle marched up to Willis's Rooms to give his first lecture, Macready produced Robert Brown-

ing's *Strafford*. But the poet whose name above all others is associated with the Victorian Era had already produced some of his finest work in '37. To say nothing of his *Juvenilia*, Alfred Tennyson had already published the *Poems* of 1830, in which appeared *The Lotus-Eaters*, as exquisite a piece of workmanship as he was to achieve, and with it *The Dream of Fair Women* and *The May Queen*. His next volume, much of which he must have been busy on sixty years ago, was to contain the strongest work of which he was capable. One can scarce read *The Vision of Sin* without reflecting that Tennyson must have deliberately suppressed a part of himself. Not elsewhere in his verse do you find that particular strength of which he is lavish here. But it is in its companion, *Locksley Hall*, that we find aptest expression given to the thoughts and ideas current in '37. It was long reckoned a sort of anthem, and it breathes the very atmosphere of a world in which all things grow young and beautiful in the radiance cast by strange inventions and achievements. One of the most sonorous lines :—

Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change :—

was suggested by a journey on one of the railways. It takes an effort to imagine the wonder and the romance excited by a first view of a puffing steam-engine, or even of the tall chimneys with tails of flying smoke that not so long before had begun to rise from the coal pits. And all came from the energy of a generation which, directed into one channel, produced railways and steamships, into another, the works of Carlyle and Tennyson.

Among the many circumstances that combine to make the year '37 memorable, the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* holds a place all its own. It began a new era in fiction. Scott had been dead four years, and the convention he established was all powerful till Dickens came and ventured to paint life as he saw it with his own eyes. Like every writer of consequence who has appeared since the time of Fielding, he had certainly studied to some purpose that unsurpassed master of

character and narrative ; but the influence is scarce apparent in *Pickwick*, which, with its inextinguishable, immortal laughter carried a generation off its feet. And to us it has a peculiar value as a representation of the manners of the young Queen's England. Dickens, had he lived till now, would not be a very old man : he was younger than Mr. Gladstone by five years : but he pictures an England that seems mediæval. Old Weller and his kind are extinct, and their occupation is gone. Without a commentary the boy of to-day would not know what is meant by keeping a pike, for the toll-bar has followed the stage-coach. Nor would any one stopping at the Great White Horse at Ipswich, or the Angel at Bury St. Edmunds, find any points of similarity between inn life as pictured by Dickens and the hotel life of to-day. Change has gone deeper even than that. It has swept away the Wardles and their jolly country friends, as completely as it has swept away the Fleet and the Debtors' Prison.

The force of Dickens is best shown by the influence he had upon others. Even in *Vanity Fair* there is, in the touch of caricature, in the poverty of the dialogue, in the use of personages with one strongly marked characteristic and the rest of their features blurred, proof enough that Thackeray applied the methods of his friendly rival to the portrayal of his own genteeler world. But the impress upon Thackeray counts for little beside the influence which Dickens has exerted upon nearly all imaginative prose written since his time by foreign as well as English writers. I mention the fact merely as history material to my argument, not as one who admires his Dickens to excess. Enough has been said if it be admitted that Charles Dickens, be his shortcomings what they may, was from the first, and remains until this day, a force in letters. Another instance, and I have done. In '36 Charles Darwin, then a man of twenty-seven, returned from his five years' voyage with the *Beagle*. Nearly a quarter of a century was to elapse before he got out *The Origin of Species* ; but he had won already a certain reputation, and was amassing the facts and observations on which his

theory was to be founded. He was a notable personage even at the beginning of the Reign.

It is evident, from this brief and imperfect survey, that we must go back to "the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth" for a counterpart to the England of sixty years ago. Then was such a burst of intellectual activity as History seldom records. It belonged to every class and description of man, and therefore must have had an origin that was of general effect. We can understand how, as one may say, a temporary and local cause might account for a series of mechanical inventions; how in literature a man of genius might arise unaccountably as men of genius will, and dominate the field; how a stimulus might be given to philosophical inquiry or political reform; and each effect might possibly be accidental. But when all come together, there must be a common cause. Simultaneously the engineer began to hammer at his rails and bridges and tunnels with unexampled energy; the student in his closet is preparing a *French Revolution* that for vivid, intense, burning force, outshines anything in literature; the ocean is for the first time traversed by steam, and Parliament shows us the most vigorous and picturesque figures of the century; a philosopher of infinite patience is collecting and arranging material for a doctrine that is destined to revolutionize the thought of Europe; a young man comes out with a novel that marks the beginning of a literary era; a bold scheme of reform is initiated by a private gentleman; a Lincolnshire Rectory adds one more to the list of great English poets. For the appearance at one time of activities so diverse as those of Stephenson and Carlyle and Tennyson, of Darwin and Hill, of Dickens and Gladstone and Disraeli, there must be an explanation of national import. Here and now it behoves us to understand what that was.

The year '37 has been taken as a convenient centre for a variety of occurrences. It was the beginning, not only of a reign, but of many striking careers and great movements. Twenty-two years before, the Battle of Waterloo had been fought, so that the men com-

ing into their prime had been born in war-time, and the memory of war was vivid in the national recollection. The fathers of some had died "in wild Mahratta battle," and in nearly every family was a relative who had been through the Peninsula with Wellington, or taken part in the American War of Independence, or had fought at the Nile or Trafalgar: scarred and maimed old veterans who loved nothing better than to fight their old battles over again with the young folk and show how the lines of Torres Vedras were held, or how the Old Guard charged at Waterloo. Moreover, till after the death of Napoleon, a fear of invasion prevailed in England, and the country stood in readiness to fight. But, if we look back over the preceding half century, it will be found that war never interfered with the nation's progress. On the contrary, England grew rich on it. She was mistress of the seas, she had won in succession the Colonies of Spain, Holland, and France; her exports nearly doubled in fifteen years, and in fifteen years the consumption of raw cotton in Lancashire rose from fifty to a hundred millions of pounds in value—thanks in part to the discoveries of Arkwright and Watt. In brief, England has invariably been braced and stimulated by war. By war she has won the position she enjoys. The splendid energy she displayed in the beginning of the Reign was a heritage from those times of stress and storm. Devoted by good fortune to the arts of peace, she developed them at a rate unparalleled in history. Let us not forget, however, that the force was generated by War.

Let it be granted that no sane man would advocate war for its own sake: that no man of sense—to say nothing of justice—would add his mite of influence to justify anything in the nature of aggression or mere wanton lust of blood. War is not desirable for its own sake. But, on the other hand, to be too much afraid of war is to err grossly in the opposite direction. And it would be a still grosser error to trust too meekly to Arbitration. You may settle by that method any dispute which is small, definite, and self-contained; but great struggles must ever be innate

in the rivalry of nations, and the nominal quarrel is seldom the real one. If a Great Power were to believe that its Colonial Empire might be enlarged, and its commerce extended, by crippling Great Britain, to submit to Arbitration the easily found pretext for dispute would be only a mockery of forms. And that the occasion may arrive soon is plain to any student of foreign public opinion. The nations are like hives of bees ready to swarm, and they envy Britain the vast territories in South Africa, in India, in Australia, where for centuries to come she has made room for her children. To yield them up would be a crime. The British Islands with their teeming population, their factories, and their workshops, could not now exist as a community by itself. Your Little Englander propounds a theory that spells want, ruin, and beggary. But, looking to the experience of the past, we have less cause than any other nation of Europe to dread the effects of war. Our fathers and forefathers never show so splendidly and so usefully as when their fac-

ulties are screwed to concert pitch by dread and grim contest. And they entered upon many a struggle that looked more hopeless than any that is likely to be forced on us. Further, this attitude of fearless confidence and readiness for what may happen is far more like to make for peace than that policy of turning the other cheek to the smiter which is advocated in some quarters. It is the natural tendency of a country, as it grows rich and fat and prosperous after a spell of peace, to be afraid of war—so many interests must suffer by it. But nothing is better calculated to invite aggression than the cultivation and expression of this policy. On the other hand, it has been proved of late that the most bellicose of Sovereigns will draw in his horns if his attempt at interference is met by a surly and determined challenge. A salutary remembrance it is, then, that not only was the progress of England unimpeded by the last Great War, but that the fighters it produced begot a generation of whose triumphs in peace there is reason to be vastly proud.—*New Review*.

CUCKOO: AN ENGLISH IDYLL.

BY F. A. FULCHER.

FOR all his faults, and he stands accused of some criminal offences, the cuckoo, that ne'er-do-weel of ornithology, is a favorite. Irresponsible parent of city arabs that involve bird communities in heavy liabilities for the maintenance of infant paupers; housebreaker who inveigles respectable birds like the wryneck into aiding and abetting in his raids on the treasure of unprotected homes; villain who is stranger to all chivalrous sentiment as well as to the plain virtues of the good citizen; one whom in sound commonsense we should abhor and despise—is the bird above all others who has found the way to our hearts.

It is not too much to say of this gay renegade that souls sigh for his coming when winter's iron rule wearies the northern worlds; that some, exiled, would lay down fame and fortune once

more to hear him call across the May flowers in an English lane; that hearts beat high at the sound of his jubilate, and summer, sweet summer, would be shorn of half her hopes if he her herald were struck dumb.

For *Cuculus Canorus* of the house of *Cuculidæ* is the modern representative of Freya and Iduna, at whose coming frost and snow vanished, whose smiles strewed the earth with flowers, whose tears stored the sea with pearls. And right well does he fill the office.

"Cooley!" "Cooley!" we cry to the songs and the sunshine and the flowers of Spring, and if only the answer comes back from the oaks and the elms, or copses of lesser growth and greater shelter, "Cuckoo!" "Cuckoo!" we know that all is well, for they come at his beck and call.

As he sings the young green blades

come up among the grasses, buttercups and daisies bestrew the meadows, and a dais of most ancient vair is hung anew over the baby birds that are rocked in the tree tops. Travelling birds come home to sing to us, and all things fair and beautiful fall gently as the dew on the old earth and veil the scars that time and his secrets have graven on her ancient face and form.

There is one story about the cuckoo—it is well-known and so should be true—that I never can believe. It is about its winter whereabouts, and comes from some corner of still primitive Sussex. It runs thus. When winter approaches all the cuckoos are given into the care of an old woman, who keeps them through the cold weather. When April the fourteenth comes round, she carries them in her apron to Heathfield Fair, and there lets them fly. Now I hold two strong arguments against the truth of this tale. My first is that the gifts the cuckoo showers broadcast on his first appearance are not to be gathered in any old woman's cottage. Who ever saw there any wealth of flowers greater than one tightly bound posy stuck in a pickle jar? Not that this is to be despised, but it is no voucher for the tons of daffodils that nod at the brook-side, and the cartloads of primroses that rejoice the meadows where the cuckoo has passed by. My second, is that I myself have heard his voice in a Middlesex coppice on April the sixth, showing a discrepancy in dates of eight days.

This story is nearly as ridiculous as the Cornish legend, that he flies out of a burning log in Spring, but this it is needless to refute, for every one knows that Cornish stories are more than half legendary. No, the cuckoo must come from some El Dorado where flowers may be had for the picking of them. Perhaps he gathers them on the fertile shores of the Nile, or in some flowery wilderness of Persia, but this is merely a suggestion and not strictly speaking cuckoo lore, that interesting study for much of which I am indebted to Mr. Swainson's book of bird legends.

But the cuckoo is dear not only for his gift of spring, he answers some of

the many questions that harry these inquisitive minds of ours. First he tells all the young people when they are going to be married, and then he tells the old ones how long they have to live. Many refrain from asking this latter question, for it is doubtful whether it be wise to ask it. Most of us like to feel that our billet here below is indefinitely long, and were the cuckoo to measure the small dimensions which we divide into two long days, called youth and age, by months and years, it might seem so appallingly short as to paralyze our senses. On the other hand, perhaps his verdict would so stir the nobler energies of a man, that his short span should prove an era in the world's history.

Lovers, however, never fear to question all the world over. Maidens in England say :

"Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Good bird, tell me,
How many years shall I be
Before I get married?"

In France the *jeunes paysannes* sing :

"Coucou des villes,
Coucou des bois,
Combien ai je d'années
A me marier?"

German *Mädchen* consult him thus :

"Kukuk, achter de hecken,
Wo lang schall min Brut nock gaen de
blikken?"

High-spirited young people in all lands say if he answers with more than ten calls it is because he sits on a bewitched bough ; but the old folk who ask the other question, even the most philosophical, will not admit this at all. They consult him in this wise.

In England :

"Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Come down and tell me,
How many years afore I dee?"

In France :

"Coucou
Boloton,*
Regarde sur ton grand livre,
Combien y a d'années à vivre?"

In Switzerland :

"Guggu, ho, ho,
Wie lang leben i no?"

* A boy who robs birds' nests to suck the eggs.

It does not matter much though in what tongue you speak to a cuckoo, for he is accustomed to be addressed in almost every language under the sun. Certainly he is familiar with all the European forms of speech, patois included, but whether you talk purest English or broadest Scotch, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, Swabian, Greek, Polish or Bohemian, he always answers in his own tongue. It is not very polite, but it answers the purpose, and he answers your questions, for cuckoo passes as a *lingua franca* in all civilized regions.

It was all through petty rivalry that the cuckoo's vocabulary came to be composed so entirely of homonyms. It took place in a German *Städtchen* and was just such a tempest in a teapot as gathers in country towns here, there, and everywhere.

"Ein Kukuk sprach mit einem Staar," so runs the tale, and asked her what folk thought of the nightingale.

"The whole town worships her," she said.

"And what of the lark?"

"Half the town is talking of him."

"The blackbird?"

"Some admire his voice."

"And how about me?"

"I never hear your name," said the starling.

"Then," said the cuckoo, "I must sing my own praises, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" and he has said nothing else ever since. When he begins to find it monotonous, as he does about the beginning of June, he changes the tune of his song, that is all.

It is fortunate that the law of Madagascar, whereby all the syllables composing a king's name are proscribed for a year at his demise, and only used on pain of death in his domain, does not prevail among the cuckoos, else were our oracle dumb in *secula seculorum*, for, though it is a fact almost forgotten in these levelling days, the cuckoo comes of a race of kings, though since that rascally hoopoe stole his crown, no outward insignia marks his station.

Was ever such a dastardly trick played on poor mortal bird? It happened thus.

The cuckoo, good-natured, generous fellow that he is, was invited to a wedding where the hoopoe was to give away the bride; and to lend the already overdressed bird yet another fine feather to add to his dignity on so great an occasion, the cuckoo handed him his crown. The hoopoe, not being then so proud as he has since become, accepted the proffered loan; but it was the ruin of him, for he never could make up his mind to return the bauble, and now his crowned head is covered with dishonor. Perhaps this is why the hoopoe flattens himself out on the ground in such an abject way, and throws his head back till the crown is buried in feathers, when he sees a hawk hovering; for some say the cuckoo hunts in the guise of a hawk in winter, and his feelings toward the hoopoe would naturally not be of the most charitable description. Even in the summer, when the cuckoo appears in his own character, the smaller birds scarcely know him from their hereditary foe, and when they see him coming they hurry away and hide themselves for fear he should pounce and carry them off.

This strange resemblance is probably one of those curious instances of mimetic coloring which the exigencies of some creatures' lives seem to require and to produce, for in most lands the native cuckoo resembles the smaller of the native hawks, any variety peculiar to the country in the feathering of the hawk being repeated in the color of the cuckoos. Doubtless this makes his winter transformation easier too.

It seems a little hard on the cuckoo, particularly since he poses as an oracle, that every awkward lass and clumsy lad, every loon and natural and simple, should be his namesake. He must have done something very foolish in those distracted times when William the Conqueror came over; perhaps he forgot to crown his stag when, with the other nobles of ancient British and Saxon lineage, he led him up to the Norman invader in proud submission; for ever since that time the expressive though ugly words "gowk," "gawk," "gawky" have been popular terms of reproach.

In the north, where a people more

plain spoken than courteous dwells,
the April Fool bears this missive :

"The first and second day of April
Hound the gawk another mil."

And his elegant *en revanche* is this :

"The gawk and the titlene sit on a tree,
Ye're a gawk as well as me."

This use of his name is comprehensible, for the cuckoo was once a "becker-knecht," and bakers' boys have been mischievous and given to practical jokes always, even since the day when that one who stole the dough which God had blessed for the poor was turned into a cuckoo.

There is no doubt about who it is that teaches children to play hide and seek.

"Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" cries the little brown bird noiselessly flitting from bough to bough, as the children follow him through the wood pursuing their fruitless search. "Cuckoo !" right overhead, cuckoo ! close at hand, cuckoo ! at their very feet, but ever and always this clever play-boy is off to another shelter before they can spy him. And directly the children get home from the woods they throw down their treasures, the bluebells and wind-flowers killed almost with the clasp of hot hands, and are off to play the game the cuckoo has taught them. Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! how sweetly their voices ring through the house, Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! from the cupboards and all possible nooks and crannies. Is there anything so joyous or so pathetic as the unconscious glee of children at play ?

The cuckoo can work, as well as play. He did once build a nest, in a hay field in France, but when he came out to tell the haymakers what he had done, the wheel of a loaded wagon went over his body, and that is why he flies so heavily. Of course, he gave up building nests after that.

But he has not been idle—indeed, so occupied is he with bringing home the errant spring, and telling fortunes, and showing children his good game, that folk who have never been to France think that is why he is not "seated," though so distinguished an individual.

Others think it is because he is such

a wanderer that the cuckoo is houseless, but some other absentees are the owners of the finest homes in all our trees and meadows. The cuckoo is the first of the travellers to go, so let all who are wise in their generation take advantage of his presence while he is at hand, especially when first you hear him call remember, for it is a tide in your affairs. So sit you down upon a green bank, and, taking off your right stocking, invoke him thus by saying :

"May this to me
Now lucky be."

It is quite simple. And if you would know any important matter such as the color of your future spouse's hair or when to sow your corn (though if you have put this off till the cuckoo comes you will have but a poor harvest), make haste with your questions, for you cannot keep the cuckoo ; he is on the wing, and only paying a flying visit to his native land, when he rides in on a kite's back in April.

You cannot keep him, though you bind him with links of gold and a string of pearls. Some have tried, seeing how flowers begin to fade and leaves to wither at his going, but they have only succeeded in making themselves a byword. Fulke Greville wrote in the sixteenth century : "Fools only hedge the cuckoo in."

You cannot keep him, go he must, back to his favorite haunts in Africa, Persia, and all the far-away lands of the sun. It is quite true what they say who know all about him :

"In June, he changes his tune ;
In July, away he doth fly."

When the sun shines through a shower of rain—the thing of all others that makes some birds sing their best—the we'ans in Scotland say :

"The fairies are baking,
The rain waters the bannocks."

And little Germans sing :

"The Devil is beating his grandmother ;
His laugh and her tears are falling."

But the child angels in England fold their little hands and whisper :

"A cuckoo is going to heaven."

—*Leisure Hour.*

HOW RUSSIA AMUSES ITSELF.

IF I were asked to state what a Russian school-boy does with his spare time after working hours are over, I should be much puzzled what to say.

Unfortunately young Russia has not the faintest glimmering of knowledge of the practice or even of the existence of such things as football, cricket, fives, rackets, golf, athletic sports, hockey, or any other of the numerous pastimes which play so important a part in the life of every schoolboy in the merry land of England. Therefore there is no question, for him, of staying behind at the school premises after working hours, in order to take part in any game. He goes home; that much is certain; most of his time is loafed away—that, too, is beyond question. He may skate a little, perhaps, in the winter, if he happens to live near a skating ground, but he will not go far for it; and in the summer, which is holiday time for him from June till September, he walks up and down the village street clothed in white calico garments, or plays cup and ball in the garden; fishes a little, perhaps, in the river or pond if there happen to be one, and lazies his time away without exertion. Of late years "lorteneec," as lawn-tennis is called in the Tsar's country, has been slightly attempted; but it is not really liked: too many balls are lost and the rules of the game have never yet been thoroughly grasped. A quartette of men will occasionally rig up their net, which they raise to about the height of a foot and a half, and play a species of battledore and shuttle-cock over it until the balls disappear; but it is scarcely tennis. As a matter of fact, a Russian generally rushes at the ball and misses it; on the rare occasions when he strikes the object, he does so with so much energy that the ball, unless stopped by the adversary's eye, or his partner's, disappears forever into "the blue." Croquet is a mild favorite, too; but it is played very languidly and unscientifically. Well do I remember a scene at the custom-house some years—a good many years. I fear—ago! I was a school-boy at the time, and had arrived from England in order to spend the summer holidays in Russia. Among my impedimenta was a box of croquet paraphernalia which I had been commissioned to bring out for an English resident. At that time the game was as yet unknown to the country, and the custom-house authorities on opening the

box retreated in horror and alarm when they beheld its awe-inspiring contents. Instruments of assault, bombs, mysterious weapons of every kind were contained in that awful box—not one of them would go near it! Amid exclamations of warning and horror, I drew forth one of the bombs and placed it upon the ground; then a second; to the accompaniment of cries of terror and consternation I took from the case a terrible weapon (known to croquet players as a mallet), and to the inexpressible alarm of all present I commenced a little exhibition-game of croquet upon the floor of the custom house, in order to demonstrate the uses of the various implements. As the hoops could not well be utilized on the wooden boards, those innocent articles were gravely suspected. I believe the officials took them to be boomerangs of a novel and peculiar description, and the whole box was consequently detained for further and fuller investigation. I believe that they sunk it in deep water and sent down a scientifically disposed diver to inspect it in safety. My friends got their croquet set eventually, but the balls bore marks of careful testing; those officials had felt sure they were bombs, and had done their very best to convict them of containing dynamite.

Most gardens in Russian country houses contain a swing, a rotting horizontal bar for the gymnastically (and suicidally) inclined, and a giant-stride. Occasionally there is a flower-bed in the centre, in which our dear old British friend, the rhubarb, monopolizes the space, and makes a good show as an ornamental plant; for he is not known in that benighted country as a comestible, though, of course, children are acquainted with and hate him in his medicinal capacity. Besides the swings and the rhubarb, there are sand or gravel paths; and built out over the dusty road is an open summer-house, wherein the Muscovitish householder and his ladies love to sit and sip their tea for the greater part of each day—this being their acme of happiness. The dust may lie half an inch thick over the surface of their tea and bread and butter, but this does not detract from the delights of the fascinating occupation.

I should point out that in all I have said above, I refer not so much to the highest or to the lowest classes of Russian society, as to that middle stratum to which belong the fam-

ilies of the *Chinovnik*, of the infantry officer, or the well-to-do merchant. The aristocracy amuse themselves very much in the same way as our own. They shoot, they loaf and play cards in their clubs, they butcher pigeons out of traps, they have their race-meetings, they dance much and well; some have yachts of their own. Many of them keep English grooms, and their English—when they speak it—for this reason smacks somewhat of the stable, though they are not usually aware that this is the case. If a Russian aristocrat has succeeded in making himself look like an Englishman, and behaves like one, he is happy. I have known Russians who have made most excellent Englishmen, and should be glad to know more such.

Of winter sports—in which, however, but a small minority of the Russian youth care to take part—there are skating, ice-yachting, snow-shoeing, and ice-hilling. The skating ought, naturally, to be very good in Russia. As a matter of fact the ice is generally dead and lacking in that elasticity and spring which is characteristic of our English ice. It is too thick for elasticity, though the surface is beautifully kept and scientifically treated with a view to skating wherever a space is flooded or an acre or two of the Neva's broad bosom is reclaimed to make a skating ground. Some of the Russian amateurs skate marvellously, as also do many of the English and other foreign residents. Ice-yachting is confined almost entirely to these latter, the natives not having as yet awakened to the merits of this fine pastime. Ice-hilling, however, at fair-time—that is, during the carnival week preceding the "long fast" or Lent—is much practised by the people. This is a kind of cross between the switchback and tobogganing, and is an exceedingly popular amusement among the English residents of St. Petersburg, who support an Ice Hill Club of their own and repair to it weekly during the winter in order to amuse themselves by diving head-long adown the ice slopes, and to be amused by the attempts of novices to follow their example. I may assure my readers that ice-hilling is at once the most awe inspiring to beginners, and the most charming of all sports to the expert that the mind of man can imagine. Snow-shoeing, again, is a fine and healthful recreation; it is the "ski"-running of Norway, and is beloved and much practised by all Englishmen who are fortunate enough to be introduced to its fascinations. It is too difficult and requires too much exer-

tion, however, for young Russia, and that indolent individual, in consequence, rarely dons the snow shoe. As I may perhaps describe both this pastime and the fierce joy of the ice-hills more fully in a subsequent paper, I shall merely state here that each of these is a pastime worthy of the gods, and one that would be immensely popular in England if there were only snow enough and frost enough to permit of its practice there.

The Russians are a theatre-loving people, and the acting must be very good to please their critical taste. Many of the theatres are "imperial"—that is, the state "pays the piper" if the receipts of the theatre so protected do not balance the expenditure. In paying for good artists, whether operatic or dramatic, the Russians are most lavish, and the Imperial Italian Opera must have been a source of considerable expense to the authorities in the days of its state endowment. I believe this branch of theatrical entertainment has now, however, deteriorated into a private enterprise.

Nearly every Russian is a natural musician, and cannot only sing in time, but can take a part "by ear." The man with the *balaleika* or *garmonka* is always sure of an admiring audience, whether in town or village; and there is not a tiny hamlet in the empire but resolves itself, on holidays, into a pair of choral societies—one for male and one for female voices—which either parade up and down the village street, singing, without, of course, either conduct or accompaniment, or sit in rows upon the benches outside the huts, occupied in a similar manner.

Occasionally, but very rarely, you may see a party of Russian children, or young men and women, playing, in the open air, at one of two games. The first is a variant of "prisoner's base;" the other is a species of ninepins, or skittles, played with a group of uprights at which short, thick clubs are thrown. The Russian youth—those who are energetic enough to practise the game—sometimes attain considerable proficiency with these grim little weapons, and make wonderful shots at a distance of some thirty yards or so. But while the Russian or any other youth is studying the art of projecting the missiles, which are quite heavy enough to break a head or a shin if the proprietor happened to be "knocking around" within a short walk, it is as well to take up one's abode in an adjoining parish and to get behind a good substantial building, say a church, for the game-playing Russian is

erratic to a fault in the early stages of his initiation into the mysteries of any kind of pastime requiring skill.

As for the middle-class Russian sportsman, he forms a class by himself, and is a very original person indeed, unless taught the delights of the chase by an Englishman. In his eyes the be-all and end all of a true sportsman is to purchase the orthodox equipment of green-trimmed coat, Tyrolese hat, and long boots, and to pay his subscription to a shooting club. He rarely discharges a gun; the rascally thing kicks, he finds; and the birds will fly before he can point his weapon at them as they crouch in the heather at his feet; of

course he is not such a fool as to fire after they are up and away. As a rule, however, he goes no farther afield than the card-table of the club-house. Why should he? He has bought all the clothes; what more does a man need to be a sportsman? I cannot honestly affirm that I ever saw one of these good fellows actually fire off his gun; for whenever I have been informed that such an event is about to take place I have always done my best to place two or three good miles, or a village or two, between myself and the Muscovitish "sportsman." — *Fred Whishaw, in Chambers's Journal.*

THE GULLS ON WALNEY ISLAND.

WALNEY ISLAND lies at the south end of the division of North Lonsdale, in Lancashire, known as Low Furness. It is a wall in the water of ten miles in length, varying from a quarter of a mile to a mile in breadth; or it might be described as an immense ridge of pebbles which the ocean has heaped up, and which is daily increasing. "Every high tide, as a monument of its power, amasses a long convex ridge or bar of pebbles to those that were there before, and so rapid is the increase that it is said the Hawes End has lengthened 200 yards in the period of sixty years;" so that it is very probable that the part of the island which is at present accumulating may extend in time so far as the Pile of Fouldrey, the castle and island to the east of Walney. The sea leaves behind it sand hills of an almost desert-like appearance at the south end, while the north of the island, where, by virtue of the natural harbor, the sea is somewhat subdued, quite presents the appearance of an ordinary mountain meadow such as one finds throughout the neighborhood of the sea-lakes. In a small way Walney is an island of wonders. Its botanical treasures are many and various. The sea-celandine, bugloss, feverfew, and starwort all make the meadowland gay among the May hedges; the Isle of Man cabbage has strayed across the Irish Sea; the sea-wormwood and milk-thistle, with their valuable medical properties, are here, with many another unusual plant. Then the wells of Walney, furnishing the inhabitants with fresh water, but receiving their own supply from the sea, are a curiosity. Their contents accumulate and recede as often as the tides,

and are governed by the tides in the matter of high or low water. The wells are sunk in deep beds of sand, hence the salt water is deprived of its saline particles by passing through this arenaceous stratum.

But by far the most interesting sight on Walney Island is its gull settlement at the south end. Some years ago the gulls used to collect and breed at the north end, but that proved too near to the Barrow millhand, and so the gulls threatened to leave the island altogether. However, by dint of strict preserving and admission only by ticket, they have been persuaded to settle down at the south end in greater quantities than ever, and as desolation is what they require, assuredly they must have found it here. Sand-dunes and a little coarse sea grass are all that divide that part of Walney with the birds themselves.

We set sail from the Pile of Fouldrey on a beautiful May morning, and in a quarter-of-an-hour's sail reached Hawes Point on Walney, where began a walk of no ordinary character—a short walk, but one that could from no point of view be looked upon as agreeable. About half a mile of it consists of plunging through those slippery sea-wall pebbles, and then some two miles more of up and down the sand-dunes, sinking inches deep at every step. If the gulls were not exclusive by nature, the sand dunes of Walney would prevent their having the chance of being anything else. You wander up and down the dunes in which you might lose yourself forever, so absolutely are they without landmarks to the uninitiated, were it not that at first in the far distance, then getting nearer and nearer,

come sounds which are presently discovered to be the flapping, screaming, and whirring of the quarrelling apprehensive parent gulls. Closely following the sounds, which may still lead one a pretty dance, as there are several divisions in the gullery, you come presently to a few scattered nests belonging to gulls of solitary habits; but you know this is not what you have come to see, and you struggle on over more sand-hillocks, and at the top of one come upon a curiously strange sight. Immediately opposite the hillock on which you stand, with a deep dip between the two, is another exactly similar hillock, literally alive with its feathered occupants. Gulls are proverbially as shy as they are bad-tempered birds, and the sight of a human being is sufficient to rouse their worst ire. Rising from their nests, they shriek and scream and fight among themselves, till the whole air for many hundred yards seems like a huge ill-conditioned aviary. Our approach certainly created a very genuine alarm in the colony, though on our descending from the post of observation and sitting down almost among them, they returned to their nests, as a rule, and the deafening noise somewhat subsided. The sight only seemed more curious on nearing it. It became almost impossible to walk for fear of treading on nests and eggs. The nests, in most instances here touching on another, are made out of a very few roughly put together pieces of the coarse seagrass. Most of the nests contain two eggs, but some held three. When, as is sometimes the case, four are found in a gull's nest, it generally means that more than one bird has elected to lay there. The eggs vary slightly in the marking, but are for the most part of a greenish olive-brown blotched with shades of dark umber. None of the lightish blue eggs were to be seen. It is said they are constantly supplied as plover's eggs, but having tasted them it is

difficult to believe this possible. The farming folk on the island will tell you that they "mak' a good coostard, and we loike 'em friod," which is all very well, but they have far too much of the sea-bird taste about them to be mistaken for the delicate plover's eggs. The great enemies of the gulls on Walney are the terns or sea-swallows. They fight the gulls for place, break their eggs, and annoy them in every way. The Walney people take the part of the gulls, and one of them told with pride that "mony a sack o' them swaller eggs have ah give't tut pigs."

And so, assisted by nature and man, the gulls, except for their own altercations, spend a very peaceful three weeks, with a southern warmth among their sand-hills, a divine sky overhead, the wonderful blue of Morecambe Bay all around them, with Piel's old castle guarding their retreat, and nothing but a far distant haze, which at times has a distinctly beautiful effect, to betoken the haunts of men. Then there are new sounds among the sand-dunes, and a feeling of movement; you become aware that there is something about the hillocks which reminds you of monster ant-hills, until, with a twittering of their own and much further noise on the part of their parents, the little downy ones creep out among the coarse grass, so close together that care must be taken to avoid treading on the little brown balls beneath one's feet. They take to the water when they are a month old on the slightest signal of alarm. This, however, seldom comes their way on the low reaches of Walney. There the only sound beyond the cry of the birds is the far distant whirr of the wheels of Barrow. Much closer in character to the actual scene seems "the light of other days" when the monks of Furness, like the gulls, found a haven of refuge close within the shelter of Walney Island.—*A. M. Wakefield.*

A FOX HUNT.

THE kennels lie snugly at the foot of one of those great smooth hills of grass which stand sentinel above the Channel upon the Sussex shore. It is ten o'clock, and the hounds are just quitting their enclosure. They stream through the gate held open for them by one of the whips and pour out upon the grass slope, all mad with pleasure and excitement at the prospect of a whole day of lib-

erty and a fox chase or two thrown in. It is a short hour's ride to the meet, and huntsmen, whips, and pack climb leisurely the slope of the great down which in smooth contour stands above them. It has been a night of frost, but already the sun is asserting his strength; the white rime that met his rays is already turned to moisture; every leaf of the short herbage glistens; and there will be

abundance of scent for some hours. The three figures in red show up bravely upon the hillside, as they rise obliquely the six hundred feet of down, and the sun flicks keen flashes of light from spur and bit. That smooth grass path which they are ascending has been worn for them by the patient feet of Saxon hinds, who for a thousand years have followed it. Presently hunters and hounds stand out in clear outline upon the brow and then disappear.

We climb the hill steadily and in turn are upon the summit. The hounds are far ahead now and will soon be descending again. The sun is busily licking up the white mist which lies in the hollows beneath, and the broad expanse of smooth, rolling, down country is every minute becoming more clear to the eyes. In the valley just below a great company of gulls has been sheltering during the night. They are preparing to descend for breakfast upon some ploughing which skirts the hills to the right, and as they rise upon the wing the sun tints with silver the delicate pearl-gray of their upper plumage. We push on and now descend a steep slope of the down, where the sun has not yet made itself felt, and the rime lies thick and frosty upon the longer herbage. Another mile or two and we are at the meeting place—a quiet hamlet, lapped in one of those warm, well timbered coombs which lie amid the spurs of the South Downs. Fifteen minutes in front of a pleasant, comfortable-looking country house; cherry brandy or ale for those that fancy it; conversation which, despite the hard times, sounds cheery enough; and then the word is given and hounds are trotted away to the woodland close at hand.

The squire here is a keen fox preserver, and not five minutes elapse before the whimper of a single stanch hound has proclaimed a find; the whimper quickly swells to a chorus, and then, in full cry, the whole pack break covert and face the long, sloping shoulder of down which stretches above them. A quarter of a mile in front you may note a small, solitary patch of brown moving swiftly and very smoothly over the dull-green grass. That is the fox they are now in frantic pursuit of. After the hounds thunder the field, some seventy or eighty in number. They gallop slowly, for the down is not to be lightly overcome. In ten minutes fox, hounds, and hunters have vanished over the smooth brow.

Twenty minutes later down another shoulder of the down comes stealing that same lit-

tle red-brown figure. The time has been brief enough, but the wonderfully easy, machine-like stride with which the fox faced the hill so short a time since has changed, and the gait is now strangely slow and labored. In truth, fox-hunting upon these smooth hills, where there are no enclosures, no fences, and often little or no shelter for miles, is very hard upon the hunted beast, which is here as much coursed by the hounds as hunted. In twenty short minutes that fox has been practically run to death. He makes for the woodland from which he was driven, but there are foot-people between it and him, and he turns short round and canters wearily over a piece of plough, pointing for a patch of plantation under the hollow of the down. A chorus of yells, halloos, and screams from the foot-people somewhat hastens his progress. He rests but three minutes in the plantation patch, and then steals softly to another, and thence into the big covert again, almost at the spot from which he first broke.

A blast of the horn floats cheerily across the valley, and now upon the line of the hunted fox, down the shoulder of the hill, come streaming hounds and hunters again. The pack work round to the plough and there check. The huntsman casts them to the right without result, and then after some few minutes' delay he is informed of the fox's point, blows his horn, carries his hounds forward, and is upon the line again. They hunt slowly under the hill, the sun has told upon the ploughing, and scent is poor and catchy. In five minutes they have run through the plantations through which their hunted fox passed. They plunge into the woodland again and are hidden from view. Five minutes later and the beginning of the end comes. Once more from the covert there emerges that little reddish-brown figure which we have seen twice before. It creeps wearily out on to the plough for a hundred yards, and then there is once more a hubbub of yells from the foot-people. Everybody has caught sight of it. Almost in the same instant a crash of hound music comes from the covert, and the pack issues into the open again. They seem fresh enough, while the little draggled weary figure out there upon the middle of the ploughing can now scarce drag one leg after another. You may have seen many a well-hunted fox; never have you set eyes upon a more beaten one than that before you. The tillage rises a little in the centre; it is all open ground and the end of the chase is in

full view of every one, mounted or on foot. Yet, beaten, wearied to death, utterly hopeless as he must now be, the hunted creature steals, with an invincible determination, stiffly forward.

For a little way the pack follows steadily upon the line, gaining fast; suddenly a leading hound views a hundred yards in front the beaten fox. He raises his voice in a frantic delight; the rest of the pack in turn catch sight of their prey, and now, ravening together, dash forward with a crash of voices with renewed pace and vigor. The fox knows now that the end is very near, yet he still holds his head straight and presses on. The sight even to the hardened fox hunter is almost a pathetic one. Here is no friendly ditch, no bush, no shelter of any kind, where the hunted creature may set himself up at the last and die at least with his back to the wall. All is bare, inhospitable, and open. The pack flashes forward, one hound three lengths ahead of his fellows. He is within five yards of his prey; the fox suddenly faces round with open mouth and bared teeth; the big hound grapples him fiercely, receiving a nasty

bite as he does so; in another instant the whole pack are mingled in one wild delirium; the death has come. The huntsman gallops up, jumps off his good chestnut, rescues the dead and now tattered quarry, and, with the field gathered round him, proceeds to conduct the last rites in due form.

Why, one asks one's self, instead of seeking the vale, where fences are plenty, sheep abound, and the chances of escape are increased a hundredfold, did that fox climb the bare down and suffer himself in that first twenty minutes' burst to be practically coursed to death? That is a question impossible even for the huntsman to answer. Perchance he sought a refuge in the cliffs, which he found himself unable to attain; perchance he was turned from the valley by foot-people outside the covert. Whatever his reasons, and no doubt he had good vulpine reasons for the line he took, the smooth bare hills proved his undoing. He was a stout fox and in an average hunting county would probably have stood before hounds for a long hour, or even have made good his escape altogether.—*Saturday Review*.

TWO STREAMS.

BY T. P. JOHNSTON.

Two streams out-welling on the upland height,
Flowing in Sundered valleys of the hill,
Yet hearing each the other's presence still
In answering whispers thro' the silent night.

One amid foaming gorges deep and large
Battles his pathway downward to the plain
Till all his broken waters rest again
In level flowings by a daisied marge.

And lo, that other smiling sunny-bright
Glides down with all the lilies on her tide,
With loving murmur ripples to his side,
Filling his channel fuller with delight.

In one thenceforth thro' winding vales they go,
Amid the sunshine and the winter weather,
Turning content the toiling mills together,
Merged at the last where sunset oceans glow.

Chambers's Journal.